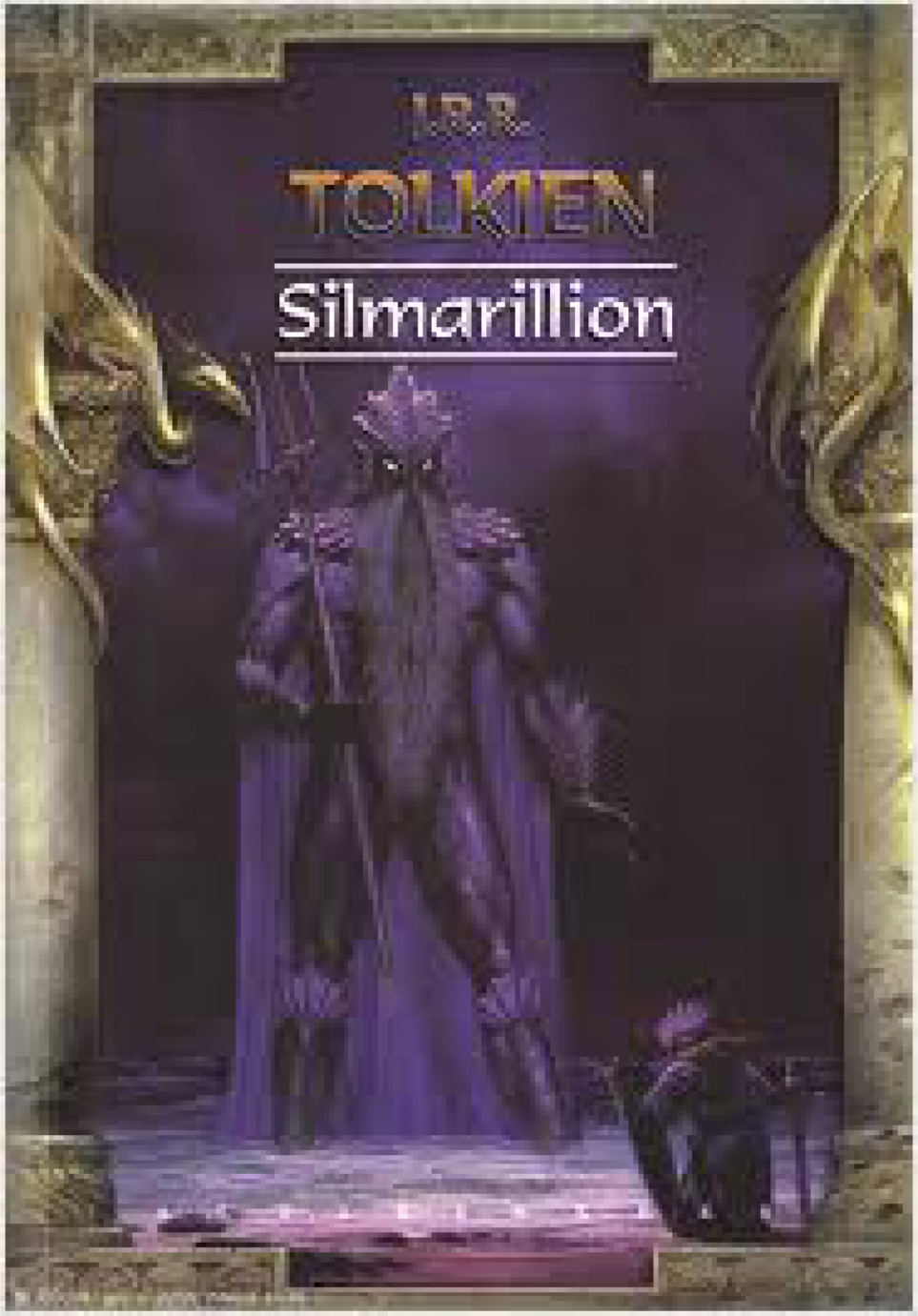
J.R.R.
TOLKIEN
Silmarillion

Silmarillion

Enlarged Version

In preparing Silmarillion for publication Christopher Tolkien has at a cost of great effort

rendered an invaluable service to all readers of Tolkien. However, in order to be able to make from

a mass of disparate fragments and notes a coherent book he had to left unused a great deal of

material. He later published nearly all of it in “Unfinished Tales” and “History of Middle Earth”.

In that way some of the stories contained in shortened versions in *Silmarilion*, can be

reconstructed in their full form (or as full as Tolkien managed to write) by adding writings

contained in those books. A case in point is *Narn i Hîn Húrin, The Tale of the Children of Húrin*, parts of which can be found in *Silmarillion*, “Unfinished Tales” and tome XI of HoME.

I compilated all of those sources in one book on the basis of *Sillmarilion*. This compilation

can aspire to no literary value as a whole, since parts of it differ wildly in tone. Many stories, like

Tuor, are not finished in full form, so that the tale ends in the middle, to be completed by a short summary from *Silmarillion*.

Moreover, I at times was obliged to combine two sentences, or excise a sentence or two from

a paragraph, because they clearly belonged to a different stage of development of Tolkien

legendarium, or even to add a few words of my own. The last was necessary only in *Narn i Hîn*

Húrin, when I had to explain what happened to the Dragon-helm between Turin's capture in Bar-en-Danwedh and his parley with Glaurung after the Battle of Tumhalad.

Taking all together, for those that would like to know the legends invented by Tolkien in one

coherent and artistically consistent book, I would suggest reading *Silmarillion*. For those who

would like to know the evolution of Tolkien's thought, his final intentions, and the way his writing

has been transformed by Christopher Tolkien, I suggest "Unfinished Tales" and "History of Middle-

Earth". For those, however, who already knowing *Silmarillion* would like to read from beginning to end in one book the full version of *The Tale of the Children of Húrin,* my compilation can be of value.

At the end of the book, after Of the Rings of Power, I added a few essays or notes by Tolkien,

taken from "Unfinished Tales" and "History of Middle Earth". These are: *Miriel, Of the marriage*

laws and customs of the Eldar, Shibboleth of Feanor, Ósanwe-kenta, Melkor, Sauron, and *Aman.*

This version of the compilation makes some use of the discussion at

http://forum.barrowdowns.com. That people at that forum are working to prepare their own version of Silmarillion. It is a much more thorough and far-reaching reworking than mine compilation, and

aims at creating a better version of Silmarillion than that made by Christopher Tolkien.

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AINULINDALË

The Music of the Ainur

There was Eru, the One, who in Arda is called Ilúvatar; and he made first the Ainur, the Holy Ones,

that were the offspring of his thought, and they were with him before aught else was made. And he

spoke to them, propounding to them themes of music; and they sang before him, and he was glad.

But for a long while they sang only each alone, or but few together, while the rest hearkened; for

each comprehended only that part of me mind of Ilúvatar from which he came, and in the

understanding of their brethren they grew but slowly. Yet ever as they listened they came to deeper

understanding, and increased in unison and harmony.

And it came to pass that Ilúvatar called together all the Ainur and declared to them a mighty

theme, unfolding to them things greater and more wonderful than he had yet revealed; and the glory

of its beginning and the splendour of its end amazed the Ainur, so that they bowed before Ilúvatar

and were silent.

Then Ilúvatar said to them: 'Of the theme that I have declared to you, I will now that ye make

in harmony together a Great Music. And since I have kindled you with the Flame Imperishable, ye

shall show forth your powers in adorning this theme, each with his own thoughts and devices, if he

will. But I win sit and hearken, and be glad that through you great beauty has been wakened into

song.'

Then the voices of the Ainur, like unto harps and lutes, and pipes and trumpets, and viols and

organs, and like unto countless choirs singing with words, began to fashion the theme of Ilúvatar to

a great music; and a sound arose of endless interchanging melodies woven in harmony that passed

beyond hearing into the depths and into the heights, and the places of the dwelling of Ilúvatar were

filled to overflowing, and the music and the echo of the music went out into the Void, and it was not

void. Never since have the Ainur made any music like to this music, though it has been said that a

greater still shall be made before Ilúvatar by the choirs of the Ainur and the Children of Ilúvatar

after the end of days. Then the themes of Ilúvatar shall be played aright, and take Being in the

moment of their utterance, for all shall then understand fully his intent in their part, and each shall

know the comprehension of each, and Ilúvatar shall give to their thoughts the secret fire, being well

pleased.

But now Ilúvatar sat and hearkened, and for a great while it seemed good to him, for in the

music there were no flaws. But as the theme progressed, it came into the heart of Melkor to

interweave matters of his own imagining that were not in accord with the theme of Ilúvatar, for he

sought therein to increase the power and glory of the part assigned to himself. To Melkor among the

Ainur had been given the greatest gifts of power and knowledge, and he had a share in all the gifts

of his brethren. He had gone often alone into the void places seeking the Imperishable Flame; for

desire grew hot within him to bring into Being things of his own, and it seemed to him that Ilúvatar

took no thought for the Void, and he was impatient of its emptiness. Yet he found not the Fire, for it

is with Ilúvatar. But being alone he had begun to conceive thoughts of his own unlike those of his

brethren.

Some of these thoughts he now wove into his music, and straightway discord arose about him,

and many that sang nigh him grew despondent, and their thought was disturbed and their music

faltered; but some began to attune their music to his rather than to the thought which they had at

first. Then the discord of Melkor spread ever wider, and the melodies which had been heard before

foundered in a sea of turbulent sound. But Ilúvatar sat and hearkened until it seemed that about his

throne there was a raging storm, as of dark waters that made war one upon another in an endless

wrath that would not be assuaged.

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Then Ilúvatar arose, and the Ainur perceived that he smiled; and he lifted up his left hand, and

a new theme began amid the storm, like and yet unlike to the former theme, and it gathered power

and had new beauty. But the discord of Melkor rose in uproar and contended with it, and again there

was a war of sound more violent than before, until many of the Ainur were dismayed and sang no

longer, and Melkor had the mastery. Then again Ilúvatar arose, and the Ainur perceived that his

countenance was stern; and he lifted up his right hand, and behold! a third theme grew amid the

confusion, and it was unlike the others. For it seemed at first soft and sweet, a mere rippling of

gentle sounds in delicate melodies; but it could not be quenched, and it took to itself power and

profundity. And it seemed at last that there were two musics progressing at one time before the seat

of Ilúvatar, and they were utterly at variance. The one was deep and wide and beautiful, but slow

and blended with an immeasurable sorrow, from which its beauty chiefly came. The other had now

achieved a unity of its own; but it was loud, and vain, and endlessly repeated; and it had little

harmony, but rather a clamorous unison as of many trumpets braying upon a few notes. And it

essayed to drown the other music by the violence of its voice, but it seemed that its most triumphant

notes were taken by the other and woven into its own solemn pattern.

In the midst of this strife, whereat the halls of Ilúvatar shook and a tremor ran out into the

silences yet unmoved, Ilúvatar arose a third time, and his face was terrible to behold. Then he raised

up both his hands, and in one chord, deeper than the Abyss, higher than the Firmament, piercing as

the light of the eye of Ilúvatar, the Music ceased.

Then Ilúvatar spoke, and he said: 'Mighty are the Ainur, and mightiest among them is Melkor;

but that he may know, and all the Ainur, that I am Ilúvatar, those things that ye have sung, I will

show them forth, that ye may see what ye have done. And thou, Melkor, shalt see that no theme

may

be played that hath not its uttermost source in me, nor can any alter the music in my despite. For he

that attempteth this shall prove but mine instrument in the devising of things more wonderful,

which he himself hath not imagined.'

Then the Ainur were afraid, and they did not yet comprehend the words that were said to

them; and Melkor was filled with shame, of which came secret anger. But Ilúvatar arose in

splendour, and he went forth from the fair regions that he had made for the Ainur; and the Ainur

followed him.

But when they were come into the Void, Ilúvatar said to them: 'Behold your Music!' And he

showed to them a vision, giving to them sight where before was only hearing; arid they saw a new

World made visible before them, and it was globed amid the Void, and it was sustained therein, but

was not of it. And as they looked and wondered this World began to unfold its history, and it seemed

to them that it lived and grew. And when the Ainur had gazed for a while and were silent, Ilúvatar

said again: 'Behold your Music! This is your minstrelsy; and each of you shall find contained

herein, amid the design that I set before you, all those things which it may seem that he himself

devised or added. And thou, Melkor, wilt discover

all the secret thoughts of thy mind, and wilt

perceive that they are but a part of the whole and tributary to its glory.'

And many other things Ilúvatar spoke to the Ainur at that time, and because of their memory

of his words, and the knowledge that each has of the music that he himself made, the Ainur know

much of what was, and is, and is to come, and few things are unseen by them. Yet some things there

are that they cannot see, neither alone nor taking counsel together; for to none but himself has

Ilúvatar revealed all that he has in store, and in every age there come forth things that are new and

have no foretelling, for they do not proceed from the past. And so it was that as this vision of the

World was played before them, the Ainur saw that it contained things which they had not thought.

And they saw with amazement the coming of the Children of Ilúvatar, and the habitation that was

prepared for them; and they perceived that they themselves in the labour of their music had been

busy with the preparation of this dwelling, and yet knew not that it had any purpose beyond its own

beauty. For the Children of Ilúvatar were conceived by him alone; and they came with the third

theme, and were not in the theme which Ilúvatar propounded at the beginning, and none of the

Ainur had part in their making. Therefore when they beheld them, the more did they love them,

being things other than themselves, strange and free, wherein they saw the mind of Ilúvatar

reflected anew, and learned yet a little more of his wisdom, which otherwise had been hidden even

from the Ainur.

Now the Children of Ilúvatar are Elves and Men, the Firstborn and the Followers. And amid

all the splendours of the World, its vast halls and spaces, and its wheeling fires, Ilúvatar chose a

place for their habitation in the Deeps of Time and in the midst of the innumerable stars. And this

habitation might seem a little thing to those who consider only the majesty of the Ainur, and not

their terrible sharpness; as who should take the whole field of Arda for the foundation of a pillar and

so raise it until the cone of its summit were more bitter than a needle; or who consider only the

immeasurable vastness of the World, which still the Ainur are shaping, and not the minute precision

to which they shape all things therein. But when the Ainur had beheld this habitation in a vision and

had seen the Children of Ilúvatar arise therein, then many of the most mighty among them bent all

their thought and their desire towards that place. And of these Melkor was the chief, even as he was

in the beginning the greatest of the Ainur who took

part in the Music. And he feigned, even to

himself at first, that he desired to go thither and order all things for the good of the Children of

Ilúvatar, controlling the turmoils of the heat and the cold that had come to pass through him. But he

desired rather to subdue to his will both Elves and Men, envying the gifts with which Ilúvatar

promised to endow them; and he wished himself to have subject and servants, and to be called Lord,

and to be a master over other wills.

But the other Ainur looked upon this habitation set within the vast spaces of the World, which

the Elves call Arda, the Earth; and their hearts rejoiced in light, and their eyes beholding many

colours were filled with gladness; but because of the roaring of the sea they felt a great unquiet.

And they observed the winds and the air, and the matters of which Arda was made, of iron and

stone and silver and gold and many substances: but of all these water they most greatly praised. And

it is said by the Eldar that in water there lives yet the echo of the Music of the Ainur more than in

any substance else that is in this Earth; and many of the Children of Ilúvatar hearken still unsated to

the voices of the Sea, and yet know not for what they listen.

Now to water had that Ainu whom the Elves can Ulmo turned his thought, and of all most

deeply was he instructed by Ilúvatar in music. But

of the airs and winds Manwë most had pondered,

who is the noblest of the Ainur. Of the fabric of Earth had Aulë thought, to whom Ilúvatar had given

skin and knowledge scarce less than to Melkor; but the delight and pride of Aulë is in the deed of

making, and in the thing made, and neither m possession nor in his own mastery; wherefore he

gives and hoards not, and is free from care, passing ever on to some new work.

And Ilúvatar spoke to Ulmo, and said: 'Seest thou not how here in this little realm in the

Deeps of Time Melkor hath made war upon thy province? He hath bethought him of bitter cold

immoderate, and yet hath not destroyed the beauty of thy fountains, nor of my clear pools. Behold

the snow, and the cunning work of frost! Melkor hath devised heats and fire without restraint, and

hath not dried up thy desire nor utterly quelled the music of the sea. Behold rather the height and

glory of the clouds, and the everchanging mists; and listen to the fall of rain upon the Earth! And in

these clouds thou art drawn nearer to Manwë, thy friend, whom thou lovest.'

Then Ulmo answered: 'Truly, Water is become now fairer than my heart imagined, neither had

my secret thought conceived the snowflake, nor in all my music was contained the falling of the

rain. I will seek Manwë, that he and I may make

melodies for ever to my delight!' And Manwë and

Ulmo have from the beginning been allied, and in all things have served most faithfully the purpose

of Ilúvatar.

But even as Ulmo spoke, and while the Ainur were yet gazing upon this vision, it was taken

away and hidden from their sight; and it seemed to them that in that moment they perceived a new

thing, Darkness, which they had not known before except in thought. But they had become

enamoured of the beauty of the vision and engrossed in the unfolding of the World which came

there to being, and their minds were filled with it; for the history was incomplete and the circles of

time not full-wrought when the vision was taken away. And some have said that the vision ceased

ere the fulfilment of the Dominion of Men and the fading of the Firstborn; wherefore, though the

Music is over all, the Valar have not seen as with sight the Later Ages or the ending of the World.

Then there was unrest among the Ainur; but Ilúvatar called to them, and said: 'I know the

desire of your minds that what ye have seen should verily be, not only in your thought, but even as

ye yourselves are, and yet other. Therefore I say: *Eä!* Let these things Be! And I will send forth into the Void the Flame Imperishable, and it shall be at

the heart of the World, and the World shall Be;

and those of you that will may go down into it. And suddenly the Ainur saw afar off a light, as it

were a cloud with a living heart of flame; and they knew that this was no vision only, but that

Ilúvatar had made a new thing: Eä, the World that Is.

Thus it came to pass that of the Ainur some abode still with Ilúvatar beyond the confines of

the World; but others, and among them many of the greatest and most fair, took the leave of Ilúvatar

and descended into it. But this condition Ilúvatar made, or it is the necessity of their love, that their power should thenceforward be contained and bounded in the World, to be within it for ever, until it

is complete, so that they are its life and it is theirs. And therefore they are named the Valar, the

Powers of the World.

But when the Valar entered into Eä they were at first astounded and at a loss, for it was as if

naught was yet made which they had seen in vision, and all was but on point to begin and yet

unshaped, and it was dark. For the Great Music had been but the growth and flowering of thought in

the Tuneless Halls, and the Vision only a foreshowing; but now they had entered in at the beginning

of Time, and the Valar perceived that the World had been but foreshadowed and foresung, and they

must achieve it. So began their great labours in wastes unmeasured and unexplored, and in ages

uncounted and forgotten, until in the Deeps of Time and in the midst of the vast halls of Eä there

came to be that hour and that place where was made the habitation of the Children of Ilúvatar. And

in this work the chief part was taken by Manwë and Aulë and Ulmo; but Melkor too was there from

the first, and he meddled in all that was done, turning it if he might to his own desires and purposes;

and he kindled great fires. When therefore Earth was yet young and full of flame Melkor coveted it,

and he said to the other Valar: 'This shall be my own kingdom; and I name it unto myself!'

But Manwë was the brother of Melkor in the mind of Ilúvatar, and he was the chief

instrument of the second theme that Ilúvatar had raised up against the discord of Melkor; and he

called unto himself many spirits both greater and less, and they came down into the fields of Arda

and aided Manwë, lest Melkor should hinder the fulfilment of their labour for ever, and Earth

should wither ere it flowered. And Manwë said unto Melkor: 'This kingdom thou shalt not take for

thine own, wrongfully, for many others have laboured here do less than thou.' And there was strife

between Melkor and the other Valar; and for that time Melkor withdrew and departed to other

regions and did there what he would; but he did not put the desire of the Kingdom of Arda from his

heart.

Now the Valar took to themselves shape and hue; and because they were drawn into the World

by love of the Children of Ilúvatar, for whom they hoped, they took shape after that manner which

they had beheld in the Vision of Ilúvatar, save only in majesty and splendour. Moreover their shape

comes of their knowledge of the visible World, rather than of the World itself; and they need it not,

save only as we use raiment, and yet we may be naked and suffer no loss of our being. Therefore

the Valar may walk, if they will, unclad, and then even the Eldar cannot clearly perceive them,

though they be present. But when they desire to clothe themselves the Valar take upon them forms

some as of male and some as of female; for that difference of temper they had even from their

beginning, and it is but bodied forth in the choice of each, not made by the choice, even as with us

male and female may be shown by the raiment but is not made thereby. But the shapes wherein the

Great Ones array themselves are not at all times like to the shapes of the kings and queens of the

Children of Ilúvatar; for at times they may clothe themselves in their own thought, made visible in

forms of majesty and dread.

And the Valar drew unto them many companions, some less, some well nigh as great as

themselves, and they laboured together in the ordering of the Earth and the curbing of its tumults.

Then Melkor saw what was done, and that the Valar walked on Earth as powers visible, clad in the

raiment of the World, and were lovely and glorious to see, and blissful, and that the Earth was

becoming as a garden for their delight, for its turmoils were subdued. His envy grew then the

greater within him; and he also took visible form, but because of his mood and the malice that

burned in him that form was dark and terrible. And he descended upon Arda in power and majesty

greater than any other of the Valar, as a mountain that wades in the sea and has its head above the

clouds and is clad in ice and crowned with smoke and fire; and the light of the eyes of Melkor was

like a flame that withers with heat and pierces with a deadly cold.

Thus began the first battle of the Valar with Melkor for the dominion of Arda; and of those

tumults the Elves know but little. For what has here been declared is come from the Valar

themselves, with whom the Eldalië spoke in the land of Valinor, and by whom they were instructed;

but little would the Valar ever tell of the wars before the coming of the Elves. Yet it is told among

the Eldar that the Valar endeavoured ever, in despite of Melkor, to rule the Earth and to prepare it

for the coming of the Firstborn; and they built lands and Melkor destroyed them; valleys they

delved and Melkor raised them up; mountains they carved and Melkor threw them down; seas they

hollowed and Melkor spilled them; and naught might have peace or come to lasting growth, for as

surely as the Valar began a labour so would Melkor undo it or corrupt it. And yet their labour was

not all in vain; and though nowhere and in no work was their will and purpose wholly fulfilled, and

all things were in hue and shape other than the Valar had at first intended, slowly nonetheless the

Earth was fashioned and made firm. And thus was the habitation of the Children of Ilúvatar

established at the last in the Deeps of Time and amidst the innumerable stars.

VALAQUENTA

Account of the Valar and Maiar

according to the lore of the

Eldar

In the beginning Eru, the One, who in the Elvish tongue is named Ilúvatar, made the Ainur of his

thought; and they made a great Music before him. In this Music the World was begun; for Ilúvatar

made visible the song of the Ainur, and they beheld it as a light in the darkness. And many among

them became enamoured of its beauty, and of its history which they saw beginning and unfolding as

in a vision. Therefore Ilúvatar gave to their vision Being, and set it amid the Void, and the Secret

Fire was sent to burn at the heart of the World; and it was called Eä.

Then those of the Ainur who desired it arose and entered into the World at the beginning of

Time; and it was their task to achieve it, and by their labours to fulfil the vision which they had

seen. Long they laboured in the regions of Eä, which are vast beyond the thought of Elves and Men,

until in the time appointed was made Arda, the Kingdom of Earth. Then they put on the raiment of

Earth and descended into it, and dwelt therein.

Of the Valar

The Great among these spirits the Elves name the Valar, the Powers of Arda, and Men have often

called them gods. The Lords of the Valar are seven; and the Valier, the Queens of the Valar, are

seven also. These were their names in the Elvish tongue as it was spoken in Valinor, though they

have other names in the speech of the Elves in Middle-earth, and their names among Men are

manifold. The names of the Lords in due order are:

Manwë, Ulmo, Aulë, Oromë, Mandos, Lórien,

and Tulkas; and the names of the Queens are: Varda, Yavanna, Nienna, Estë, Vairë, Vána, and

Nessa. Melkor is counted no longer among the Valar, and his name is not spoken upon Earth.

Manwë and Melkor were brethren in the thought of Ilúvatar. The mightiest of those Ainur

who came into the World was in his beginning Melkor; but Manwë is dearest to Ilúvatar and

understands most clearly his purposes. He was appointed to be, in the fullness of time, the first of

all Kings: lord of the realm of Arda and ruler of all that dwell therein. In Arda his delight is in the

winds and the clouds, and in all the regions of the air, from the heights to the depths, from the

utmost borders of the Veil of Arda to the breezes that blow in the grass. Súlimo he is surnamed,

Lord of the Breath of Arda. All swift birds, strong of wing, he loves, and they come and go at his

bidding.

With Manwë now dwells as spouse Varda, Lady of the Stars, who knows all the regions of Eä.

Too great is her beauty to be declared in the words of Men or of Elves; for the light of Ilúvatar lives

still in her face. In light is her power and her joy. Out of the deeps of Eä she came to the aid of

Manwë; for Melkor she knew from before the making of the Music and rejected him, and he hated

her, and feared her more than all others whom Eru made. Manwë and Varda are seldom parted, and

they remain in Valinor. Their halls are above the everlasting snow, upon Oiolossë, the uttermost

tower of Taniquetil, tallest of all the mountains upon Earth. When Manwë there ascends his throne

and looks forth, if Varda is beside him, he sees further than all other eyes, through mist, and through

darkness, and over the leagues of the sea. And if Manwë is with her, Varda hears more clearly than

all other ears the sound of voices that cry from east to west, from the hills and the valleys, and from

the dark places that Melkor has made upon Earth. Of all the Great Ones who dwell in this world the

Elves hold Varda most in reverence and love. Elbereth they name her, and they call upon her name

out of the shadows of Middle-earth, and uplift it in song at the rising of the stars.

Ulmo is the Lord of Waters. He is alone. He dwells nowhere long, but moves as he will in all

the deep waters about the Earth or under the Earth. He is next in might to Manwë, and before

Valinor was made he was closest to him in friendship; but thereafter he went seldom to the councils

of the Valar, unless great matters were in debate. For he kept all Arda in thought, and he has no need

of any resting-place. Moreover he does not love to walk upon land, and will seldom clothe himself

in a body after the manner of his peers. If the Children of Eru beheld him they were filled with a

great dread; for the arising of the King of the Sea was terrible, as a mounting wave that strides to

the land, with dark helm foam-crested and raiment of mail shimmering from silver down into

shadows of green. The trumpets of Manwë are loud, but Ulmo's voice is deep as the deeps of the

ocean which he only has seen.

Nonetheless Ulmo loves both Elves and Men, and never abandoned them, not even when they

lay under the wrath of the Valar. At times he win come unseen to the shores of Middle-earth, or pass

far inland up firths of the sea, and there make music upon his great horns, the Ulumúri, that are

wrought of white shell; and those to whom that music comes hear it ever after in their hearts, and

longing for the sea never leaves them again. But mostly Ulmo speaks to those who dwell in Middle-

earth with voices that are heard only as the music of water. For all seas, lakes, rivers, fountains and

springs are in his government; so that the Elves say that the spirit of Ulmo runs in all the veins of

the world. Thus news comes to Ulmo, even in the deeps, of all the needs and griefs of Arda, which

otherwise would be hidden from Manwë.

Aulë has might little less than Ulmo. His lordship is over all the substances of which Arda is

made. In the beginning he wrought much in fellowship with Manwë and Ulmo; and the fashioning

of all lands was his labour. He is a smith and a master of all crafts, and he delights in works of skill, however small, as much as in the mighty building of old. His are the gems that lie deep in the Earth

and the gold that is fair in the hand, no less than the walls of the mountains and the basins of the

sea. The Noldor learned most of him, and he was ever their friend. Melkor was jealous of him, for

Aulë was most like himself in thought and in powers; and there was long strife between them, in

which Melkor ever marred or undid the works of Aulë, and Aulë grew weary in repairing the

tumults and disorders of Melkor. Both, also, desired to make things of their own that should be new

and unthought of by others, and delighted in the praise of their skill. But Aulë remained faithful to

Eru and submitted all that he did to his will; and he did not envy the works of others, but sought and

gave counsel. Whereas Melkor spent his spirit in envy and hate, until at last he could make nothing

save in mockery of the thought of others, and all their works he destroyed if he could.

The spouse of Aulë in Arda is Yavanna, the Giver of

Fruits. She is the lover of all things that

grow in the earth, and all their countless forms she holds in her mind, from the trees like towers in

forests long ago to the moss upon stones or the small and secret things in the mould. In reverence

Yavanna is next to Varda among the Queens of the Valar. In the form of a woman she is tall, and

robed in green; but at times she takes other shapes. Some there are who have seen her standing like

a tree under heaven, crowned with the Sun; and from all its branches there spilled a golden dew

upon the barren earth, and it grew green with corn; but the roots of the tree were in the waters of

Ulmo, and the winds of Manwë spoke in its leaves. Kementári, Queen of the Earth, she is surnamed

in the Eldarin tongue.

The Fëanturi, masters of spirits, are brethren, and they are called most often Mandos and

Lórien. Yet these are rightly the names of the places of their dwelling, and their true names are

Námo* and Irmo. *

* Judgement (of what is)

* Desire (of what might be or should be)

Námo the elder dwells in Mandos, which is northward in Valinor. He is the keeper of the

Houses of the Dead, and the summoner of the spirits of the slain. He forgets nothing; and he knows

all things that shall be, save only those that lie still in the freedom of Ilúvatar. He is the Doomsman

of the Valar; but he pronounces his dooms and his Judgements only at the bidding of Manwë. Vairë

the Weaver is his spouse, who weaves all things that have ever been in Time into her storied webs,

and the halls of Mandos that ever widen as the ages pass are clothed with them.

Irmo the younger is the master of visions and dreams. In Lórien are his gardens in the land of

the Valar, and they are the fairest of all places in the world, filled with many spirits. Estë the gentle, healer of hurts and of weariness, is his spouse. Grey is her raiment; and rest is her gift. She walks

not by day, but sleeps upon an island in the tree-shadowed lake of Lórellin. From the fountains of

Irmo and Estë all those who dwell in Valinor draw refreshment; and often the Valar come

themselves to Lórien and there find repose and easing of the burden of Arda.

Mightier than Estë is Nienna, sister of the Fëanturi; she dwells alone. She is acquainted with

grief, and mourns for every wound that Arda has suffered in the marring of Melkor. So great was

her sorrow, as the Music unfolded, that her song turned to lamentation long before its end, and the

sound of mourning was woven into the themes of the World before it began. But she does not weep

for herself; and those who hearken to her learn pity, and endurance in hope. Her halls are west of

West, upon the borders of the world; and she comes seldom to the city of Valimar where all is glad.

She goes rather to the halls of Mandos, which are near to her own; and all those who wait in

Mandos cry to her, for she brings strength to the spirit and turns sorrow to wisdom. The windows of

her house look outward from the walls of the world.

Greatest in strength and deeds of prowess is Tulkas, who is surnamed Astaldo, the Valiant. He

came last to Arda, to aid the Valar in the first battles with Melkor. He delights in wrestling and in

contests of strength; and he rides no steed, for he can outrun all things that go on feet, and he is

tireless. His hair and beard are golden, and his flesh ruddy; his weapons are his hands. He has little

heed for either the past or the future, and is of no avail as a counsellor, but is a hardy friend. His

spouse is Nessa, the sister of Oromë, and she also is lithe and fleetfooted. Deer she loves, and they

follow her train whenever she goes in the wild; but she can outrun them, swift as an arrow with the

wind in her hair. In dancing she delights, and she dances in Valimar on lawns of never-fading green.

Oromë is a mighty lord. If he is less strong than Tulkas, he is more dreadful in anger; whereas

Tulkas laughs ever, in sport or in war, and even in the face of Melkor he laughed in battles before

the Elves were born. Oromë loved the lands of Middle-earth, and he left them unwillingly and came

last to Valinor; and often of old he passed back east over the mountains and returned with his host to

the hills and the plains. He is a hunter of monsters and fell beasts, and he delights in horses and in

hounds; and all trees he loves, for which reason he is called Aldaron, and by the Sindar Tauron, the

Lord of Forests. Nahar is the name of his horse, white in the sun, and shining silver at night. The

Valaróma is the name of his great horn, the sound of which is like the upgoing of the Sun in scarlet,

and the sheer lightning cleaving the clouds. Above all the horns of his host it was heard in the

woods that Yavanna brought forth in Valinor; for there Oromë would train his folk and his beasts for

the pursuit of the evil creatures of Melkor. But the Valaróma is not blown, and Nahar runs no more

upon the Middle-earth since the change of the world and the fading of the Elves, whom he loved.

The spouse of Oromë is Vána, the Ever-young; she is the younger sister of Yavanna. All

flowers spring as she passes and open if she glances upon them; and all birds sing at her coming.

These are the names of the Valar and the Valier, and here is told in brief their likenesses, such

as the Eldar beheld them in Aman. But fair and noble as were the forms in which they were

manifest to the Children of Ilúvatar, they were but a veil upon their beauty and their power. And if

little is here said of all that the Eldar once knew, that is as nothing compared with their true being,

which goes back into regions and ages far beyond our thought. Among them Nine were of chief

power and reverence; but one is removed from their number, and Eight remain, the Aratar, the High

Ones of Arda: Manwë and Varda, Ulmo, Yavanna and Aulë, Mandos, Nienna, and Oromë. Though

Manwë is their King and holds their allegiance under Eru, in majesty they are peers, surpassing

beyond compare all others, whether of the Valar and the Maiar, or of any other order that Ilúvatar

has sent into Eä.

Of the Maiar

With the Valar came other spirits whose being also began before the World, of the same order as the

Valar but of less degree. These are the Maiar, the people of the Valar, and their servants and helpers.

Their number is not known to the Elves, and few have names in any of the tongues of the Children

of Ilúvatar; for though it is otherwise in Aman, in Middle-earth the Maiar have seldom appeared in

form visible to Elves and Men.

Chief among the Maiar of Valinor whose names are

remembered in the histories of the Elder

Days are Ilmarë, the handmaid of Varda, and Eönwë, the banner-bearer and herald of Manwë. But

of all the Maiar Ossë and Uinen are best known to the Children of Ilúvatar.

Ossë is a vassal of Ulmo, and he is master of the seas that wash the shores of Middle-earth.

He does not go in the deeps, but loves the coasts and the isles, and rejoices in the winds of Manwë;

for in storm he delights, and laughs amid the roaring of the waves. His spouse is Uinen, the Lady of

the Seas, whose hair lies spread through all waters under sky. All creatures she loves that live in the

salt streams, and all weeds that grow there; to her mariners cry, for she can lay calm upon the

waves, restraining the wildness of Ossë. The Númenóreans lived long in her protection, and held

her in reverence equal to the Valar.

Melkor hated the Sea, for he could not subdue it. It is said that in the making of Arda he

endeavoured to draw Ossë to his allegiance, promising to him all the realm and power of Ulmo, if

he would serve him. So it was that long ago there arose great tumults in the sea that wrought ruin to

the lands. But Uinen, at the prayer of Aulë, restrained Ossë and brought him before Ulmo; and he

was pardoned and returned to his allegiance, to which he has remained faithful. For the most part;

for the delight in violence has never wholly departed from him, and at times he will rage in his

wilfulness without any command from Ulmo his lord. Therefore those who dwell by the sea or go

up in ships may love him, but they do not trust him.

Melian was the name of a Maia who served both Vána and Estë; she dwelt long in Lórien,

tending the trees that flower in the gardens of Irmo, ere she came to Middle-earth. Nightingales

sang about her wherever she went.

Wisest of the Maiar was Olórin, counsellor of Irmo: secret enemy of the secret evils of

Melkor, for his bright visions drove away the imaginations of darkness. He too dwelt in Lórien, but

his ways took him often to the house of Nienna, and of her he learned pity and patience.

Of Melian much is told in the *Quenta Silmarillion*. But of Olórin that tale does not speak; for

though he loved the Elves, he walked among them unseen, or in form as one of them, and they did

not know whence came the fair visions or the promptings of wisdom that he put into their hearts. In

later days he was the friend of all the Children of Ilúvatar, and took pity on their sorrows; and those

who listened to him awoke from despair, and in

their hearts the desire to heal and to renew awoke,

and thoughts of fair things that had not yet been but might yet be made for the enrichment of Arda.

Nothing he made himself and nothing he possessed, but kindled the hearts of others, and in their

delight he was glad. He was humble in the Land of the Blessed; and in Middle-earth he sought no

renown. His triumph was in the uprising of the fallen, and his joy was in the renewal of hope.

Of the Enemies

Last of all is set the name of Melkor, He who arises in Might. But that name he has forfeited; and

the Noldor, who among the Elves suffered most from his malice, will not utter it, and they name

him Morgoth, the Dark Enemy of the World. Great might was given to him by Ilúvatar, and he was

coeval with Manwë. In the powers and knowledge of all the other Valar he had part, but he turned

them to evil purposes, and squandered his strength in violence and tyranny. For he coveted Arda

and all that was in it, desiring the kingship of Manwë and dominion over the realms of his peers.

From splendour he fell through arrogance to contempt for all things save himself, a spirit

wasteful and pitiless. Understanding he turned to subtlety in perverting to his own will all that he

would use, until he became a liar without shame. He began with the desire of Light, but when he

could not possess it for himself alone, he descended through fire and wrath into a great burning,

down into Darkness. And darkness he used most in his evil works upon Arda, and filled it with fear

for all living things.

Yet so great was the power of his uprising that in ages forgotten he contended with Manwë

and all the Valar, and through long years in Arda held dominion over most of the lands of the Earth.

But he was not alone. For of the Maiar many were drawn to his splendour in the days of his

greatness, and remained in that allegiance down into his darkness; and others he corrupted

afterwards to his service with lies and treacherous gifts. Dreadful among these spirits were the

Valaraukar, the scourges of fire that in Middle-earth were called the Balrogs, demons of terror.

Among those of his servants that have names the greatest was that spirit whom the Eldar

called Sauron, or Gorthaur the Cruel. In his beginning he was of the Maiar of Aulë, and he

remained mighty in the lore of that people. In all the deeds of Melkor the Morgoth upon Arda, in his

vast works and in the deceits of his cunning, Sauron had a part, and was only less evil than his

master in that for long he served another and not himself. But in after years he rose like a shadow of

Morgoth and a ghost of his malice, and walked behind him on the same ruinous path down into the Void.

HERE ENDS THE VALAQUENTA

QUENTA SILMARILLION

The History of the Silmarils

Chapter 1

Of the Beginning of Days

It is told among the wise that the First War began before Arda was full-shaped, and ere yet there was any thing that grew or walked upon earth; and for long Melkor had the upper hand. But in the midst of the war a spirit of great strength and hardihood came to the aid of the Valar, hearing in the far heaven that there was battle in the Little Kingdom; and Arda was filled with the sound of his laughter. So came Tulkas the Strong, whose anger

passes like a mighty wind, scattering cloud and darkness before it; and Melkor fled before his wrath and his laughter, and forsook Arda, and there was peace for a long age. And Tulkas remained and became one of the Valar of the Kingdom of Arda; but Melkor brooded in the outer darkness, and his hate was given to Tulkas for ever after.

In that time the Valar brought order to the seas and the lands and the mountains, and Yavanna planted at last the seeds that she had long devised. And since, when the fires were subdued or buried beneath the primeval hills, there was need of light, Aulë at the prayer of Yavanna wrought two mighty lamps for the lighting of the Middle-earth which he had built amid the encircling seas. Then Varda filled the lamps and Manwë hallowed them, and the Valar set them upon high pillars, more lofty far than are any mountains of the later days. One lamp they raised near to the north of Middle-earth, and it was named Illuin; and the other was raised in the south, and it was named Ormal; and the light of the Lamps of the Valar flowed out over the Earth, so that all was lit as it were in a changeless day.

Then the seeds that Yavanna had sown began swiftly to sprout and to burgeon, and there arose a multitude of growing things great and small, mosses and grasses and great ferns, and trees whose tops were crowned with cloud as they were living

mountains, but whose feet were wrapped in a

green twilight. And beasts came forth and dwelt in the grassy plains, or in the rivers and the lakes,

or walked in the shadows of the woods. As yet no flower had bloomed nor any bird had sung, for

these things waited still their time in the bosom of Yavanna; but wealth there was of her imagining,

and nowhere more rich than in the midmost parts of the Earth, where the light of both the Lamps

met and blended. And there upon the Isle of Almaren in the Great Lake was the first dwelling of the

Valar when all things were young, and new-made green was yet a marvel in the eyes of the makers;

and they were long content.

Now it came to pass that while the Valar rested from their labours, and watched the growth

and unfolding of the things that they had devised and begun, Manwë ordained a great feast; and the

Valar and an their host came at his bidding. But Aulë and Tulkas were weary; for the craft of Aulë

and the strength of Tulkas had been at the service of an without ceasing fax the days of their labour.

And Melkor knew of an that was done, for even then he had secret friends and spies among the

Maiar whom he had converted to his cause; and far off in the darkness he was filled with hatred,

being jealous of the work of his peers, whom he desired to make subject to himself. Therefore he

gathered to himself spirits out of the halls of Eä that he had perverted to his service, and he deemed

himself strong. And seeing now his time he drew near again to Arda, and looked down upon it, and

the beauty of the Earth in its Spring filled him the more with hate.

Now therefore the Valar were gathered upon Almaren, fearing no evil, and because of the

light of Illuin they did not perceive the shadow in the north that was cast from afar by Melkor; for

he was grown dark as the Night of the Void. And it is sung that in that feast of the Spring of Arda

Tulkas espoused Nessa the sister of Oromë, and she danced before the Valar upon the green grass of

Almaren.

Then Tulkas slept, being weary and content, and Melkor deemed that his hour had come. And

he passed therefore over the Walls of the Night with his host, and came to Middle-earth far in the

north; and the Valar were not aware of him.

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Now Melkor began the delving and building of a vast fortress, deep under Earth, beneath dark

mountains where the beams of Illuin were cold and dim. That stronghold was named Utumno. And

though the Valar knew naught of it as yet, nonetheless the evil of Melkor and the blight of his

hatred

flowed out thence, and the Spring of Arda was marred. Green things fell sick and rotted, and rivers

were choked with weeds and slime, and fens were made, rank and poisonous, the breeding place of

flies; and forests grew dark and perilous, the haunts of fear; and beasts became monsters of horn

and ivory and dyed the earth with blood. Then the Valar knew indeed that Melkor was at work

again, and they sought for his hiding place. But Melkor, trusting in the strength of Utumno and the

might of his servants, came forth suddenly to war, and struck the first blow, ere the Valar were

prepared; and he assailed the lights of Illuin and Ormal, and cast down their pillars and broke their

lamps. In the overthrow of the mighty pillars lands were broken and seas arose in tumult; and when

the lamps were spilled destroying flame was poured out over the Earth. And the shape of Arda and

the symmetry of its waters and its lands was marred in that time, so that the first designs of the

Valar were never after restored.

In the confusion and the darkness Melkor escaped, though fear fell upon him; for above the

roaring of the seas he heard the voice of Manwë as a mighty wind, and the earth trembled beneath

the feet of Tulkas. But he came to Utumno ere Tulkas could overtake him; and there he lay hid. And

the Valar could not at that time overcome him, for the greater part of their strength was needed to

restrain the tumults of the Earth, and to save from ruin all that could be saved of their labour; and

afterwards they feared to rend the Earth again, until they knew where the Children of Ilúvatar were

dwelling, who were yet to come in a time that was hidden from the Valar.

Thus ended the Spring of Arda. The dwelling of the Valar upon Almaren was utterly

destroyed, and they had no abiding place upon the face of the Earth. Therefore they departed from

Middle-earth and went to the Land of Aman, the westernmost of all lands upon the borders of the

world; for its west shores looked upon the Outer Sea, that is called by the Elves Ekkaia, encircling

the Kingdom of Arda. How wide is that sea none know but the Valar; and beyond it are the Walls of

the Night. But the east shores of Aman were the uttermost end of Belegaer, the Great Sea at the

West; and since Melkor was returned to Middle-earth and they could not yet overcome him, the

Valar fortified their dwelling, and upon the shores of the sea they raised the Pelóri, the Mountains of

Aman, highest upon Earth. And above all the mountains of the Pelóri was that height upon whose

summit Manwë set his throne. Taniquetil the Elves name that holy mountain, and Oiolossë

Everlasting Whiteness, and Elerrína Crowned with

Stars, and many names beside; but the Sindar

spoke of it in their later tongue as Amon Uilos. From their halls upon Taniquetil Manwë and Varda

could look out across the Earth even into the furthest East.

Behind the walls of the Pelóri the Valar established their domain in that region which is called

Valinor, and there were their houses, their gardens, and their towers. In that guarded land the Valar

gathered great store of light and an the fairest things that were saved from the ruin; and many others

yet fairer they made anew, and Valinor became more beautiful even than Middle-earth in the Spring

of Arda; and it was blessed, for the Deathless dwelt there, and there naught faded nor withered,

neither was there any stain upon flower or leaf in that land, nor any corruption or sickness in

anything that lived; for the very stones and waters were hallowed.

And when Valinor was full-wrought and the mansions of the Valar were established, in the

midst of the plain beyond the mountains they built their city, Valmar of many bells. Before its

western gate there was a green mound, Ezellohar, that is named also Corollairë; and Yavanna

hallowed it, and she sat there long upon the green grass and sang a song of power, in which was set

all her thought of things that grow in the earth. But

Nienna thought in silence, and watered the

mould with tears. In that time the Valar were gathered together to hear the song of Yavanna, and

they sat silent upon their thrones of council in the Máhanaxar, the Ring of Doom near to the golden

gates of Valmar, and Yavanna Kementári sang before them and they watched.

And as they watched, upon the mound there came forth two slender shoots; and silence was

over all the world in that hour, nor was there any other sound save the chanting of Yavanna. Under

her song the saplings grew and became fair and tail, and came to flower; and thus there awoke in

the world the Two Trees of Valinor. Of all things which Yavanna made they have most renown, and

about their fate all the tales of the Elder Days are woven.

The one had leaves of dark green that beneath were as shining silver, and from each of his

countless flowers a dew of silver light was ever falling, and the earth beneath was dappled with the

shadow of his fluttering leaves. The other bore leaves of a young green like the new-opened beech;

their edges were of glittering gold. Flowers swung upon her branches in clusters of yellow flame,

formed each to a glowing horn that spilled a golden rain upon the ground; and from the blossom of

that tree there came forth warmth and a great light. Telperion the one was called in Valinor, and

Silpion, and Ninquelótë, and many other names; but Laurelin the other was, and Malinalda, and

Culúrien, and many names in song beside.

In seven hours the glory of each tree waxed to full and waned again to naught; and each

awoke once more to life an hour before the other ceased to shine. Thus in Valinor twice every day

there came a gentle hour of softer light when both trees were faint and their gold and silver beams

were mingled. Telperion was the elder of the trees and came first to full stature and to bloom; and

that first hour in which he shone, the white glimmer of a silver dawn, the Valar reckoned not into

the tale of hours, but named it the Opening Hour, and counted from it the ages of their reign in

Valinor. Therefore at the sixth hour of the First Day, and of all the joyful days thereafter, until the

Darkening of Valinor, Telperion ceased his time of flower; and at the twelfth hour Laurelin her

blossoming. And each day of the Valar in Aman contained twelve hours, and ended with the second

mingling of the lights, in which Laurelin was waning but Telperion was waxing. But the light that

was spilled from the trees endured long, ere it was taken up into the airs or sank down into the

earth; and the dews of Telperion and the rain that fell from Laurelin Varda hoarded in great vats like

shining lakes, that were to all the land of the Valar as wells of water and of light. Thus began the

Days of the Bliss of Valinor; and thus began also the Count of Time.

But as the ages drew on to the hour appointed by Ilúvatar for the coming of the Firstborn,

Middle-earth lay in a twilight beneath the stars that Varda had wrought in the ages forgotten of her

labours in Eä. And in the darkness Melkor dwelt, and still often walked abroad, in many shapes of

power and fear, and he wielded cold and fire, from the tops of the mountains to the deep furnaces

that are beneath them; and whatsoever was cruel or violent or deadly in those days is laid to his

charge.

From the beauty and bliss of Valinor the Valar came seldom over the mountains to Middle-

earth, but gave to the land beyond the Pelóri their care and their love. And in the midst of the

Blessed Realm were the mansions of Aulë, and there he laboured long. For in the making of all

things in that land he had the chief part, and he wrought there many beautiful and shapely works

both openly and in secret. Of him comes the lore and knowledge of the Earth and of an things that it

contains: whether the lore of those that make not, but seek only for the understanding of what is, or

the lore of an craftsmen: the weaver, the shaper of wood, and the worker in metals; and the tiller

and husbandman also, though these last and all that deal with things that grow and bear fruit must

look also to the spouse of Aulë, Yavanna Kementári. Aulë it is who is named the Friend of the

Noldor, for of him they learned much in after days, and they are the most skilled of the Elves; and

in their own fashion, according to the gifts which Ilúvatar gave to them, they added much to his

teaching, delighting to tongues and in scripts, and in the figures of broidery, of drawing, and of

carving. The Noldor also it was who first achieved the making of gems; and the fairest of an gems

were the Silmarils, and they are lost.

But Manwë Súlimo, highest and holiest of the Valar, sat upon the borders of Aman, forsaking

not in his thought the Outer Lands. For his throne was set in majesty upon the pinnacle of

Taniquetil, the highest of the mountains of the world, standing upon the margin of the sea. Spirits in

the shape of hawks and eagles flew ever to and from his halls; and their eyes could see to the depths

of the seas, and pierce the hidden caverns beneath the world. Thus they brought word to him of well

nigh all that passed in Arda; yet some things were hidden even from the eyes of Manwë and the

servants of Manwë, for where Melkor sat in his dark

thought impenetrable shadows lay.

Manwë has no thought for his own honour, and is not jealous of his power, but rules all to

peace. The Vanyar he loved best of all the Elves, and of him they received song and poetry; for

poetry is the delight of Manwë, and the song of words is his music. His raiment is blue, and blue is

the fire of his eyes, and his sceptre is of sapphire, which the Noldor wrought for him; and he was

appointed to be the vicegerent of Ilúvatar, King of the world of Valar and Elves and Men, and the

chief defence against the evil of Melkor. With Manwë dwelt Varda the most beautiful, she who in

the Sindarin tongue is named Elbereth, Queen of the Valar, maker of die stars; and with than were a

great host of spirits in blessedness.

But Ulmo was alone, and he abode not in Valinor, nor ever came thither unless there were

need for a great council; he dwelt from the beginning of Arda in the Outer Ocean, and still he

dwells there. Thence he governs the flowing of all waters, and the ebbing, the courses of an rivers

and the replenishment of Springs, the distilling of all dews and rain in every land beneath the sky. In

the deep places he gives thought to music great and terrible; and the echo of that music runs through

all the veins of the world in sorrow and in joy; for it joyful is the fountain that rises in the sun, its springs are in the wells of sorrow unfathomed at the foundations of the Earth. The Teleri learned

much of Ulmo, and for this reason their music has both sadness and enchantment. Salmar came with

him to Arda, he who made the horns of Ulmo that none may ever forget who once has heard them;

and Ossë and Uinen also, to whom he gave the government of the waves and the movements of the

Inner Seas, and many other spirits beside. And thus it was by the power of Ulmo that even under the

darkness of Melkor life coursed still through many secret lodes, and the Earth did not die; and to all

who were lost in that darkness or wandered far from the light of the Valar the ear of Ulmo was ever

open; nor has he ever forsaken Middle-earth, and whatsoever may since have befallen of ruin or of

change he has not ceased to take thought for it, and will not until the end of days.

And in that time of dark Yavanna also was unwilling utterly to forsake the Outer Lands; for

all things teat grow are dear to her, and she mourned for the works that she had begun in Middle-

earth but Melkor had marred. Therefore leaving the house of Aulë and the flowering meads of

Valinor she would come at times and heal the hurts of Melkor; and returning she would ever urge

the Valar to that war with his evil dominion that they must surely wage ere the coming of die

Firstborn. And Oromë tamer of beasts would ride too at whiles in the darkness of the unlit forests;

as a mighty hunter he came with spear and bow,

pursuing to the death the monsters and fell

creatures of the kingdom of Melkor, and his white horse Nahar shone like silver in the shadows.

Then the sleeping earth trembled at the beat of his golden hooves, and in the twilight of the world

Oromë would sound the Valaróma his great horn upon the plains of Arda; whereat the mountains

echoed, and the shadows of evil fled away, and Melkor himself quailed in Utumno, foreboding the

wrath to come. But even as Oromë passed the servants of Melkor would gather again; and the lands

were filled with shadows and deceit.

Now all is said concerning the manner of the Earth and its rulers in the beginning of days, and

ere the world became such as the Children of Ilúvatar have known it. For Elves and Men are the

Children of Ilúvatar; and since they understood not fully that theme by which the Children entered

into the Music, none of the Ainur dared to add anything to their fashion. For which reason the Valar

are to these kindreds rather their elders and their chieftains than their masters; and if ever in their

dealings with Elves and Men the Ainur have endeavoured to force them when they would not be

guided, seldom has this turned to good, howsoever

good the intent. The dealings of the Ainur have

indeed been mostly with the Elves, for Ilúvatar made them more like in nature to the Ainur, though

less in might and stature; whereas to Men he gave strange gifts.

For it is said that after the departure of the Valar there was silence, and for an age Ilúvatar sat

alone in thought. Then he spoke and said: 'Behold I love the Earth, which shall be a mansion for the

Quendi and the Atani! But the Quendi shall be the fairest of all earthly creatures, and they shall

have and shall conceive and bring forth more beauty than all my Children; and they shall have the

greater bliss in this world. But to the Atani I will give a new gift.' Therefore to willed that the hearts of Men should seek beyond the world and should find no rest therein; but they should have a virtue

to shape their life, amid the powers and chances of the world, beyond the Music of the Ainur, which

is as fate to all things else; and of their operation everything should be, in form and deed,

completed, and the world fulfilled unto the last and smallest.

But Ilúvatar knew that Men, being set amid the turmoils of the powers of the world, would

stray often, and would not use their gifts in harmony; and he said: "These too in their time shall find that all that they do redounds at the end only to the glory of my work.' Yet the Elves believe that

Men are often a grief to Manwë, who knows most of the mind of Ilúvatar; for it seems to the Elves

that Men resemble Melkor most of all the Ainur, although he has ever feared and hated them, even

those that served him.

It is one with this gift of freedom that the children of Men dwell only a short space in the

world alive, and are not bound to it, and depart soon whither the Elves know not. Whereas the Elves

remain until the end of days, and their love of the Earth and all the world is more single and more

poignant therefore, and as the years lengthen ever more sorrowful. For the Elves die not till tile

world dies, unless they are slain or waste in grief (and to both these seeming deaths they are

subject); neither does age subdue their strength, unless one grow weary of ten thousand centuries;

and dying they are gathered to the halls of Mandos in Valinor, whence they may in time return. But

the sons of Men die indeed, and leave the world; wherefore they are called the Guests, or the

Strangers. Death is their fate, the gift of Ilúvatar, which as Time wears even the Powers shall envy.

But Melkor has cast his shadow upon it, and confounded it with darkness, and brought forth evil out

of good, and fear out of hope. Yet of old the Valar declared to the Elves in Valinor that Men shall

join in the Second Music of the Ainur; whereas Ilúvatar has hot revealed what he purposes for the

Elves after the World's end, and Melkor has not discovered it.

Chapter 2

Of Aulë and Yavanna

It is told that in their beginning the Dwarves were made by Aulë in the darkness of Middle-

earth; for so greatly did Aulë desire the coming of the Children, to have learners to whom he could

teach his lore and his crafts, that he was unwilling to await the fulfilment of the designs of Ilúvatar.

And Aulë made the Dwarves even as they still are, because the forms of the Children who were to

come were unclear to his mind, and because the power of Melkor was yet over the Earth; and he

wished therefore that they should be strong and unyielding. But fearing that the other Valar might

blame his work, he wrought in secret: and he made first the Seven Fathers of the Dwarves in a hall

under the mountains in Middle-earth.

Now Ilúvatar knew what was done, and in the very hour that Aulë's work was complete, and

he was pleased, and began to instruct the Dwarves in the speech that he had devised for them,

Ilúvatar spoke to him; and Aulë heard his voice and was silent. And the voice of Ilúvatar said to

him: 'Why hast thou done this? Why dost thou attempt a thing which thou knowest is beyond thy

power and thy authority? For thou hast from me as

a gift thy own bring only, and no more; and

therefore the creatures of thy hand and mind can live only by that being, moving when thou thinkest

to move them, and if thy thought be elsewhere, standing idle. Is that thy desire?'

Then Aulë answered: 'I did not desire such lordship. I desired things other than I am, to love

and to teach them, so that they too might perceive the beauty of Eä, which thou hast caused to be.

For it seemed to me that there is great room in Arda for many things that might rejoice in it, yet it is for the most part empty still, and dumb. And in my impatience I have fallen into folly. Yet the

making of thing is in my heart from my own making by thee; and the child of little understanding

that makes a play of the deeds of his father may do so without thought of mockery, but because he

is the son of his father. But what shall I do now, so that thou be not angry with me for ever? As a

child to his father, I offer to thee these things, the work of the hands which thou hast made. Do with

them what thou wilt. But should I not rather destroy the work of my presumption?'

Then Aulë took up a great hammer to smite the Dwarves; and he wept. But Ilúvatar had

compassion upon Aulë and his desire, because of his humility; and the Dwarves shrank from the

hammer and wore afraid, and they bowed down their heads and begged for mercy. And the voice of

Ilúvatar said to Aulë: 'Thy offer I accepted even as it was made. Dost thou not see that these things

have now a life of their own, and speak with their own voices? Else they would not have flinched

from thy blow, nor from any command of thy will.' Then Aulë cast down his hammer and was glad,

and he gave thanks to Ilúvatar, saying: 'May Eru bless my work and amend it!'

But Ilúvatar spoke again and said: 'Even as I gave being to the thoughts of the Ainur at the

beginning of the World, so now I have taken up thy desire and given to it a place therein; but in no

other way will I amend thy handiwork, and as thou hast made it, so shall it be. But I will not suffer

this: that these should come before the Firstborn of my design, nor that thy impatience should be

rewarded. They shall sleep now in the darkness under stone, and shall not come forth until the

Firstborn have awakened upon Earth; and until that time thou and they shall wait, though long it

seem. But when the time comes I will awaken them, and they shall be to thee as children; and often

strife shall arise between thine and mine, the children of my adoption and the children of my

choice.'

Then Aulë took the Seven Fathers of the Dwarves, and laid them to rest in far-sundered

places; and he returned to Valinor, and waited while the long years lengthened.

Since they were to come in the days of the power of Melkor, Aulë made the Dwarves strong

to endure. Therefore they are stone-hard, stubborn, fast in friendship and in enmity, and they suffer

toil and hanger and hurt of body more hardily than all other speaking peoples; and they live long,

far beyond the span of Men, yet not for ever. Aforetime it was held among the Elves in Middle-

earth that dying the Dwarves returned to the earth and the stone of which they were made; yet that

is not their own belief. For they say that Aulë the Maker, whom they call Mahal, cares for them, and

gathers them to Mandos in halls set apart; and that he declared to their Fathers of old that Ilúvatar

will hallow them and give them a place among the Children in the End. Then their part shall be to

serve Aulë and to aid him in the remaking of Arda after the Last Battle. They say also that the Seven

Fathers of the Dwarves return to live again in their own kin and to bear once more their ancient

names: of whom Durin was the most renowned in after ages, father of that kindred most friendly to

the Elves, whose mansions were at Khazad-dûm.

Now when Aulë laboured in the making of the Dwarves he kept this work hidden from the

other Valar; but at last he opened his mind to Yavanna and told her of all that had come to pass.

Then Yavanna said to him: 'Eru is merciful. Now I see that thy heart rejoiceth, as indeed it may; for

thou hast received not only forgiveness but bounty. Yet because thou hiddest this thought from me

until its achievement, thy children will have little love for the things of my love. They will love first the things made by their own hands, as doth their father. They will delve in the earth, and the things

that grow and live upon the earth they will not heed. Many a tree shall feel the bite of their iron

without pity.'

But Aulë answered: 'That shall also be true of the Children of Ilúvatar; for they will eat and

they will build. And though the things of thy realm have worth in themselves, and would have

worth if no Children were to come, yet Eru will give them dominion, and they shall use all that they

find in Arda: though not, by the purpose of Eru, without respect or without gratitude.'

'Not unless Melkor darken their hearts,' said Yavanna. And she was not appeased, but grieved

in heart, fearing what might be done upon Middle-earth in days to come. Therefore she went before

Manwë, and she did not betray the counsel of Aulë, but she said: 'King of Arda, is it true, as Aulë

hath said to me, that the Children when they come shall have dominion over all the things of my

labour, to do as they will therewith?'

'It is true,' said Manwë. 'But why dost thou ask, for thou hadst no need of the teaching of

Aulë?'

Then Yavanna was silent and looked into her own thought. And she answered: 'Because my

heart is anxious, thinking of the days to come. All my works are dear to me. Is it not enough that

Melkor should have marred so many? Shall nothing that I have devised be free from the dominion

of others?'

'If thou hadst thy will what wouldst thou reserve?' said Manwë. 'Of all thy realm what dost

thou hold dearest?'

'All have their worth,' said Yavanna, 'and each contributes to the worth of the others. But the

kelvar can flee or defend themselves, whereas the *olvar* that grow cannot. And among these I hold trees dear. Long in the growing, swift shall they be in the felling, and unless they pay toll with fruit upon bough little mourned in their passing. So I see in my thought. Would that the trees might speak

on behalf of all things that have roots, and punish those that wrong them!'

'This is a strange thought,' said Manwë.

'Yet it was in the Song,' said Yavanna. 'For while thou wert in the heavens and with Ulmo

built the clouds and poured out the rains, I lifted up the branches of great trees to receive them, and

some sang to Ilúvatar amid the wind and the rain.'

Then Manwë sat silent, and the thought of Yavanna that she had put into his heart grew and

unfolded; and it was beheld by Ilúvatar. Then it seemed to Manwë that the Song rose once more

about him, and he heeded now many things therein that though he had heard them he had not

heeded before. And at last the Vision was renewed, but it was not now remote, for he was himself

within it, and yet he saw that all was upheld by the hand of Ilúvatar; and the hand entered in, and

from it came forth many wonders that had until then been hidden from him in the hearts of the

Ainur.

Then Manwë awoke, and he went down to Yavanna upon Ezellohar, and he sat beside her

beneath the Two Trees. And Manwë said: 'O Kementári, Eru hath spoken, saying: "Do then any of

the Valar suppose that I did not hear all the Song, even the least sound of the least voice? Behold!

When the Children awake, then the thought of Yavanna will awake also, and it will summon spirits

from afar, and they will go among the *kelvar* and the *olvar*, and some will dwell therein, and be held in reverence, and their just anger shall be feared. For a time: while the Firstborn are in their power,

and while the Secondborn are young." But dost them not now remember, Kementári, that thy

thought sang not always alone? Did not thy thought

and mine meet also, so that we took wing

together like great birds that soar above the clouds? That also shall come to be by the heed of

Ilúvatar, and before the Children awake there shall go forth with wings like the wind the Eagles of

the Lords of the West.'

Then Yavanna was glad, and she stood up, reaching her arms towards the heavens, and she

said: 'High shall climb the trees of Kementári, that the Eagles of the King may house therein!'

But Manwë rose also, and it seemed that he stood to such a height that his voice came down

to Yavanna as from the paths of the winds.

'Nay,' he said, 'only the trees of Aulë will be tall enough. In the mountains the Eagles shall

house, and hear the voices of those who call upon us. But in the forests shall walk the Shepherds of

the Trees.'

Then Manwë and Yavanna parted for that time, and Yavanna returned to Aulë; and he was in

his smithy, pouring molten metal into a mould. 'Eru is bountiful,' she said. 'Now let thy children

beware! For there shall walk a power in the forests whose wrath they will arouse at their peril.'

'Nonetheless they will have need of wood,' said Aulë, and he went on with his smith-work.

Chapter 3

Of the Coming of the Elves

and the Captivity of Melkor

Through long ages the Valar dwelt in bliss in the light of the Trees beyond. The Mountains of Aman,

but all Middle-earth lay in a twilight under the stars. While the Lamps had shone, growth began

there which now was checked, because all was again dark. But already the oldest living things had

arisen: in the seas the great weeds, and on earth the shadow of great trees; and in the valleys of the

night-clad hills there were dark creatures old and strong. To those lands and forests the Valar

seldom came, save only Yavanna and Oromë; and Yavanna would walk there in the shadows,

grieving because the growth and promise of the Spring of Arda was stayed. And she set a sleep

upon many things that had arisen in the Spring, so that they should not age, but should wait for a

time of awakening that yet should be.

But in the north Melkor built his strength, and he slept not, but watched, and laboured; and

the evil things that he had perverted walked abroad, and the dark and slumbering woods were

haunted by monsters and shapes of dread. And in Utumno he gathered his demons about him, those

spirits who first adhered to him in the days of his splendour, and became most like him in his

corruption: their hearts were of fire, but they were cloaked in darkness, and terror went before them;

they had whips of flame. Balrogs they were named in Middle-earth in later days. And in that dark

time Melkor bred many other monsters of divers shapes and kinds that long troubled the world; and

his realm spread now ever southward over Middle-earth.

And Melkor made also a fortress and armoury not far from the north-western shores of the

sea, to resist any assault that might come from Aman. That stronghold was commanded by Sauron,

lieutenant of Melkor; and it was named Angband.

It came to pass that the Valar held council, for they became troubled by the tidings that

Yavanna and Oromë brought from the Outer Lands; and Yavanna spoke before the Valar, saying: 'Ye

mighty of Arda, the Vision of Ilúvatar was brief and soon taken away, so that maybe we cannot

guess within a narrow count of days the hour appointed. Yet be sure of this: the hour approaches,

and within this age our hope shall be revealed, and the Children shall awake. Shall we then leave

the lands of their dwelling desolate and full of evil? Shall they walk in darkness while we have

light? Shall they call Melkor lord while Manwë sits upon Taniquetil?'

And Tulkas cried: 'Nay! Let us make war swiftly! Have we not rested from strife overlong,

and is not our strength now renewed? Shall one alone contest with us for ever?'

But at the bidding of Manwë Mandos spoke, and he said: 'In this age the Children of Ilúvatar

shall come indeed, but they come not yet. Moreover it is doom that the Firstborn shall come in the

darkness, and shall look first upon the stars. Great light shall be for their waning. To Varda ever

shall they call at need.'

Then Varda went forth from the council, and she looked out from the height of Taniquetil, and

beheld the darkness of Middle-earth beneath the innumerable stars, faint and far. Then she began a

great labour, greatest of all the works of the Valar since their coming into Arda. She took the silver

dews from the vats of Telperion, and therewith she made new stars and brighter against the coming

of the Firstborn; wherefore she whose name out of the deeps of time and the labours of Eä was

Tintallë, the Kindler, was called after by the Elves Elentári, Queen of the Stars. Carnil and Luinil,

Nénar and Lumbar, Alcarinquë and Elemmírë she wrought in that time, and many other of the

ancient stars she gathered together and set as signs in the heavens of Arda: Wilwarin, Telumendil,

Soronúmë, and Anarríma; and Menelmacar with his shining belt, that forebodes the Last Battle that

shall be at the end of days. And high in the north as a challenge to Melkor she set the crown of

seven mighty stars to swing, Valacirca, the Sickle of the Valar and sign of doom.

It is told that even as Varda ended her labours, and they were long, when first Menelmacar

strode up the sky and the blue fire of Helluin flickered in the mists above the borders of the world,

in that hour the Children of the Earth awoke, the Firstborn of Ilúvatar. By the starlit mere of

Cuiviénen, Water of Awakening, they rose from the sleep of Ilúvatar; and while they dwelt yet silent

by Cuiviénen their eyes beheld first of all things the stars of heaven. Therefore they have ever loved

the starlight, and have revered Varda Elentári above all the Valar.

In the changes of the world the shapes of lands and of seas have been broken and remade;

rivers have not kept their courses, neither have mountains remained steadfast; and to Cuiviénen

there is no returning. But it is said among the Elves that it lay far off in the east of Middle-earth,

and northward, and it was a bay in the Inland Sea of Helcar; and that sea stood where aforetime the

roots of the mountain of Illuin had been before Melkor overthrew it Many waters flowed down

thither from heights in the east, and the first sound that was heard by the Elves was the sound of

water flowing, and the sound of water falling over stone.

Long they dwelt in their first home by the water under stars, and they walked the Earth in

wonder; and they began to make speech and to give names to all things that they perceived.

Themselves they named the Quendi, signifying those that speak with voices; for as yet they had met

no other living things that spoke or sang.

And on a time it chanced that Oromë rode eastward in his hunting, and he turned north by the

shores of Helcar and passed under the shadows of the Orocarni, the Mountains of the East. Then on

a sudden Nahar set up a great neighing, and stood still. And Oromë wondered and sat silent, and it

seemed to him that in the quiet of the land under the stars he heard afar off many voices singing.

Thus it was that the Valar found at last, as it were by chance, those whom they had so long

awaited. And Oromë looking upon the Elves was filled with wonder, as though they were beings

sudden and marvellous and unforeseen; for so it shall ever be with the Valar. From without the

World, though all things may be forethought in music or foreshown in vision from afar, to those

who enter verily into Eä each in its time shall be met at unawares as something new and unforetold.

In the beginning the Elder Children of Ilúvatar were stronger and greater than they have since

become; but not more fair, for though the beauty of the Quendi in the days of their youth was

beyond all other beauty that Ilúvatar has caused to be, it has not perished, but lives in the West, and

sorrow and wisdom have enriched it. And Oromë loved the Quendi, and named them in their own

tongue Eldar, the people of the stars; but that name was after borne only by those who followed him

upon the westward road.

Yet many of the Quendi were filled with dread at his coming; and this was the doing of

Melkor. For by after-knowledge the wise declare that Melkor, ever watchful, was first aware of the

awakening of the Quendi, and sent shadows and evil spirits to spy upon them and waylay them. So

it came to pass, some years ere the coming of Oromë, that if any of the Elves strayed far abroad,

alone or few together, they would often vanish, and never return; and the Quendi said that the

Hunter had caught them, and they were afraid. And indeed the most ancient songs of the Elves, of

which echoes are remembered still in the West, tell of the shadow-shapes that walked in the hills

above Cuiviénen, or would pass suddenly over the stars; and of the dark Rider upon his wild horse

that pursued those that wandered to take them and devour them. Now Melkor greatly hated and

feared the riding of Oromë, and either he sent indeed his dark servants as riders, or he set lying

whispers abroad, for the purpose that the Quendi should shun Oromë, if ever they should meet.

Thus it was that when Nahar neighed and Oromë indeed came among them, some of the

Quendi hid themselves, and some fled and were lost. But those that had courage, and stayed,

perceived swiftly that the Great Rider was no shape out of darkness; for the light of Aman was in

his face, and all the noblest of the Elves were drawn towards it.

But of those unhappy ones who were ensnared by Melkor little is known of a certainty. For

who of the living has descended into the pits of Utumno, or has explored the darkness of the

counsels of Melkor? Yet this is held true by the wise of Eressëa, that all those of the Quendi who

came into the hands of Melkor, ere Utumno was broken, were put there in prison, and by slow arts

of cruelty were corrupted and enslaved; and thus did Melkor breed the hideous race of the Orcs in

envy and mockery of the Elves, of whom they were afterwards the bitterest foes. For the Orcs had

life and multiplied after the manner of the Children of Ilúvatar; and naught that had life of its own,

nor the semblance of life, could ever Melkor make since his rebellion in the Ainulindalë before the

Beginning: so say the wise. And deep in their dark hearts the Orcs loathed the Master whom they

served in fear, the maker only of their misery. This it may be was the vilest deed of Melkor, and the

most hateful to Ilúvatar.

Oromë tarried a while among the Quendi, and then swiftly he rode back over land and sea to

Valinor and brought the tidings to Valmar; and he spoke of the shadows that troubled Cuiviénen.

Then the Valar rejoiced, and yet they were in doubt amid their joy; and they debated long what

counsel it were best to take for the guarding of the Quendi from the shadow of Melkor. But Oromë

returned at once to Middle-earth and abode with the Elves.

Manwë sat long in thought upon Taniquetil, and he sought the counsel of Ilúvatar. And

coming then down to Valmar he summoned the Valar to the Ring of Doom, and thither came even

Ulmo from the Outer Sea.

Then Manwë said to the Valar: 'This is the counsel of Ilúvatar in my heart: that we should take

up again the mastery of Arda, at whatsoever cost, and deliver the Quendi from the shadow of

Melkor.' Then Tulkas was glad; but Aulë was grieved, foreboding the hurts of the world that must

come of that strife. But the Valar made ready and came forth from Aman in strength of war,

resolving to assault the fortresses of Melkor and make an end. Never did Melkor forget that this war

was made for the sake of the Elves, and that they were the cause of his downfall. Yet they had no

part in those deeds, and they know little of the riding of the might of the West against the North in

the beginning of their days.

Melkor met the onset of the Valar in the North-west of Middle-earth, and all that region was

much broken. But the first victory of the hosts of the West was swift, and the servants of Melkor

fled before them to Utumno. Then the Valar passed over Middle-earth, and they set a guard over

Cuiviénen; and thereafter the Quendi knew nothing of the great Battle of the Powers, save that the

Earth shook and groaned beneath them, and the waters were moved, and in the north there were

lights as of mighty fires. Long and grievous was the siege of Utumno, and many battles were fought

before its gates of which naught but the rumour is known to the Elves. In that time the shape of

Middle-earth was changed, and the Great Sea that sundered it from Aman grew wide and deep; and

it broke in upon the coasts and made a deep gulf to the southward. Many lesser bays were made

between the Great Gulf and Helcaraxë far in the north, where Middle-earth and Aman came nigh

together. Of these the Bay of Balar was the chief; and into it the mighty river Sirion flowed down

from the new-raised highlands northwards: Dorthonion, and the mountains about Hithlum. The

lands of the far north were all made desolate in those days; for there Utumno was delved exceeding

deep, and its pits were filled with fires and with great hosts of the servants of Melkor.

But at the last the gates of Utumno were broken and the halls unroofed, and Melkor took

refuge in the uttermost pit. Then Tulkas stood forth as champion of the Valar and wrestled with him,

and cast him upon his face; and he was bound with the chain Angainor that Aulë had wrought, and

led captive; and the world had peace for a long age.

Nonetheless the Valar did not discover all the mighty vaults and caverns hidden with deceit

far under the fortresses of Angband and Utumno. Many evil things still lingered there, and others

were dispersed and fled into the dark and roamed in the waste places of the world, awaiting a more

evil hour; and Sauron they did not find.

But when the Battle was ended and from the ruin of the North great clouds arose and hid the

stars, the Valar drew Melkor back to Valinor, bound hand and foot, and blindfold; and he was

brought to the Ring of Doom. There he lay upon his face before the feet of Manwë and sued for

pardon; but his prayer was denied, and he was cast into prison in the fastness of Mandos, whence

none can escape, neither Vala, nor Elf, nor mortal Man. Vast and strong are those halls, and they

were built in the west of the land of Aman. There

was Melkor doomed to abide for three ages long,

before his cause should be tried anew, or he should plead again for pardon.

Then again the Valar were gathered in council, and they were divided in debate. For some,

and of those Ulmo was the chief, held that the Quendi should be left free to walk as they would in

Middle-earth, and with their gifts of skill to order all the lands and heal their hurts. But the most

part feared for the Quendi in the dangerous world amid the deceits of the starlit dusk; and they were

filled moreover with the love of the beauty of the Elves and desired their fellowship. At the last,

therefore, the Valar summoned the Quendi to Valinor, there to be gathered at the knees of the

Powers in the light of the Trees for ever; and Mandos broke his silence, saying: 'So it is doomed.'

From this summons came many woes that afterwards befell.

But the Elves were at first unwilling to hearken to the summons, for they had as yet seen the

Valar only in their wrath as they went to war, save Oromë alone; and they were filled with dread.

Therefore Oromë was sent again to them, and he chose from among them ambassadors who should

go to Valinor and speak for their people; and these were Ingwë, Finwë and Elwë, who afterwards

were kings. And coming they were filled with awe by the glory and majesty of the Valar, and

desired greatly the light and splendour of the Trees. Then Oromë brought them back to Cuiviénen,

and they spoke before their people, and counselled them to heed the summons of the Valar and

remove into the West

Then befell the first sundering of the Elves. For the kindred of Ingwë, and the most part of the

kindreds of Finwë and Elwë, were swayed by the words of their lords, and were willing to depart

and follow Oromë; and these were known ever after as the Eldar, by the name that Oromë gave to

the Elves in the beginning, in their own tongue. But many refused the summons, preferring the

starlight and the wide spaces of Middle-earth to the rumour of the Trees; and these are the Avari, the

Unwilling, and they were sundered in that time from the Eldar, and met never again until many ages

were past.

The Eldar prepared now a great march from their first homes in the east; and they were

arrayed in three hosts. The smallest host and the first to set forth was led by Ingwë, the most high

lord of all the Elvish race. He entered into Valinor and sits at the feet of the Powers, and all Elves

revere his name; but he came never back, nor looked again upon Middle-earth. The Vanyar were his

people; they are the Fair Elves, the beloved of Manwë and Varda, and few among Men have

spoken

with them.

Next came the Noldor, a name of wisdom, the people of Finwë. They are the Deep Elves, the

friends of Aulë; and they are renowned in song, for they fought and laboured long and grievously in

the northern lands of old.

The greatest host came last, and they are named the Teleri, for they tarried on the road, and

were not wholly of a mind to pass from the dusk to the light of Valinor. In water they had great

delight, and those that came at last to the western shores were enamoured of the sea. The Sea-elves

therefore they became in the land of Aman, the Falmari, for they made music beside the breaking

waves. Two lords they had, for their numbers were great: Elwë Singollo (which signifies

Greymantle) and Olwë his brother.

These were the three kindreds of the Eldalië, who passing at length into the uttermost West in

the days of the Trees are called the Calaquendi, Elves of the Light. But others of the Eldar there

were who set out indeed upon the westward march, but became lost upon the long road, or turned

aside, or lingered on the shores of Middle-earth; and these were for the most part of the kindred of

the Teleri, as is told hereafter. They dwelt by the sea or wandered in the woods and mountains of the

world, yet their hearts were turned towards the West. Those Elves the Calaquendi call the Úmanyar,

since they came never to the land of Aman and the Blessed Realm; but the Úmanyar and the Avari

alike they call the Moriquendi, Elves of the Darkness, for they never beheld the Light that was

before the Sun and Moon.

It is told that when the hosts of the Eldalië departed from Cuiviénen Oromë rode at their head

upon Nahar, his white horse shod with gold; and passing northward about the Sea of Helcar they

turned towards the west. Before them great clouds hung still black in the North above the ruins of

war, and the stars in that region were hidden. Then not a few grew afraid and repented, and turned

back, and are forgotten.

Long and slow was the march of the Eldar into the west, for the leagues of Middle-earth were

uncounted, and weary and pathless. Nor did the Eldar desire to hasten, for they were filled with

wonder at all that they saw, and by many lands and rivers they wished to abide; and though all were

yet willing to wander, many feared rather their journey's end than hoped for it Therefore whenever

Oromë departed, having at times other matters to heed, they halted and went forward no more, until

he returned to guide them. And it came to pass after many years of journeying in this manner that

the Eldar took their course through a forest, and they came to a great river, wider than any they had

yet seen; and beyond it were mountains whose sharp horns seemed to pierce the realm of the stars.

This river, it is said, was even the river which was after called Anduin the Great, and was ever the

frontier of the west-lands of Middle-earth. But me mountains were the Hithaeglir, the Towers of

Mist upon the borders of Eriador; yet they were taller and more terrible in those days, and were

reared by Melkor to hinder the riding of Oromë. Now the Teleri abode long on the east bank of that

river and wished to remain there, but the Vanyar and me Noldor passed over it, and Oromë led them

into the passes of the mountains. And when Oromë was gone forward the Teleri looked upon the

shadowy heights and were afraid.

Then one arose in the host of Olwë, which was ever the hindmost on the road; Lenwë he was

called. He forsook the westward march, and led away a numerous people, southwards down the

great river, and they passed out of the knowledge of their kin until long years were past. Those were

the Nandor; and they became a people apart, unlike their kin, save that they loved water, and dwelt

most beside falls and running streams. Greater knowledge they had of living things, tree and herb,

bird and beast, than all other Elves. In after years Denethor, son of Lenwë, turned again west at last,

and led a part of that people over the mountains into Beleriand ere the rising of the Moon.

At length the Vanyar and the Noldor came over Ered Luin, the Blue Mountains, between

Eriador and the westernmost land of Middle-earth, which the Elves after named Beleriand; and the

foremost companies passed over the Vale of Sirion and came down to the shores of the Great Sea

between Drengist and the Bay of Balar. But when they beheld it great fear came upon them, and

many withdrew into the woods and highlands of Beleriand. Then Oromë departed, and returned to

Valinor to seek the counsel of Manwë, and left them.

And the host of the Teleri passed over the Misty Mountains, and crossed the wide lands of

Eriador, being urged on by Elwë Singollo, for he was eager to return to Valinor and the Light that he

had beheld; and he wished not to be sundered from the Noldor, for he had great friendship with

Finwë their lord. Thus after many years the Teleri also came at last over Ered Luin into the eastern

regions of Beleriand. There they halted, and dwelt a while beyond the River Gelion.

Chapter 4

Of Thingol and Melian

Melian was a Maia, of the race of the Valar. She dwelt in the gardens of Lórien, and among all his

people there were none more beautiful than Melian, nor more wise, nor more skilled in songs of

enchantment. It is told that the Valar would leave their works, and the birds of Valinor their mirth,

that the bells of Valmar were silent and the fountains ceased to flow, when at the mingling of the

lights Melian sang in Lórien. Nightingales went always with her, and she taught them their song;

and she loved the deep shadows of the great trees. She was akin before the World was made to

Yavanna herself; and in that time when the Quendi awoke beside the waters of Cuiviénen she

departed from Valinor and came to the Hither Lands, and there she filled the silence of Middle-earth

before the dawn with her voice and the voices of her birds.

Now when their journey was near its end, as has been told, the people of the Teleri rested long

in East Beleriand, beyond the River Gelion; and at that time many of the Noldor still lay to the

westward, in those forests that were afterwards named Neldoreth and Region. Elwë, lord of the

Teleri, went often through the great woods to seek out Finwë his friend in the dwellings of the

Noldor; and it chanced on a time that he came alone to the starlit wood of Nan Elmoth, and there

suddenly he heard the song of nightingales. Then an enchantment fell on him, and he stood still; and

afar off beyond the voices of the *lómelindi* he heard the voice of Melian, and it filled all his heart with wonder and desire.

A bird in dim Nan Elmoth wood

trilled, and to listen Thingol stood

amazed; then far away he heard

a voice more fair than fairest bird,

a voice as crystal clear of note

as thread of silver glass remote.

He forgot then utterly all his people and all the purposes of his mind, and following the birds

under the shadow of the trees he passed deep into Nan Elmoth and was lost. But he came at last to a

glade open to the stars, and there Melian stood; and out of the darkness he looked at her, and the

light of Aman was in her face.

She spoke no word; but being filled with love Elwë came to her and took her hand, and

straightway a spell was laid on him, so that they stood thus while long years were measured by the

wheeling stars above them; and the trees of Nan Elmoth grew tall and dark before they spoke any

word.

Thus Elwë's folk who sought him found him not,

and Olwë took the kingship of the Teleri and

departed, as is told hereafter. Elwë Singollo came never again across the sea to Valinor so long as he

lived, and Melian returned not thither while their realm together lasted; but of her there came

among both Elves and Men a strain of the Ainur who were with Ilúvatar before Eä. In after days he

became a king renowned, and his people were all the Eldar of Beleriand; the Sindar they were

named, the Grey-elves, the Elves of the Twilight and King Greymantle was he, Elu Thingol in the

tongue of that land. And Melian was his Queen, wiser than any child of Middle-earth; and their

hidden halls were Menegroth, the Thousand Caves, in Doriath. Great power Melian lent to Thingol,

who was himself great among the Eldar; for he alone of all the Sindar had seen with his own eyes

the Trees in the day of their flowering, and king though he was of Amanyar, he was not accounted

among the Moriquendi, but with the Elves of the Light, mighty upon Middle-earth. And of the love

of Thingol and Melian there came into the world the fairest of all the Children of Ilúvatar that was

or shall ever be.

Chapter 5

Of Eldamar and the Princes of the Eldalië

In time the hosts of the Vanyar and the Noldor came to the last western shores of the Hither Lands.

In the north these shores, in the ancient days after the Battle of the Powers, bent ever westward,

until in the northernmost parts of Arda only a narrow sea divided Aman, upon which Valinor was

built, from the Hither Lands; but this narrow sea was filled with grinding ice, because of the

violence of the frosts of Melkor. Therefore Oromë did not lead the hosts of the Eldalië into the far

north, but brought them to the fair lands about the River Sirion, that afterwards were named

Beleriand; and from those shores whence first the Eldar looked in fear and wonder on the Sea there

stretched an ocean, wide and dark and deep, between them and the Mountains of Aman.

Now Ulmo, by the counsel of the Valar, came to the shores of Middle-earth and spoke with

the Eldar who waited there, gazing on the dark waves; and because of his words and the music

which he made for them on his horns of shell their fear of the sea was turned rather to desire.

Therefore Ulmo uprooted an island which long had stood alone amid the sea, far from either shore,

since the tumults of the fall of Illuin; and with the aid of his servants he moved it, as it were a

mighty ship, and anchored it in the Bay of Balar, into which Sirion poured his water. Then the

Vanyar and the Noldor embarked upon that isle, and were drawn over the sea, and came at last to

the long shores beneath the Mountains of Aman; and they entered Valinor and were welcomed to its

bliss. But the eastern horn of the island, which was deep-grounded in the shoals off the mouths of

Sirion, was broken asunder and remained behind and that, it is said, was the Isle of Balar, to which

afterwards Ossë often came.

But the Teleri remained still in Middle-earth, for they dwelt in East Beleriand far from the sea,

and they heard not the summons of Ulmo until too late; and many searched still for Elwë their lord,

and without him they were unwilling to depart. But when they learned that Ingwë and Finwë and

their peoples were gone, then many of the Teleri pressed on to the shores of Beleriand, and dwelt

thereafter near the Mouths of Sirion, in longing for their friends that had departed; and they took

Olwë, Elwë's brother, to be their king. Long they remained by the coasts of the western sea, and

Ossë and Uinen came to them and befriended them; and Ossë instructed them, sitting upon a rock

near to the margin of the land, and of him they learned all manner of sea-lore and sea-music. Thus it

came to be that the Teleri, who were from the beginning lovers of water, and the fairest singers of

all the Elves, were after enamoured of the seas, and their songs were filled with the sound of waves

upon the shore.

When many years had passed, Ulmo hearkened to the prayers of the Noldor and of Finwë

their king. Who grieved at their long sundering from the Teleri, and besought him to bring them to

Aman, if they would come. And most of them proved now willing indeed; but great was the grief of

Ossë when Ulmo returned to the coasts of Beleriand, to bear them away to Valinor; for his care was

for the seas of Middle-earth and the shores of the Hither Lands, and he was ill-pleased that the

voices of the Teleri should be heard no more in his domain. Some he persuaded to remain; and

those were the Falathrim, the Elves of the Falas, who in after days had dwellings at the havens of

Brithombar and Eglarest, the first mariners in Middle-earth and the first makers of ships. Círdan the

Shipwright was their lord.

The kinsfolk and friends of Elwë Singollo also remained in the Hither Lands, seeking him yet,

though they would fain have departed to Valinor and the light of the Trees, if Ulmo and Olwë had

been willing to tarry longer. But Olwë would be gone; and at last the main host of the Teleri

embarked upon the isle, and Ulmo drew them far away. Then the friends of Elwë were left behind;

and they called themselves Eglath, the Forsaken People. They dwelt in the woods and hills of

Beleriand, rather than by the sea, which filled them with sorrow; but the desire of Aman was ever in

their hearts.

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But when Elwë awoke from his long trance, he came forth from Nan Elmoth with Melian, and

they dwelt thereafter in the woods in the midst of the land. Greatly though he had desired to see

again the light of the Trees, in the face of Melian he beheld the light of Aman as in an unclouded

mirror, and in that light he was content. His people gathered about him in joy, and they were

amazed; for fair and noble as he had been, now he appeared as it were a lord of the Maiar, his hair

as grey silver, tallest of all the Children of Ilúvatar; and a high doom was before him.

Now Ossë followed after the host of Olwë, and when they were come to the Bay of Eldamar

(which is Elvenhome) he called to them; and they knew his voice, and begged Ulmo to stay their

voyage. And Ulmo granted their request, and at his bidding Ossë made fast the island and rooted it

to the foundations of the sea. Ulmo did this the more readily, for he understood the hearts of the

Teleri, and in the council of the Valar he had spoken against the summons, thinking that it were

better for the Quendi to remain in Middle-earth. The Valar were little pleased to learn what he had

done; and Finwë grieved when the Teleri came not, and yet more when he learned that Elwë was

forsaken, and knew that he should not see him again, unless it were in the halls of Mandos. But the

island was not moved again, and stood there alone in the Bay of Eldamar; and it was called Tol

Eressëa, the Lonely Isle. There the Teleri abode as they wished under the stars of heaven, and yet

within right of Aman and the deathless shore; and by that long sojourn apart in the Lonely Isle was

caused the sundering of their speech from that of the Vanyar and the Noldor.

To these the Valar had given a land and a dwelling-place. Even among the radiant flowers of

the Tree-lit gardens of Valinor they longed still at times to see the stars; and therefore a gap was

made in the great walls of the Pelóri, and there in a deep valley that ran down to the sea the Eldar

raised a high green hill: Túna it was called. From the west the light of the Trees fell upon it, and its shadow lay ever eastward; and to the east it looked towards the Bay of Elvenhome, and the Lonely

Isle, and the Shadowy Seas. Then through Calacirya, the Pass of Light, the radiance of the Blessed

Realm streamed forth, kindling the dark waves to silver and gold, and it touched the Lonely Isle,

and its western shore grew green and fair. There

bloomed the first flowers that ever were east of the

Mountains of Aman.

Upon the crown of Túna the city of the Elves was built, the white walls and terraces of Tirion;

and the highest of the towers of that city was the Tower of Ingwë, Mindon Eldaliéva, whose silver

lamp shone far out into the mists of the sea. Few are the ships of mortal Men that have seen its

slender beam. In Tirion upon Túna the Vanyar and the Noldor dwelt long in fellowship. And since

of all things in Valinor they loved most the White Tree, Yavanna made for them a tree like to a

lesser image of Telperion, save that it did not give light of its own being; Galathilion it was named

in the Sindarin tongue. This tree was planted in the courts beneath the Mindon and there flourished,

and its seedlings were many in Eldamar. Of these one was afterwards planted in Tol Eressëa, and it

prospered there, and was named Celeborn; thence came in me fullness of time as is elsewhere told,

Nimloth, the White Tree of Númenor.

Manwë and Varda loved most the Vanyar, the Fair Elves; but the Noldor were beloved of

Aulë, and he and his people came often among them. Great became their knowledge and their skill;

yet even greater was their thirst for more knowledge, and in many things they soon surpassed their

teachers. They were changeful in speech, for they

had great love of words, and sought ever to find

names more fit for all things that they knew or imagined. And it came to pass that the masons of the

house of Finwë, quarrying in the hills after stone (for they delighted in the building of high towers),

first discovered the earth-gems, and brought them forth in countless myriads; and they devised tools

for the cutting and shaping of gems, and carved them in many forms. They hoarded them not, but

gave them freely, and by their labour enriched all Valinor.

The Noldor afterwards came back to Middle-earth, and this tale tells mostly of their deeds;

therefore the names and kinship of their princes may here be told, in that form which these names

later bore in the tongue of the Elves of Beleriand.

Finwë was King of the Noldor. The sons of Finwë were Fëanor, and Fingolfin, and Finarfin;

but the mother of Fëanor was Míriel Serindë, whereas the mother of Fingolfin and Finarfin was

Indis of the Vanyar. Fëanor was the mightiest in skill of word and of hand, more learned than his

brothers; his spirit burned as a flame. Fingolfin was the strongest, the most steadfast, and the most

valiant. Finarfin was the fairest, and the most wise of heart; and afterwards he was a friend of the

sons of Olwë, lord of the Teleri, and had to wife Eärwen, the swan-maiden of Alqualondë, Olwë's

daughter.

The seven sons of Fëanor were Maedhros the tall; Maglor the mighty singer, whose voice was

heard far over land and sea; Celegorm the fair, and Caranthir the dark; Curufin the crafty, who

inherited most his father's skill of hand; and the youngest Amrod and Amras, who were twin

brothers, alike in mood and face. In later days they were great hunters in the woods of Middle-

earth; and a hunter also was Celegorm, who in Valinor was a friend of Oromë, and often followed

the Vala's horn.

The sons of Fingolfin were Fingon, who was afterwards King of the Noldor in the north of the

world, and Turgon, lord of Gondolin; their sister was Aredhel the White. She was younger in the

years of the Eldar than her brothers; and when she was grown to full stature and beauty she was tall

and strong, and loved much to ride and hunt in the forests. There she was often in the company of

the sons of Fëanor, her kin; but to none was her heart's love given. Ar-Feiniel she was called, the

White Lady of the Noldor, for she was pale though her hair was dark, and she was never arrayed but

in silver and white.

The sons of Finarfin were Finrod the faithful (who was afterwards named Felagund, Lord of

Caves), Orodreth, Angrod, and Aegnor; these four were as close in friendship with the sons of

Fingolfin as though they were all brothers. A sister they had, Galadriel, most beautiful of all the

house of Finwë; her hair was lit with gold as though it had caught in a mesh the radiance of

Laurelin.

Here must be told how the Teleri came at last to the land of Aman. Through a long age they

dwelt in Tol Eressëa; but slowly their hearts were changed, and were drawn towards the light that

flowed out over the sea to the Lonely Isle. They were torn between the love of the music of the

waves upon their shores, and the desire to see again their kindred and to look upon the splendour of

Valinor; but in the end desire of the light was the stronger. Therefore Ulmo, submitting to the will of

the Valar, sent to them Ossë, their friend, and he though grieving taught them the craft of ship-

building; and when their ships were built he brought them as his parting gift many strong-winged

swans. Then the swans drew the white ships of the Teleri over the windless sea; and thus at last and

latest they came to Aman and the shores of Eldamar.

There they dwelt, and if they wished they could see the light of the Trees, and could tread the

golden streets of Valmar and the crystal stairs of

Tirion upon Túna, the green hill; but most of all they sailed in their swift ships on the waters of the Bay of Elvenhome, or walked in the waves upon the shore with their hair gleaming in the light beyond the hill. Many jewels the Noldor gave them, opals and diamonds and pale crystals, which they strewed upon the shores and scattered in the pools; marvellous were the beaches of Elendë in those days. And many pearls they won for themselves from the sea, and their halls were of pearl, and of pearl were the mansions of Olwë at Alqualondë, the Haven of the Swans, lit with many lamps. For that was their city, and the haven of their ships; and those were made in the likeness of swans, with beaks of gold and eyes of gold and jet. The gate of that harbour was an arch of living rock sea-carved; and it lay upon the confines of Eldamar, north of the Calacirya, where the light of the stars was bright and clear.

As the ages passed the Vanyar grew to love the land of the Valar and the full light of the Trees, and they forsook the city of Tirion upon Túna, and dwelt thereafter upon the mountain of Manwë, or about the plains and woods of Valinor, and became sundered from the Noldor. But the

memory of Middle-earth under the stars remained in the hearts of the Noldor, and they abode in the

Calacirya, and in the hills and valleys within sound of the western sea; and though many of them

went often about the land of the Valar, making far journeys in search of the secrets of land and

water and all living things, yet the peoples of Túna and Alqualondë drew together in those days.

Finwë was king in Tirion and Olwë in Alqualondë; but Ingwë was ever held the High King of all

the Elves. He abode thereafter at the feet of Manwë upon Taniquetil.

Fëanor and his sons abode seldom in one place for long, but travelled far and wide upon the

confines of Valinor, going even to the borders of the Dark and the cold shores of the Outer Sea,

seeking the unknown. Often they were guests in the halls of Aulë; but Celegorm went rather to the

house of Oromë, and there he got great knowledge of birds and beasts, and all their tongues he

knew. For all living things that are or have been in the Kingdom of Arda, save only the fell and evil

creatures of Melkor, lived then in the land of Aman; and there also were many other creatures that

have not been seen upon Middle-earth, and perhaps never now shall be, since the fashion of the

world was changed.

Chapter 6

Of Fëanor and the Unchaining of Melkor

Now the three kindreds of the Eldar were gathered

at last in Valinor, and Melkor was chained.

This was the Noontide of the Blessed Realm, the fullness of its glory and bliss, long in tale of years,

but in memory too brief. In those days the Eldar became full-grown in stature of body and of mind,

and the Noldor advanced ever in skill and knowledge; and the long years were filled with their

joyful labours, in which many new things fair and wonderful were devised. It was in this time that

the Noldor first made letters, and Rumil of Tuna was the name of the lore-master who first achieved

fitting signs for the recording of speech and song, some for graving upon metal or in stone, others

for drawing with brush or with pen.

It came to pass that in Eldamar, in the house of the King in Tirion, there was born the eldest of

the sons of Finwe, and the most beloved, Kurufinwe was his name, but by his mother he was called

Feanor, Spirit of Fire, by which title he is remembered in all the tales of the Noldor.

Miriel was the name of his mother. Her hair was like silver; and she was slender as a white

flower in the grass. Soft and sweet was her voice, and she sang as she worked, like rippling water,

in music without words. For her hands were more skilled to make things fine and delicate than any

other hands even among the Noldor. By her the craft of needles was devised; and if but one

fragment of the broideries of Miriel were seen in

Middle-earth it would be held dearer than a king's

realm; for the richness of her devices and the fire of their colours were as manifold and as bright as

the wealth of leaf and flower and wing in the fields of Yavanna. Therefore she was called Serinde.

The love of Finwë and Míriel was great and glad, for it began in the Blessed Realm in the

Days of Bliss. But in the bearing of her son Míriel was consumed in spirit and body; and after his

birth she yearned for release from the labours of living. And when she had named him, she said to

Finwë: 'Never again shall I bear child; for strength that would have nourished the life of many has

gone forth into Fëanor.'

Finwë was greatly grieved, for the Noldor were in the youth of their days, but were still few

in number, and he desired to bring forth many children into the bliss of Aman. He said therefore:

'Surely there is healing in Aman? Here all weariness can find rest.'

But when Miriel still languished, Finwë sought the counsel of Manwe, and Manwe delivered

her to the care of Irmo in Lorien. At their parting (for a little while as he thought) Finwë was sad,

for it seemed an unhappy chance that the mother should depart and miss the beginning at least of

the childhood days of her son.

'Unhappy it is indeed,' said Miriel, 'and I would weep, if I were not so weary. But hold me

blameless in this, and in all that may come after. Rest now I must. Farewell, dear lord!'

She spoke no clearer than this at that time, but in her heart she yearned not only for sleep and

rest but release from the labour of living. She went then to Lorien and laid her down to sleep

beneath a silver tree; but though she seemed to sleep, her spirit indeed departed from her body and

passed in silence to the keeping of Mandos, and abode in the house of Vaire. The maidens of Este

tended her fair body so that it remained unwithered, but she did not return.

Finwë lived in sorrow; and he went often to the gardens of Lorien, and sitting beneath the

silver willows beside the body of his wife he called her by her names. But it was of no avail, and

Finwë alone in all the Blessed Realm was bereaved of joy. After a while he went to Lorien no more,

for it increased his grief to see the fair form of Miriel that would not hear his call. All his love he

gave now to his son; for Fëanor in childhood was like his mother in voice and countenance, and

Finwë was to him both father and mother and there was a double bond of love upon them.

Yet Finwë was not content, being young and eager; and he still desired to have more children

to bring mirth into his house. When, therefore, twelve years had passed he went again to Manwe.

'My Lord,' he said, 'behold! I am bereaved. Alone among the Eldar I have no wife, and must hope

for no sons save one, and for no daughter. Whereas Ingwe and Olwe beget many children in the

bliss of Aman. Must I remain ever so? For my heart warns me that Miriel will not return again ever

from the house of Vaire.'

Then Manwe was moved with pity for Finwë; but because this seemed to him a great matter,

and the coming of death (albeit of free will) into the Blessed Realm a grave portent not lightly to be

judged, he summoned the Valar in Council, and bade the chieftains and loremasters of the Eldar

also to be present, for in the debate many matters concerning the Eldar, their fate in Arda, and their

death and re-birth, were examined and judged. For the Valar were greatly concerned to see that their

labour for the guarding of Valinor was unavailing, if any thing, living or unliving, was brought

thither out of Middle-earth, and they perceived now more clearly how great was the hurt that

Melkor of old had done to the substance of Arda, so that all those who were incarnate and drew the

sustenance of their bodies from Arda Marred, must ever be liable to grief, to do or to suffer things

unnatural in Arda Unmarred. And this marring could not now be wholly undone, not even by

Melkor repentant; for power had gone forth from

him and could not be recalled, but would continue

to work according to the will that had set it in motion. And with this thought a shadow passed over

the hearts of the Valar, presage of the sorrows which the Children should bring into the world.

And when all was said, Manwe commanded Mandos to speak and announce his judgement.

Then Mandos stood upon the Doom-hill and said:

'It is the way of Life that Iluvatar hath ordained for you, his children, as ye know well, that

the life of the Quendi shall not end until the end of Arda; and that they shall take each one spouse

only and have no other in their life, while Arda endureth. But herein no account is taken of Death,

which cometh from the marring of Arda. This doom is, therefore, now made by the right of

lawgiving that Iluvatar committed to Manwe. When the spirit of a spouse, husband or wife, shall for

any cause pass into the keeping of Mandos, then the living may be permitted lawfully to take

another spouse, if the former union be dissolved for ever.

'How shall a marriage be ended for ever? By the will of the Dead, or by the doom of Mandos.

By the will of the Dead, if they refuse ever to return to the life of the body; by the doom of Mandos,

if he will not permit them to return. For a union that was for the life of Arda is ended, if it cannot be resumed within the life of Arda.

'We say "by the will of the Dead", for it would be unjust that the Living should for their own purposes confine the Dead in Mandos, denying to them all hope of return. It is also unjust that the

Dead by refusal of life should compel the Living to remain solitary until the End; and therefore we

have declared that in such case the Living may take another spouse. But understand well that if this

be done, then the refusal of life by the Dead shall be irrevocable, and they shall never again return

to life in the body. For none among the Quendi shall have two spouses at one time awake and alive.

'This is the doom of Namo Mandos in this matter.'

When Mandos had spoken thus, the Eldar who were present asked'. 'How then shall the will

or the doom be known?' It was answered: 'Only by recourse to Manwe, and by the pronouncement

of Mandos. For who among the Living can discover the will of the Dead, or presume the

judgements of Mandos?'

Then Manwe called Finwë to him, and said: 'Thou hast heard the doom that has been

declared. If Miriel, thy wife, will not return, your marriage is ended, and thou hast leave to take

another wife. But this is permission, not counsel. For the severance cometh from the marring of

Arda; and those who accept this permission accept the marring, whereas the bereaved who remain

steadfast belong in spirit and will to Arda Unmarred. This is a grave matter upon which the

fate of

many may depend. Be not in haste!'

Finwë answered: 'I am in no haste, My Lord, and my heart has no desire, save the hope that

when this doom is made clear to Miriel, she may yet relent and set a term to my bereavement.'

Vaire with whom Miriel dwelt made known to her the doom, and spoke also of the sorrow of

Finwë. But Miriel answered: 'I came hither to escape from the body, and I do not desire ever to

return to it, My life has gone out into Fëanor, my son. That gift I have given to him whom I loved. I

can give no more. Beyond Arda this may be healed, but not within it.'

Then Vaire said to Mandos: 'The spirit of Miriel hath dwelt with me, and I know it. It is small,

but it is strong and obdurate: one of those who having said ‘this will I do’ make their words a law

irrevocable unto themselves. Unless constrained, she will not return to life or to Finwë, not though

he should wait until the ageing of the world.'

But Mandos said: ‘It is not lawful for the Valar to constrain the Dead to return'; and he

summoned the spirit of Miriel to appear before him. 'Thy will must rule in this matter, spirit of

Miriel, once wife of Finwë,' he said. 'In Mandos thou shalt abide. But take heed! Thou art of the

Quendi, and even if thou refuse the body, thou must remain in Arda and within the time of its

history. The Eldar are not as the Valar. Their spirits are less strong to stand than thou deemest. Do

not wonder, then, if thy will should change in time, and this doom which thou takest upon thyself

become grievous to thee. Yea, and to many others!'

But the spirit of Miriel remained silent. Mandos therefore accepted her choice, and she went

then to the Halls of Waiting appointed to the Eldar and was left in peace. Nonetheless Mandos

declared that a space of twelve years should pass between the declaration of the will of the Dead

and the pronouncement of the doom of disunion.

During that time Fëanor dwelt in the care of his father, growing swiftly, as if a secret fire were

kindled within him. He was tall, and fair of face, and masterful, his eyes piercingly bright and his

hair raven-dark; in the pursuit of all his purposes eager and steadfast. Few ever changed his courses

by counsel, none by force. He became of all the Noldor, then or after, the most subtle in mind and

the most skilled in hand. In his youth, bettering the work of Rúmil, he devised those letters which

bear his name, and which the Eldar used ever after; and he it was who, first of the Noldor,

discovered how gems greater and brighter than those of the earth might be made with skill. The first

gems that Fëanor made were white and colourless, but being set under starlight they would blaze

with blue and silver fires brighter than Helluin; and other crystals he made also, wherein things far

away could be seen small but clear, as with the eyes of the eagles of Manwë. Seldom were the

hands and mind of Fëanor at rest.

While still in early youth Feanor wedded Nerdanel, a maiden of the Noldor; at which many

wondered, for she was not among the fairest of her people. But she was strong, and free of mind,

and filled with the desire of knowledge. In her youth she loved to wander far from the dwellings of

the Noldor, either beside the long shores of the Sea or in the hills; and thus she and Feanor had met

and were companions in many journeys. Her father, Mahtan, was a great smith, and among those of

the Noldor most dear to the heart of Aule. Of Mahtan Nerdanel learned much of crafts that women

of the Noldor seldom used: the making of things of metal and stone. She made images, some of the

Valar in their forms visible, and many others of men and women of the Eldar, and these were so like

that their friends, if they knew not her art, would speak to them; but many things she wrought also

of her own thought in shapes strong and strange but beautiful.

She also was firm of will, but she was slower and more patient than Feanor, desiring to

understand minds rather than to master them. When in company with others she would often sit still

listening to their words, and watching their gestures and the movements of their faces. Her mood

she bequeathed in part to some of her sons, but not to all. Seven sons she bore to Feanor, and it is

not recorded in the histories of old that any others of the Eldar had so many children. With her

wisdom at first she restrained Feanor when the fire of his heart burned too hot; but his later deeds

grieved her and they became estranged.

It came to pass that after three years more Finwë took as second wife Indis the fair. She was

in all ways unlike Miriel. She was not of the Noldor but of the Vanyar, being the sister of Ingwe;

and she was golden-haired and tall and exceedingly swift of foot. She did not labour with her hands,

but made music and wove words into song; and there was ever light and mirth about her while the

bliss of Aman lasted.

She loved Finwë dearly; for her heart had turned to him long before, while the Vanyar still

dwelt with the Noldor in Tuna. In those days she had looked upon the Lord of the Noldor, and he

seemed to her fairest and noblest of the Eldar, dark-haired and white of brow, eager of face but with

eyes full of thought; and his voice and mastery of words delighted her. Therefore she remained

unwedded when her people removed to Valinor, and she walked often alone in the friths and fields

of the Valar, filling them with music.

Now Ingwe, hearing of the strange grief of Finwë, and desiring to lift up his heart and

withdraw him from vain mourning in Lorien, had sent messages bidding him to leave Tuna for a

while, and to come and dwell for a season in the full light of the Trees. Finwë thanked him but did

not go, while there was yet hope that Miriel would return. But when the doom of Mandos was

spoken, it came into his heart that he must seek to build his life anew. 'Maybe, there is healing in the light of Laurelin and hope in the blossom of Telperion,' he said. 'I will take the counsel of Ingwe.'

Therefore one day, when Fëanor was far abroad walking in the mountains in the strength of

his youth, Finwë arose and went forth from Tuna alone, and he passed through the Kalakiryan, and

went towards the house of Ingwe upon the west slopes of Oiolosse. His coming was unheralded and

unforeseen; and when Indis saw Finwë climbing the paths of the Mountain, and the light of

Laurelin was behind him as a glory, without forethought she sang suddenly in great joy, and her

voice went up as a song of the lirulin1 in the sky. Then Finwë heard that song falling from above, and he looked up and saw Indis in the golden light, and

he knew in that moment that she loved him

and had long done so. Then his heart turned at last to her; and he believed that this chance, as it

seemed, had been granted for the comfort of them both. 'Behold!' he said. 'There is indeed healing

of grief in Aman!'

In one year from their meeting upon the Mountain Finwë, King of the Noldor, wedded Indis,

sister of Ingwe; and the Vanyar and Noldor for the most part rejoiced. In Indis was first proved true

the saying: The loss of one may be the gain of another; but this saying also she found true: The

house remembers the builder, though others may dwell in it after. For Finwë loved her dearly, and

was glad again; and she bore him five children whom he loved; yet the shadow of Miriel did not

depart from the house of Finwë, nor from his heart; and of all whom he loved Fëanor had ever the

chief share of his thought.

‘The wedding of the father was not pleasing to Fëanor; and though it did not lessen the love

between them, Fëanor had no great love for Indis or her children. As soon as he might he lived apart

from them, exploring the land of Aman, or busying himself with the lore and the crafts in which he

delighted. In those unhappy things which later came to pass, and in which Fëanor was the leader,

many saw the effect of this breach in the house of Finwë, judging that if Finwë had endured his loss

and had been content with the fathering of his mighty son, the courses of Fëanor would have been

otherwise, and great sorrow and evil might have been prevented; for the sorrow and the strife in the

house of Finwë is graven in the memory of the Noldorin Elves. But the children of Indis were great

and glorious, and their children also; and if they had not lived the history of the Eldar would have

been diminished.

Now even while Fëanor and the craftsmen of the Noldor worked with delight, foreseeing no

end to their labours, and while the sons of Indis grew to their full stature, the Noontide of Valinor

was drawing to its close. For it came to pass that Melkor, as the Valar had decreed, completed the

term of his bondage, dwelling for three ages in the duress of Mandos, alone. At length, as Manwë

had promised, he was brought again before the thrones of the Valar. Then he looked upon their

glory and their bliss, and envy was in his heart; he looked upon the Children of Ilúvatar that sat at

the feet of the Mighty, and hatred filled him; he looked upon the wealth of bright gems, and he

lusted for them; but he hid his thoughts, and postponed his vengeance.

1 The lark.

Before the gates of Valmar Melkor abased himself at the feet of Manwë and sued for pardon,

vowing that if he might be made only the least of the free people of Valinor he would aid the Valar

in all their works, and most of all in the healing of the many hurts that he had done to the world.

And Nienna aided his prayer; but Mandos was silent

Then Manwë granted him pardon; but the Valar would not yet suffer him to depart beyond

their sight and vigilance, and he was constrained to dwell within the gates of Valmar. But fair-

seeming were all the words and deeds of Melkor in that time, and both the Valar and the Eldar had

profit from his aid and counsel, if they sought it; therefore after a time Manwe gave him leave to go

freely about the land.

The evil that Melkor had wrought of old in wrath and malice was beyond full healing but his

aid, if he would truly give it, would do more than aught else to amend the world. For Melkor was in

his beginning the greatest of the Powers, and Manwe believed that if he were repentant he would

regain in great part his first might and wisdom. On this path he judged that Melkor was now set,

and would persevere if he were treated without grudge. Jealousy and rancour Manwe was slow to

perceive, for he knew them not in himself; and he did not understand that all love had departed from

the mind of Melkor for ever.

Ulmo, it is said, was not deceived; and Tulkas clenched his hands whenever he saw Melkor

his foe go by, for if Tulkas is slow to wrath, he is slow also to forget. But they obeyed the ruling of

Manwe; for those who will defend authority against rebellion must not themselves rebel.

Now in his heart Melkor most hated the Eldar, both because they were fair and joyful and

because in them he saw the reason for the arising of the Valar, and his own downfall. Therefore all

the more did he feign love for them and seek their friendship, and he offered them the service of his

lore and labour in any great deed that they would do. The Vanyar indeed held him in suspicion, for

they dwelt in the light of the Trees and were content; and to the Teleri he gave small heed, thinking

them of little worth, tools too weak for his designs. But the Noldor took delight in the hidden

knowledge that he could reveal to them; and some hearkened to words that it would have been

better for them never to have heard. Melkor indeed declared afterwards that Fëanor had learned

much art from him in secret, and had been instructed by him in the greatest of all his works; but he

lied in his lust and his envy, for none of the Eldalië ever hated Melkor more than Fëanor son of

Finwë, who first named him Morgoth; and snared though he was in the webs of Melkor's malice

against the Valar he held no converse with him in person and took no counsel from him. For Fëanor

was driven by the fire of his own heart only, working ever swiftly and alone; and he asked the aid

and sought the counsel of none that dwelt in Aman, great or small, save only and for a little while of

Nerdanel the wise, his wife.

Chapter 7

Of the Silmarils and the Unrest of the Noldor

In that time were made those things that afterwards were most renowned of all the works of the

Elves. For Fëanor, being come to his full might, was filled with a new thought, or it may be that

some shadow of foreknowledge came to him of the doom that drew near; and he pondered how the

light of the Trees, the glory of the Blessed Realm, might be preserved imperishable. Then he began

a long and secret labour, and he summoned all his lore, and his power, and his subtle skill; and at

the end of all he made the Silmarils.

As three great Jewels they were in form. But not until the End, when Fëanor shall return who

perished ere the Sun was made, and sits now in the Halls of Awaiting and comes no more among his

kin; not until the Sun passes and the Moon falls, shall it be known of what substance they were

made. Like the crystal of diamonds it appeared, and

yet was more strong than adamant, so that no

violence could mar it or break it within the Kingdom of Arda. Yet that crystal was to the Silmarils

but as is the body to the Children of Ilúvatar: the house of its inner fire, that is within it and yet in all parts of it, and is its life. And the inner fire of the Silmarils Fëanor made of the blended light of the Trees of Valinor, which lives in them yet, though the Trees have long withered and shine no

more. Therefore even in the darkness of the deepest treasury the Silmarils of their own radiance

shone like the stars of Varda; and yet, as were they indeed living things, they rejoiced in light and

received it and gave it back in hues more marvellous than before.

All who dwelt in Aman were filled with wonder and delight at the work of Fëanor. And Varda

hallowed the Silmarils, so that thereafter no mortal flesh, nor hands unclean, nor anything of evil

will might touch them, but it was scorched and withered; and Mandos foretold that the fates of

Arda, earth, sea, and air, lay locked within them. The heart of Fëanor was fast bound to these things

that he himself had made.

Then Melkor lusted for the Silmarils, and the very memory of their radiance was a gnawing

fire in his heart. From that time forth, inflamed by this desire, he sought ever more eagerly how he

should destroy Fëanor and end the friendship of the

Valar and the Elves; but he dissembled his purposes with cunning, and nothing of his malice could yet be seen in the semblance that he wore.

Long was he at work, and slow at first and barren was his labour. But he that sows lies in the end shall not lack of a harvest, and soon he may rest from toil indeed while others reap and sow in his stead. Ever Melkor found some ears that would heed him, and some tongues that would enlarge what they had heard; and his lies passed from friend to friend, as secrets of which the knowledge proves the teller wise. Bitterly did the Noldor atone for the folly of their open ears in the days that followed after.

When he saw that many leaned towards him, Melkor would often walk among them, and amid his fair words others were woven, so subtly that many who heard them believed in recollection that they arose from their own thought. Visions he would conjure in their hearts of the mighty realms that they could have ruled at their own will, in power and freedom in the East; and then whispers went abroad that the Valar had brought the Eldar to Aman because of their jealousy, fearing that the beauty of the Quendi and the makers' power that Ilúvatar had bequeathed to them would grow too great for the Valar to govern, as the Elves waxed and spread over the wide lands of the world.

In those days, moreover, though the Valar knew

indeed of the coming of Men that were to be,

the Elves as yet knew naught of it; for Manwë had not revealed it to them. Bat Melkor spoke to

them in secret of Mortal Men, seeing how the silence of the Valar might be twisted to evil. Little he

knew yet concerning Men, for engrossed with his own thought in the Music he had paid small heed

to the Third Theme of Ilúvatar; but now the whisper went among the Elves that Manwë held them

captive, so that Men might come and supplant them in the kingdoms of Middle-earth, for the Valar

saw that they might more easily sway this short-lived and weaker race, defrauding the Elves of the

inheritance of Ilúvatar. Small truth was there in this, and little have the Valar ever prevailed to sway the wills of Men; but many of the Noldor believed, or half believed, the evil words.

Thus ere the Valar were aware, the peace of Valinor was poisoned. The Noldor began to

murmur against them, and many became filled with pride, forgetting how much of what they had

and knew came to them in gift from the Valar. Fiercest burned the new flame of desire for freedom

and wider realms in the eager heart of Fëanor; and Melkor laughed in his secrecy, for to that mark

his lies had been addressed, hating Fëanor above

all, and lusting ever for the Silmarils. But these he

was not suffered to approach; for though at great feasts Fëanor would wear them, blazing on his

brow, at other times they were guarded close, locked in the deep chambers of his hoard in Tirion.

For Fëanor began to love the Silmarils with a greedy love, and grudged the sight of them to all save

to his father and his seven sons; he seldom remembered now that the light within them was not his

own.

High princes were Fëanor and Fingolfin, the elder sons of Finwë, honoured by all in Aman;

but now they grew proud and jealous each of his rights and his possessions. Then Melkor set new

lies abroad in Eldamar, and whispers came to Fëanor that Fingolfin and his sons were plotting to

usurp the leadership of Finwë and of the elder line of Fëanor, and to supplant them by the leave of

the Valar; for the Valar were ill-pleased that the Silmarils lay in Tirion and were not committed to

their keeping. But to Fingolfin and Finarfin it was said: 'Beware! Small love has the proud son of

Míriel ever had for the children of Indis. Now he has become great, and he has his father in his

hand. It will not be long before he drives you forth from Túna!'

And when Melkor saw that these lies were smouldering, and that pride and anger were awake

among the Noldor, he spoke to them concerning weapons and armour, and of the power that they

give to him that has them to defend his own (as he said). Now the Quendi had possessed weapons in

Middle-earth, but not of their own devising. They had been made by Aule and sent as gifts by the

hand of Orome, when it became known to the Valar that the Quendi were beset by prowling evils

that had discovered the places of their dwelling beside Cuivienen; and more were sent later for the

defence of the Eldar upon the Great March to the shores of the Sea. But all these were long unused,

and lay in hoard as memorials of old days half-forgotten; and since the chaining of Melkor the

armouries of the Valar also had been shut.

But now the lords of the Noldor took out their swords and spears and sharpened them, re-

strung their bows and filled their quivers with arrows. And they made shields in those days and

emblazoned them with devices of silver and gold and gems. These only they wore abroad, and of

other weapons they did not speak, for each believed that he alone had received the warning. And

Fëanor made a secret forge, of which not even Melkor was aware; and there he tempered fell

swords for himself and for his sons, and made tall helms with plumes of red. Bitterly did Mahtan

rue the day when he taught to the husband of Nerdanel all the lore of metalwork that he had learned

of Aulë.

Thus with lies and evil whisperings and false counsel Melkor kindled the hearts of the Noldor

to strife; and of their quarrels came at length the end of the high days of Valinor and the evening of

its ancient glory. For Fëanor now began openly to speak words of rebellion against the Valar, crying

aloud that he would depart from Valinor back to the world without, and would deliver the Noldor

from thraldom, if they would follow him.

Then there was great unrest in Tirion, and Finwë was troubled; and he summoned all his lords

to council. But Fingolfin hastened to his halls and stood before him, saying: 'King and father, wilt

thou not restrain the pride of our brother, Curufinwë, who is called the Spirit of Fire, all too truly?

By what right does he speak for all our people, as if he were King? Thou it was who long ago spoke

before the Quendi, bidding them accept the summons of the Valar to Aman. Thou it was that led the

Noldor upon the long road through the perils of Middle-earth to the light of Eldamar. If thou dost

not now repent of it, two sons at least thou hast to honour thy words.'

But even as he spoke, suddenly Feanor appeared, and he strode into the chamber tall and

threatening. A fire of anger was in his eyes, and he was fully armed: his high helm upon his head,

and at his side a mighty sword. 'So it is, even as I guessed,' he said: 'my half-brother would be

before me with my father, in this as in all other matters. He would not wait for the council, where

all words would be heard by all, and answered. He would speak against me in secret. This I will not

brook!' he cried, turning upon Fingolfin. 'Get thee gone, and take thy due place!' Then as a flash of

flame he drew his sword. 'Get thee gone and dare my wrath no longer!'

Fingolfin bowed before Finwë, and without word or glance to Fëanor he went from the

chamber. But Fëanor followed him, and at the door of the king's house he stayed him; and the point

of his bright sword he set against Fingolfin's breast 'See, half-brother!' he said. 'This is sharper than thy tongue. Try but once more to usurp my place and the love of my father, and maybe it will rid the

Noldor of one who seeks to be the master of thralls.'

These words were heard by many, for the house of Finwë was in the great square beneath the

Mindon; but again Fingolfin made no answer, and passing through the throng in silence he went to

seek Finarfin his brother.

The unrest of the Noldor was not indeed hidden from the Valar; but its seed had been sown in

the dark; and therefore, since Feanor first spoke openly against the Valar, they deemed that he was

the mover of discontent, being eminent in self-will and arrogance, though all the Noldor had

become proud. It was, maybe, the nature of the Children that as they grew they should become

wilful, and should desire to escape from tutelage, remembering it with little gratitude. Therefore

Manwe was grieved, but he watched and said no word. The Valar had brought the Eldar to their land

freely, to dwell or to depart; and though they might judge departure to be folly, it would not be

lawful to restrain them from it, if wise counsel did not suffice.

But now the deeds of Feanor could not be passed over, and the Valar were wroth; and

dismayed also, perceiving that more was at work than the wilfulness of youth. Therefore Manwe

summoned Feanor to appear before the Valar to answer for all his words and deeds, and he was

brought to the gates of Valmar. Thither also were summoned all others who had any part in the

matter, or any knowledge thereof, or any grievance of their own to declare.

Then Mandos set Feanor before him in the Ring of Doom and bade him answer to all that was

asked of him. Great must be the power and will of any who would lie to Mandos, or even refuse his

questioning. But Feanor had no thought of it. He was so besotted with the lies of Melkor that had

taken root in his proud heart (though he did not yet clearly perceive their source) that he judged

himself justified in all points, and other judgement he scorned.

But when all was said, and all the testimonies were spoken, and words and deeds were

brought out of the dark into the light, then at last the root was laid bare: the malice of Melkor was

revealed, and his lies and half-lies made plain for all to recognize who had the will to see.

Straightway Tulkas was sent from the council to lay hands on Melkor and bring him again to

judgement. But Feanor was not held wholly guiltless in himself. For he had forged secret swords,

and had drawn one in anger unjustified, threatening the life of his kinsman.

Therefore Mandos said to him: 'Thou speakest of thraldom. If thraldom it be, thou canst not

escape it. For Manwe is King of Arda, and not of Aman only. And this deed was unlawful, whether

in Aman or not in Aman. Though more insolent in Aman, for it is a hallowed land. Therefore this

doom is now made: for twelve years thou shalt leave Tuna where this threat was uttered. In that

time take counsel with thyself, and remember who and what thou art. But after that time this matter

shall be set in peace and held redressed, if others will release thee.'

Then Fingolfin rose and said: 'I will release my brother.' But Feanor spoke no word in answer;

and when he had stood silent before the Valar for a

while, he turned and left the council and

departed from Valmar. At once he returned to Tuna, and before the term of seven days that was set,

he gathered his goods and his treasures and left the city and went far away. With him went his sons,

and Finwe his father, who would not be parted from him, in fault or guiltless, and some others also

of the Noldor. But Nerdanel would not go with him, and she asked leave to abide with Indis, whom

she had ever esteemed, though this had been little to the liking of Feanor. Northward in Valinor, in

the hills near to the halls of Mandos, Feanor and his sons made a strong place and a treasury at

Formenos, and they laid in hoard a multitude of gems, and weapons also: they did not put aside the

swords that Feanor had made. But Fingolfin now ruled the Noldor in Tuna; and thus the very words

of Melkor seemed to be fulfilled (though it was Feanor who had by his own deeds brought this

thing to pass); and the bitterness that Melkor had sown endured, even though his lies had been made

manifest. Long afterward it lived still between Feanor and the sons of Indis.

Worse now befell. In vain Tulkas sought for Melkor. For Melkor, knowing that his devices

were revealed, hid himself and passed from place to place as a cloud in the hills. And though none

could discover whither he had gone, it seemed that the light of Valinor was dimmed, and the

shadows of all standing things grew longer and darker in that time. It is said that for two years no

one in Valinor saw Melkor again, nor heard any rumour of him, until suddenly he sought out

Feanor. Secretly he came to Formenos, in guise as a traveller that seeks for lodging; and he spoke

with Feanor before his door. Friendship he feigned with cunning argument, urging him to his former

thought of flight from the trammels of the Valar.

'Behold the truth of all that I have spoken, and how thou art banished unjustly,' he said. 'But if

the heart of Feanor is still undaunted, as it was in Tuna, then I will aid him and bring him far from

this narrow land. For am I not Vala also? Yea, and more than those who sit here in pride. I have ever

been a friend of the Noldor, knowing their worth: the most skilled and the most valiant of all the

folk of Arda.'

Now Feanor's heart was still bitter at his humiliation before Mandos, and for a moment he

paused and looked at Melkor in silence, wondering if indeed he might trust him so far at least as to

aid his escape. But Melkor's cunning overreached his aim, and seeing Feanor hesitate, and knowing

that the Silmarils held his heart in thrall, he said at the last: 'Here is a strong place well guarded, but think not that the Silmarils will lie safe in any treasury within the realm of the Valar!'

Then the fires of the heart of Feanor were kindled, and his eyes blazed; and his sight burned

through all the fair-semblance of Melkor to the dark depths of his mind, perceiving there his fierce

lust for the Silmarils. Then hate overcame Feanor's fear, and he spoke shamefully to Melkor, saying:

'Get thee from my gate, gangrel! Thou jail-crow of Mandos!' And he shut the door of his house in

the face of the mightiest of all the dwellers in Ea. Then Melkor departed in shame, for he was

himself in peril, and he saw not his time yet for revenge; but his heart was black with anger. And

Finwe was filled with great dread, and in haste he sent messengers to Manwe in Valmar.

Now the Valar were sitting in council before their gates, fearing the lengthening of the

shadows, when the messengers came from Formenos. At once Oromë and Tulkas sprang up, but

even as they set out in pursuit messengers came from Eldamar, telling that Melkor had fled through

the Calacirya, and from the hill of Túna the Elves had seen him pass in wrath as a thundercloud.

And they said that thence he had turned northward, for the Teleri in Alqualondë had seen his

shadow going by their haven towards Araman.

Thus Melkor departed from Valinor, and for a while the Two Trees shone again unshadowed,

and the land was filled with light. But the Valar sought in vain for tidings of their enemy; and as a

cloud far off that looms ever higher, borne upon a slow cold wind, a doubt now marred the joy of all

the dwellers in Aman, dreading they knew not what evil that yet might come.

Chapter 8

Of the Darkening of Valinor

When Manwë heard of the ways that Melkor had taken, it seemed plain to him that he purposed to

escape to his old strongholds in the north of Middle-earth, as was indeed his most likely course.

Though there was little hope in this, Orome and Tulkas with many of their folk went with all speed

northward, seeking to overtake him if they might; but they found no trace or rumour of him beyond

the shores of the Teleri, and in the unpeopled wastes that draw near to the Ice they could hear no

tidings even from the birds. Therefore at length they returned, but the watch was redoubled along

all the northern fences of Aman.

This indeed Melkor had expected; but he had other things to do before he would return to

Middle-earth, and ere the pursuit set out, indeed ere the messengers came to Valmar, he had turned

back and in great secrecy passed away far to the South. For he was yet as one of the Valar, and

could (though with pain) change his form, or walk unclad, as could his brethren; though that power

he was soon to lose for ever.

Thus unseen he came at last to the dark region of Avathar. That narrow land lay south of the

Bay of Eldamar, beneath the eastern feet of the Pelóri, and its long and mournful shores stretched

away into the south, lightless and unexplored. There, between the sheer walls of the mountains and

the cold dark sea, the shadows were deepest and thickest in the world; and there in Avathar, secret

and unknown save to Melkor, Ungoliant had made her abode. The Eldar knew not whence she

came; but some have said that in ages long before she descended from the darkness that lies about

Arda, when Melkor first looked down in envy upon the light in the Kingdom of Manwë, or that in

the beginning she was one of those that he corrupted to his service. But she had disowned her

Master, desiring to be mistress of her own lust, taking all things to herself to feed her emptiness;

and she fled to the south, escaping the assaults of the Valar and the hunters of Oromë, for their

vigilance had ever been to the north, and the south was long unheeded. Thence she had crept

towards the light of the Blessed Realm; for she hungered for light and hated it.

In a ravine she lived, and took shape as a spider of monstrous form, weaving her black webs

in a cleft of the mountains. There she sucked up all light that she could find, and spun it forth again

in dark nets of strangling gloom. But now she was

famished, and in great torment; for all living

things had fled far away, and her own webs shut out from her all light that could come to her

dwelling, whether through passes in the walls of Aman, or from the heavens above. Yet she had no

longer the strength or will to depart.

Now Melkor sought for her, and he put on again the form that he had worn as the tyrant of

Utumno: a dark Lord, tall and terrible. In that form he remained ever after. And when Ungoliant

saw him coming she was afraid, knowing his hatred for all who tried to escape from him. She

shrank into her deepest lair, and tried to shroud herself in new shadow; but such darkness as in her

famine she could weave was no defence against the eyes of Melkor, Lord of Utumno and Angband.

'Come forth!' he said. 'Thrice fool: to leave me first, to dwell here languishing within reach of

feasts untold, and now to shun me, Giver of Gifts, thy only hope! Come forth and see! I have

brought thee an earnest of greater bounty to follow.' But Ungoliant made no answer, and retreated

deeper into the cloven rock. Then Melkor was angered, for he was in haste, having reckoned his

times to a nicety. 'Come out!' he cried. 'I have need of thee and will not be denied. Either thou wilt

serve me, or I will bury thee here and under black stone thou shalt wither into naught.' Then

suddenly he held up in his hands two shining gems.

They were green, and in that lightless place

they reflected the dreadful light of his eyes, as if some ravening beast had come hunting there. Thus

the great Thief set his lure for the lesser.

Slowly Ungoliant came forth; but as she drew near Melkor withheld the lure. 'Nay, nay,' he

said. 'I do not bring thee these Elvish sweets in love or in pity; they are to strengthen thee, when

thou hast agreed to do my bidding.' 'What is your bidding, Master?' she said, and her eyes gloated

upon the gems.

There in the black shadows, beyond the sight even of Manwe in his highest halls, Melkor with

Ungoliant plotted his revenge. But when Ungoliant understood his purpose, she was torn between

great lust and great fear. She would not dare the perils of Aman, or the power of the dreadful Lords,

without a great reward; for she feared the eyes of Manwe and Varda more even than the wrath of

Melkor. Therefore Melkor said to her: 'Do as I bid, and if thou art still hungry when we meet again,

then, I vow, I will give to thee whatsoever thy lust may demand. Yea, with both hands!' Lightly he

made this vow (as he ever did), thinking little of its fulfilment, and he laughed in his heart; for if she achieved his design, he would have no need, he

thought, to appease her, or any one else in Arda,

great or small.

'Come then!' he said. 'Here is the earnest!' And he delivered the gems to her, not only the first

two but many others that he had stolen in Valinor. Then swiftly Ungoliant began to grow again and

to find new strength. A cloak of darkness she wove about herself: an Unlight, in which things

seemed to be no more, and which eyes could not pierce, for it was void. Then slowly she wrought

her webs: rope by rope from cleft to cleft, from jutting rock to pinnacle of stone, ever climbing

upwards, crawling and clinging, until at last she achieved the very summit of Mount Hyarmentir,

the highest mountain in that region of the world, far south of great Taniquetil. There the Valar were

not vigilant; for west of the Pelori was an empty land in twilight, until northward one came to the

tall fences of the woods of Orome; and eastward the mountains looked out, save for forgotten

Avathar, only upon the dim waters of the pathless Sea.

But now upon the mountain-top dark Ungoliante lay. For a while she rested, and with eyes

faint from labour she saw the glimmer of the stars in the dome of Varda and the radiance of Valmar

far away. Slowly her eyes wakened and took fire, and her lust increased until it overcame her fear.

She began in stealth to creep down into the Blessed

Realm.

Still in the dark depths Melkor stood, gnawing his mind, between evil hope and doubt; but

when he had stood, revolving his chances, as long as his urgency allowed, he turned away and went

down to the shore. There he cursed the Sea, saying: 'Slime of Ulmo! I will conquer thee yet, shrivel

thee to a stinking ooze. Yea, ere long Ulmo and Osse shall wither, and Uinen crawl as a mud-worm

at my feet!' With that suddenly he passed from Avathar and went to do his will.

Now it was a time of festival, as Melkor knew well. Though all tides and seasons were at the

will of the Valar, and in Valinor there was no winter of death, nonetheless they dwelt then in the

Kingdom of Arda, and that was but a small realm in the halls of Eä, whose life is Time, which flows

ever from the first note to the last chord of Eru. And even as it was then the delight of the Valar (as

is told in the *Ainulindalë)* to clothe themselves as in a vesture in the forms of the Children of Ilúvatar, so also did they eat and drink, and gather the fruits of Yavanna from the Earth, which under

Eru they had made.

Therefore Yavanna set times for the flowering and the ripening of all things mat grew in

Valinor; and at each first gathering of fruits Manwë made a high feast for the praising of Eru, when

all the peoples of Valinor poured forth their joy in

music and song upon Taniquetil. This now was

the hour, and Manwë decreed a feast more glorious than any that had been held since the coming of

the Eldar to Aman. For though the escape of Melkor portended toils and sorrows to come, and

indeed none could tell what further hurts would be done to Arda ere he could be subdued again, at

this time Manwe desired to unite all his people once more in joy, healing all that was amiss, and

strengthening them with the blessing of Eru to hold ever in heart the hope of Arda Unmarred. He

bade all come who would, but the Noldor above all; for he hoped that there they would put aside the

griefs that lay between their lords, and forget utterly the lies of their Enemy. Therefore he sent a

messenger to Formenos, saying: 'Feanor son of Finwe, come and do not deny my bidding! In my

love thou remainest and wilt be honoured in my hall.'

There came the Vanyar, and there came the Noldor of Tirion, and the Maiar were gathered

together, and the Valar were arrayed in their beauty and majesty; and they sang before Manwë and

Varda in their lofty halls, or danced upon the green slopes of the Mountain that looked west towards

the Trees. In that day the streets of Valmar were empty, and the stairs of Tirion were silent; and all

the land lay sleeping in peace. Only the Teleri beyond the mountains still sang upon the shores of the sea; for they recked little of seasons or times, and gave no thought to the cares of the Rulers of

Arda, or the shadow that had fallen on Valinor, for it had not touched them, as yet.

One thing only marred the design of Manwë. Fëanor came indeed, for he read the message of

Manwe as a command; but Finwë came not, nor any others of the Noldor of Formenos. For said

Finwë: 'While the ban lasts upon Fëanor my son, that he may not go to Tirion, I hold myself

unkinged, and I will not meet my people.' And Fëanor came not in raiment of festival, and he wore

no ornament, neither silver nor gold nor any gem; and he denied the sight of the Silmarils to the

Valar and the Eldar, and left them locked in Formenos in their chamber of iron. Nevertheless he met

Fingolfin before the throne of Manwë, and was reconciled, in word; and Fingolfin set at naught the

unsheathing of the sword. For Fingolfin held forth his hand, saying: 'As I promised, I do now. I

release thee, and remember no grievance.'

Then Fëanor took his hand in silence; but Fingolfin said: 'Half-brother in blood, full brother in

heart will I be. Thou shalt lead and I will follow. May no new grief divide as.'

'I hear thee,' said Fëanor. 'So be it.' But they did not know the meaning that their words would

bear.

It is told that even as Fëanor and Fingolfin stood before Manwë there came the mingling of

the lights, when both Trees were shining, and the silent city of Valmar was filled with a radiance of

silver and gold. And in that very hour Ungoliante came hastening over the fields of Valinor. Hunger

and thirst now drove her. No longer she crept but ran, as the shadow of a black cloud upon the wind

fleets over the sun-lit earth. Now she came to the Green Mound of the Corolaire, and her Unlight

rose up even to the roots of the Trees. Then with her black beak she pierced their rind, wounded

them deep; and their juices gushed forth and she drank them up. But when no more flowed she set

her mouth to the wounds, and sucked them dry, and the poison of Death that was in her went into

their tissues and withered them, root, branch, and leaf, and they died. And still Ungoliante thirsted;

and she went to the great Wells of Varda and drained them dry. And as she drank, she belched forth

vast vapours, and in their midst she swelled to a shape more huge and hideous than even her most

lustful dream had hoped ever to achieve. At last, knowing that the time was short, she hastened

away, north, to the tryst that Melkor had made with her, and did not mean to keep.

Outside he had lurked, until the failing of the Light

announced that Ungoliante had done her

work. Then through the Kalakiryan, now only a dim ravine in walls of shadow, he came striding

back, Lord of Utumno, a black shape of hate, visiting the places of his humiliation with revenge. All

the land fell swiftly through grey twilight into night as Melkor stood within the Ring of Doom and

cursed it; and he defiled the judgement seat of Manwe and threw down the thrones of the Valar.

Then he went on to his second mark, which he had kept secret in his mind; but Ungoliante

was aware of him, and turning swiftly she overtook him on his road. Aghast indeed was Melkor to

see her, monstrous, grown to a lust and power that he could not master without aid. He could not

contend with her, even if time allowed; and he could not escape. She took him into her Unlight, and

they went on together to the one place in the land of the Valar that he would have hidden from her.

So the great darkness fell upon Valinor. Of the deeds of that day much is told in the

Aldudénië, that Elemmírë of the Vanyar made and is known to all the Eldar. Yet no song or tale

could contain all the grief and terror that then befell. The Light failed; but the Darkness that

followed was more than loss of light. In that hour was made a Darkness that seemed not lack but a

thing with being of its own: for it was indeed made by malice out of Light, and it had power to

pierce the eye, and to enter heart and mind, and strangle the very will.

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Varda looked down from the Holy Mountain, and she beheld the Shadow soaring up in sudden

towers of gloom. Valmar was blotted out, and all the land foundered in a deep sea of night. Soon

Taniquetil stood alone, a last island in a drowned world. All song ceased. There was silence in

Valinor, and no sound could be heard, save only from afar there came on the wind through the pass

of the mountains the wailing of the Teleri like the cold cry of gulls. For it blew chill from the East

in that hour, and the vast shadows of the Sea were rolled against the walls of the shore.

Then Manwe went up to his high seat upon the mountain-top, and he looked out, and his eyes

pierced through the night, until they saw within the dark a Darkness which they could not penetrate,

huge but far away, moving now northward with great speed; and he knew that Melkor had come

and gone. Then the Valar began their pursuit; and soon the earth shook beneath the horses of the

host of Orome, and the fire that was stricken from the hooves of Nahar was the first light that

returned to Valinor. But when the riding of the wrath of the Valar came up with the Cloud of

Ungoliant all were blinded and dismayed, and the host was scattered, and they went this way and

that, they knew not whither. In vain Orome wound his horn, for the Valaroma was choked and gave

no sound. Tulkas was as a man caught in a black net at night, and he stood powerless and beat the

air in vain. And when the Cloud had passed, it was too late. Melkor had gone whither he would, and

his vengeance was achieved.

Chapter 9

Of the Flight of the Noldor

When the Trees should have flowered for yet one more day, but time was blind and unmeasured, the

Valar returned to the Ring of Doom. They sat upon the ground, for their thrones were defiled, and

they were in dark raiment of grief. About them was a great concourse of folk, hardly to be seen; for

it was night. But the stars of Varda now glimmered overhead, and the air was clean. The winds of

Manwe had driven the vapours of death far away and rolled back the shadows of the Sea. Now

Yavanna arose and stood upon the Green Mound, but it was bare and black. She laid her hands upon

the Trees, but they were dead and dark; and each branch that she touched broke and fell lifeless at

her feet. Then the voices of all the host were lifted in lamentation; and it seemed to those that

mourned that they had drained to the dregs the cup

of woe that Melkor had filled for them. But it

was not so.

Yavanna spoke before the Valar, saying: "The Light of the Trees has passed away, and lives

now only in the Silmarils of Fëanor. Foresighted was he! Even for those who are mightiest under

Ilúvatar there is some work that they may accomplish once, and once only. The Light of the Trees I

brought into being, and within Eä I can do so never again. Yet had I but a little of that light I could

recall life to the Trees, ere their roots decay; and then our hurt should be healed, and the malice of

Melkor be confounded.'

Then Manwë spoke and said: 'Hearest thou, Fëanor son of Finwë, the words of Yavanna? Wilt

thou grant what she would ask?'

There was long silence, but Fëanor answered no word. Then Tulkas cried: 'Speak, O Noldo,

yea or nay! But who shall deny Yavanna? And did not the light of the Silmarils come from her work

in the beginning?'

But Aulë the Maker said: 'Be not hasty! We ask a greater thing than thou knowest. Let him

have peace yet awhile.'

But Fëanor spoke then, and cried bitterly: 'For the less even as for the greater there is some

deed that he may accomplish but once only; and in

that deed his heart shall rest. It may be that I can

unlock my jewels, but never again shall I make their like; and if I must break them, I shall break my

heart, and I shall be slain; first of all the Eldar in Aman.'

'Not the first,' said Mandos, but they did not understand his word; and again there was silence,

while Fëanor brooded in the dark. It seemed to him that he was beset in a ring of enemies, and the

words of Melkor returned to him, saying that the Silmarils were not safe, if the Valar would possess

them. 'And is he not Vala as are they,' said his thought, 'and does he not understand their hearts?

Yea, a thief shall reveal thieves!' Then he cried aloud: 'This thing I will not do of free will. But if the Valar will constrain me, then shall I know indeed that Melkor is of their kindred.'

'Thou hast spoken,' said Mandos. Then again there was silence, and thought was stilled. But

after a while Nienna arose, and she went up onto the Mound; and she cast back her grey hood, and

her eyes shone like stars in the rain, for her tears were poured out, and she washed away the

defilements of Ungoliant. And when she had wept she sang slowly, mourning for the bitterness of

the world and all hurts of the Marring of Arda.

But even as she mourned, there was heard the sound of feet hastening in the night. Then

through the throng came the sons of Feanor, flying

from the North, and they bore new tidings of

evil. Maedhros spoke for them. 'Blood and darkness!' he cried. 'Finwe the king is slain, and the

Silmarils are gone!' Then Feanor fell upon his face and lay as one dead, until the full tale was told.

'My lord,' said Maedhros to Manwe, 'it was the day of festival, but the king was heavy with

grief at the departure of my father, a foreboding was on him. He would not go from the house. We

were irked by the idleness and silence of the day, and we went riding towards the Green Hills. Our

faces were northward, but suddenly we were aware that all was growing dim. The Light was failing.

In dread we turned and rode back in haste, seeing great shadows rise up before us. But even as we

drew near to Formenos the darkness came upon us; and in the midst was a blackness like a cloud

that enveloped the house of Feanor.

'We heard the sound of great blows struck. Out of the cloud we saw a sudden flame of fire.

And then there was one piercing cry. But when we urged on our horses they reared and cast us to

the ground, and they fled away wild. We lay upon our faces without strength; for suddenly the cloud

came on, and for a while we were blind. But it passed us by and moved away north at great speed.

Melkor was there, we do not doubt. But not he alone! Some other power was with him, some huge

evil: even as it passed it robbed us of all wit and will.

'Darkness and blood! When we could move again we came to the house. There we found the

king slain at the door. His head was crushed as with a great mace of iron. We found no others: all

had fled, and he had stood alone, defiant. That is plain; for his sword lay beside him, twisted and

untempered as if by lightning-stroke. All the house was broken and ravaged. Naught is left. The

treasuries are empty. The chamber of iron is torn apart. The Silmarils are taken!'

Then Fëanor rose, and lifting up his hand before Manwë he cursed Melkor, naming him

Morgoth, the Black Foe of the World; and by that name only was he known to the Eldar ever after.

And he cursed also the summons of Manwe and the hour in which he came to Taniquetil, thinking

in the madness of his grief that had he been at Formenos, his strength would have availed more than

to be slain also, as Morgoth had purposed. Then with a cry he ran from the Ring of Doom and fled

into the night, distraught; for his father was dearer to him than the Light of Valinor or the peerless

works of his hands: and who among sons, of Elves or of Men, have held their fathers of greater

worth?

After him Maedhros and his brethren went in haste, dismayed, for they had not known that he

was present when Maedhros spoke; and now they feared that he might slay himself. All those who

saw Feanor's anguish grieved for him and forgave all his bitterness. But his loss was not his alone.

Yavanna wept even as Nienna, in dread lest the Darkness should now swallow the last rays of the

Light of Valinor for ever. For though the Valar did not yet understand fully what had befallen, they

perceived that Melkor had called upon some aid that came from beyond Arda. The Silmarils had

passed away, and all one it may seem whether Feanor had said yea or nay to Yavanna. Yet, had he

said yea at the first, and so cleansed his heart ere the dreadful tidings came, his after-deeds would

have been other than they proved. But now the doom of the Noldor drew near.

Meanwhile Morgoth escaping from the pursuit of the Valar came to the wastes of Araman.

This land lay northward between the Mountains of the Pelóri and the Great Sea, as Avathar lay to

the south. But Araman was a wider land, and between the shores and the mountains were long and

dreary plains without hindrance to passage, but bleak, and ever colder as the Ice drew nearer.

Through this dim land Morgoth and Ungoliant

passed in haste, and so came through the great

mists of Oiomúrë to the Helcaraxë, where the strait between Araman and Middle-earth was filled

with grinding ice; and they crossed over, and came back at last to the north of the Outer World.

Together they went on, for Morgoth could not elude Ungoliant, and her cloud was still about him,

and all her eyes were upon him; and they came to those lands that lay north of the Firth of Drengist.

But when they had come to that region that was after called Lammoth, north of the Firth of

Drengist, Morgoth grew more hopeful, for they were drawing near to the ruins of Angband where

his great western stronghold had been. But Ungoliant perceived his mood and guessed that he

would soon try to escape and defraud her, if he could.

'Blackheart!' she said. 'I have done thy bidding. But I hunger still.'

'What wouldst thou have more?' said Morgoth. 'Dost thou desire all the world for thy belly? I

did not vow to give thee that. I am its Lord.'

'Not so much,' said she. 'But there was a great treasury, of which you said naught to me, and

would have said naught even now, if I had not watched you. I will have all that. Yea, with both

hands you shall give it!'

'Thou hast had the half already,' said Morgoth. For when she was with him (against his will)

at the sack of Formenos, he had let her feast awhile upon the gems of Feanor, so that she should not

come to the chamber of iron.

Then perforce Morgoth surrendered to her the gems that he bore with him, one by one and

grudgingly; and she devoured them, and their beauty perished from the world. Then her strength

was renewed, but her lust unsated. 'With one hand thou givest,' she said; 'with the left only. Open

thy right hand.'

In his right hand Morgoth held close the Silmarils, that he had taken from the chamber of

iron; and though they were locked in a crystal casket, they had begun to burn him, and his hand was

clenched in pain; but he would not open it 'Nay!' he said. 'These things thou shalt not have, nor see.

I name them unto myself for ever. Thou hast had already more than thy due. For with my power that

I put into thee thy work was accomplished. I need thee no more. Go, filth! Gnaw thy lust in some

hole far away, or I will put a fire in thy maw that shall burn thee for ever! '

But Ungoliant was not daunted. She had grown great, and he less by the power that had gone

out of him. Now she rose against him, and her cloud closed about him, and she cast upon him a

hideous web of clinging thongs to strangle him. Then Morgoth sent forth a terrible cry, that echoed

in the mountains. Therefore that region was called Lammoth; for the echoes of his voice dwelt there

ever after, so that any who cried aloud in that land awoke them, and all the waste between the hills

and the sea was filled with a clamour as of voices in anguish. The cry of Morgoth in that hour was

the greatest and most dreadful that was ever heard in the northern world; the mountains shook, and

the earth trembled, and rocks were riven asunder. Deep in forgotten places that cry was heard. Far

beneath the ruined halls of Angband, in vaults to which the Valar in the haste of their assault had not

descended, Balrogs lurked still, awaiting ever the return of their Lord; and now swiftly they arose,

and passing over Hithlum they came to Lammoth as a tempest of fire.

Then Ungoliant quailed, and she turned to flight, belching black vapours to cover her; but the

Balrogs pursued her with whips of flame into the Mountains of Shadow, until Morgoth recalled

them. Then her webs were shorn asunder, and Morgoth was released, and he returned to Angband.

But Ungoliant went into Beleriand, and dwelt beneath Ered Gorgoroth, in that dark valley that

was after called Nan Dungortheb, the Valley of Dreadful Death, because of the horror that she bred

there. For other foul creatures of spider form had

dwelt there since the days of the delving of

Angband, and she mated with them, and devoured them; and even after Ungoliant herself departed,

and went whither she would into the forgotten south of the world, her offspring abode there and

wove their hideous webs. Of the fate of Ungoliant no tale tells. Yet some have said that she ended

long ago, when in her uttermost famine she devoured herself at last.

And thus the fear of Yavanna that the Silmarils would be swallowed up and fall into

nothingness did not come to pass; but they remained in the power of Morgoth. And he being freed

gathered again all his servants that he could find, and came to the ruins of Angband. There he

delved anew his vast vaults and dungeons, and above their gates he reared the threefold peaks of

Thangorodrim, and a great reek of dark smoke was ever wreathed about them. There countless

became the hosts of his beasts and his demons, and the race of the Orcs, bred long before, grew and

multiplied in the bowels of the earth. Dark now fell the shadow on Beleriand, as is told hereafter,

but in Angband Morgoth forged for himself a great crown of iron, and he called himself King of the

World. In token of this he set the Silmarils in his crown. His hands were burned black by the touch

of those hallowed jewels, and black they remained

ever after; nor was he ever free from the pain of

the burning, and the anger of the pain. That crown he never took from his head, though its weight

became a deadly weariness. Never but once only did he depart for a while secretly from his domain

in the North; seldom indeed did he leave the deep places of his fortress, but governed his armies

from his northern throne. And once only also did he himself wield weapon, while his realm lasted.

For now, more than in the days of Utumno ere his pride was humbled, his hatred devoured

him, and in the domination of his servants and the inspiring of them with lust of evil he spent his

spirit. Nonetheless his majesty as one of the Valar long remained, though turned to terror, and

before his face all save the mightiest sank into a dark pit of fear.

Now when it was known that Morgoth had escaped from Valinor and pursuit was unavailing,

the Valar remained long seated in darkness in the Ring of Doom, and the Maiar and the Vanyar

stood beside them and wept; but the Noldor for the most part returned to Tirion and mourned for the

darkening of their fair city. Through the dim ravine of the Calacirya fogs drifted in from the

shadowy seas and mantled its towers, and the lamp of the Mindon burned pale in the gloom.

Then suddenly Fëanor appeared in the city and called on all to come to the high court of the

King upon the summit of Túna; but the doom of banishment that had been laid upon him was not

yet lifted, and he rebelled against the Valar. A great multitude gathered swiftly, therefore, to hear

what he would say; and the hill and an the stairs and streets that climbed upon it were lit with the

light of many torches that each one bore in hand. Fëanor was a master of words, and his tongue had

great power over hearts when he would use it; and that night he made a speech before the Noldor

which they ever remembered. Fierce and few were his words, and filled with anger and pride; and

hearing them the Noldor were stirred to madness. His wrath and his hate were given most to

Morgoth, and yet well nigh all that he said came from the very lies of Morgoth himself; but he was

distraught with grief for the slaying of his father, and with anguish for the rape of the Silmarils. He

claimed now the kingship of all the Noldor, since Finwë was dead, and he scorned the decrees of

the Valar.

'Why, O people of the Noldor,' he cried, 'why should we longer serve the jealous Valar, who

cannot keep us nor even their own realm secure from their Enemy? And though he be now their foe,

are not they and he of one kin? Vengeance calls me hence, but even were it otherwise I would not

dwell longer in the same land with the kin of my father's slayer and of the thief of my treasure. Yet I

am not the only valiant in this valiant people. And have ye not all lost your King? And what else

have ye not lost, cooped here in a narrow land between the mountains and the sea?

'Here once was light, that the Valar begrudged to Middle-earth, but now dark levels all. Shall

we mourn here deedless for ever, a shadow-folk, mist-haunting, dropping vain tears in the thankless

sea? Or shall we return to our home? In Cuiviénen sweet ran the waters under unclouded stars, and

wide lands lay about, where a free people might walk. There they lie still and await us who in our

folly forsook them. Come away! Let the cowards keep this city!'

Long he spoke, and ever he urged the Noldor to follow him and by their own prowess to win

freedom and great realms in the lands of the East, before it was too late; for he echoed the lies of

Melkor, that the Valar had cozened them and would hold them captive so that Men might rule in

Middle-earth. Many of the Eldar heard then for the first time of the Aftercomers. 'Fair shall the end

be,' he cried, though long and hard shall be the road! Say farewell to bondage! But say farewell also

to ease! Say farewell to the weak! Say farewell to your treasures! More still shall we make. Journey

light: but bring with you your swords! For we will

go further than Oromë, endure longer than

Tulkas: we will never turn back from pursuit. After Morgoth to the ends of the Earth! War shall he

have and hatred undying. But when we have conquered and have regained the Silmarils, then we

and we alone shall be lords of the unsullied Light, and masters of the bliss and beauty of Arda. No

other race shall oust us!'

Then Fëanor swore a terrible oath. His seven sons leapt straightway to his side and took the

selfsame vow together, and red as blood shone their drawn swords in the glare of the torches. They

swore an oath which none shall break, and none should take, by the name even of Ilúvatar, calling

the Everlasting Dark upon them if they kept it not; and Manwë they named in witness, and Varda,

and the hallowed mountain of Taniquetil, vowing to pursue with vengeance and hatred to the ends

of the World Vala, Demon, Elf or Man as yet unborn, or any creature, great or small, good or evil,

that time should bring forth unto the end of days, whoso should hold or take or keep a Silmaril from

their possession.

Thus spoke Maedhros and Maglor and Celegorm, Curufin and Caranthir, Amrod and Amras,

princes of the Noldor; and many quailed to hear the

dread words. For so sworn, good or evil, an

oath may not be broken, and it shall pursue oathkeeper and oathbreaker to the world's end. Fingolfin

and Turgon his son therefore spoke against Fëanor, and fierce words awoke, so that once again

wrath came near to the edge of swords. But Finarfin spoke softly, as was his wont, and sought to

calm the Noldor, persuading them to pause and ponder ere deeds were done that could not be

undone; and Orodreth, alone of his sons, spoke in like manner. Finrod was with Turgon, his friend;

but Galadriel, the only woman of the Noldor to stand that day tall and valiant among the contending

princes, was eager to be gone. No oaths she swore, but the words of Fëanor concerning Middle-

earth had kindled in her heart, for she yearned to see the wide unguarded lands and to rule there a

realm at her own will. Of like mind with Galadriel was Fingon Fingolfin's son, being moved also by

Fëanor’s words, though he loved him little; and with Fingon stood as they ever did Angrod and

Aegnor, sons of Finarfin. But these held their peace and spoke not against their fathers.

At length after long debate Fëanor prevailed, and the greater part of the Noldor there

assembled he set aflame with the desire of new things and strange countries. Therefore when

Finarfin spoke yet again for heed and delay, a great shout went up: 'Nay, let us be gone!' And

straightway Fëanor and his sons began to prepare for the marching forth.

Little foresight could there be for those who dared to take so dark a road. Yet all was done in

over-haste; for Fëanor drove them on, fearing lest in the cooling of their hearts his words should

wane and other counsels yet prevail; and for all his proud words he did not forget the power of the

Valar. But from Valmar no message came, and Manwë was silent. He would not yet either forbid or

hinder Fëanor's purpose; for the Valar were aggrieved that they were charged with evil intent to the

Eldar, or that any were held captive by them against their will. Now they watched and waited, for

they did not yet believe that Fëanor could hold the host of the Noldor to his will.

And indeed when Fëanor began the marshalling of the Noldor for their setting-out, then at

once dissension arose. For though he had brought

the assembly in a mind to depart, by no means all were of a mind to take Fëanor as King. Greater love was given to Fingolfin and his sons, and his household and the most part of the dwellers in Tirion refused to renounce him, if he would go with them; and thus at the last as two divided hosts the Noldor set forth upon their bitter road. Fëanor and his following were in the van, but the greater host came behind under Fingolfin; and he marched against his wisdom, because Fingon his son so urged him, and because he would not be sundered from his people that were eager to go, nor leave them to the rash counsels of Fëanor. Nor did he forget his words before the throne of Manwë. With Fingolfin went Finarfin also and for like reasons; but most loath was he to depart. And of all the Noldor in Valinor, who were grown now to a great people, but one tithe refused to take the road: some for the love that they bore to the Valar (and to Aulë not least), some for the love of Tirion and the many things that they had made; none for fear of peril by the way.

But even as the trumpet sang and Fëanor issued from the gates of Tirion a messenger came at last from Manwë, saying: 'Against the folly of Fëanor shall be set my counsel only. Go not forth! For the hour is evil, and your road leads to sorrow that ye do not foresee. No aid will the Valar lend you in this quest; but neither will they hinder you;

for this ye shall know: as ye came hither freely,

freely shall ye depart. But thou Fëanor Finwë's son, by thine oath art exiled. The lies of Melkor thou

shalt unlearn in bitterness. Vala he is, thou saist. Then thou hast sworn in vain, for none of the Valar canst thou overcome now or ever within the halls of Eä, not though Eru whom thou namest had

made thee thrice greater than thou art.'

But Fëanor laughed, and spoke not to the herald, but to the Noldor, saying: 'So! Then will this

valiant people send forth the heir of their King alone into banishment with his sons only, and return

to their bondage? But if any will come with me, I say to them: Is sorrow foreboded to you? But in

Aman we have seen it. In Aman we have come through bliss to woe. The other now we will try:

through sorrow to find joy; or freedom, at the least.'

Then turning to the herald he cried: 'Say this to Manwë Súlimo, High King of Arda: if Fëanor

cannot overthrow Morgoth, at least he delays not to assail him, and sits not idle in grief. And it may

be that Eru has set in me a fire greater than thou knowest. Such hurt at the least will I do to the Foe

of the Valar that even the mighty in the Ring of Doom shall wonder to hear it. Yea, in the end they

shall follow me. Farewell!'

In that hour the voice of Fëanor grew so great and so potent that even the herald of the Valar

bowed before him as one full-answered, and departed; and the Noldor were over-ruled. Therefore

they continued their march; and the House of Fëanor hastened before them along the coasts of

Elendë: not once did they turn their eyes back to Tirion on the green hill of Túna. Slower and less

eagerly came the host of Fingolfin after them. Of those Fingon was the foremost; but at the rear

went Finarfin and Finrod, and many of the noblest and wisest of the Noldor; and often they looked

behind them to see their fair city, until the lamp of the Mindon Eldaliéva was lost in the night. More

than any others of the Exiles they carried thence memories of the bliss they had forsaken, and some

even of the things that they had made there they took with them: a solace and a burden on the road.

Now Fëanor led the Noldor northward, because his first purpose was to follow Morgoth.

Moreover Túna beneath Taniquetil was set nigh to the girdle of Arda, and there the Great Sea was

immeasurably wide, whereas ever northward the sundering seas grew narrower, as the wasteland of

Araman and the coasts of Middle-earth drew together. But as the mind of Fëanor cooled and took

counsel he perceived overlate that all these great companies would never overcome the long leagues

to the north, nor cross the seas at the last, save with the aid of ships; yet it would need long time and toil to build so great a fleet, even were there any among the Noldor skilled in that craft. He resolved

now therefore to persuade the Teleri, ever friends to the Noldor, to join with them; and in his

rebellion he thought that thus the bliss of Valinor might be further diminished and his power for war

upon Morgoth be increased. He hastened then to Alqualondë, and spoke to the Teleri as he had

spoken before in Tirion.

But the Teleri were unmoved by aught that he could say. They were grieved indeed at the

going of their kinsfolk and long friends, but would rather dissuade them than aid them; and no ship

would they lend, nor help in the building, against the will of the Valar. As for themselves, they

desired now no other home but the strands of Eldamar, and no other lord than Olwë, prince of

Alqualondë. And he had never lent ear to Morgoth, nor welcomed him to his land, and he trusted

still that Ulmo and the other great among the Valar would redress the hurts of Morgoth, and that the

night would pass yet to a new dawn. Then Fëanor grew wrathful, for he still feared delay; and hotly

he spoke to Olwë. 'You renounce your friendship, even in the hour of our need,' he said. 'Yet you

were glad indeed to receive our aid when you came at last to these shores, fainthearted loiterers, and

wellnigh emptyhanded. In huts on the beaches

would yon be dwelling still, had not the Noldor

carved out your haven and toiled upon your walls.'

But Olwë answered: 'We renounce no friendship. But it may be the part of a friend to rebuke a

friend's folly. And when the Noldor welcomed us and gave us aid, otherwise then you spoke: in the

land of Aman we were to dwell for ever, as brothers whose houses stand side by side. But as for our

white ships: those you gave us not. We learned not that craft from the Noldor, but from the Lords of

the Sea; and the white timbers we wrought with our own hands, and the white sails were woven by

our wives and our daughters. Therefore we will neither give them nor sell them for any league or

friendship. For I say to you, Fëanor son of Finwë, these are to us as are the gems of the Noldor: the

work of our hearts, whose like we shall not make again.'

Thereupon Fëanor left him, and sat in dark thought beyond the walls of Alqualondë, until his

host was assembled. When he judged that his strength was enough, he went to the Haven of the

Swans and began to man the ships that were anchored there and to take them away by force. But the

Teleri withstood him, and cast many of the Noldor into the sea. Then swords were drawn, and a

bitter fight was fought upon the ships, and about the lamplit quays and piers of the Haven, and even

upon the great arch of its gate. Thrice the people of Fëanor were driven back, and many were slain

upon either side; but the vanguard of the Noldor were succoured by Fingon with the foremost of the

host of Fingolfin, who coming up found a battle joined and their own kin falling, and rushed in

before they knew rightly the cause of the quarrel; some thought indeed that the Teleri had sought to

waylay the march of the Noldor at the bidding of the Valar.

Thus at last the Teleri were overcome, and a great part of their mariners that dwelt in

Alqualondë were wickedly slain. For the Noldor were become fierce and desperate, and the Teleri

had less strength, and were armed for the most part but with slender bows. Then the Noldor drew

away their white ships and manned their oars as best they might, and rowed them north along the

coast. And Olwë called upon Ossë, but he came not, for it was not permitted by the Valar that the fight of the Noldor should be hindered by force. But Uinen wept for the mariners of the Teleri; and

the sea rose in wrath against the slayers, so that many of the ships were wrecked and those in them

drowned. Of the enslaving at Alqualondë more is told in that lament which is named *Noldolantë*,

the Fall of the Noldor, that Maglor made ere he was lost.

Nonetheless the greater part of the Noldor escaped, and when the storm was past they held on

their course, some by ship and some by land; but the way was long and ever more evil as they went

forward. After they had marched for a great while in the unmeasured night, they came at length to

the northern confines of the Guarded Realm, upon the borders of the empty waste of Araman which

were mountainous and cold. There they beheld suddenly a dark figure standing high upon a rock

that looked down upon the shore. Some say that it was Mandos himself, and no lesser herald of

Manwë. And they heard a loud voice, solemn and terrible, that bade them stand and give ear. Then

all halted and stood still, and from end to end of the hosts of the Noldor the voice was heard

speaking the curse and prophecy which is called the Prophecy of the North, and the Doom of the

Noldor. Much it foretold in dark words, which the Noldor understood not until the woes indeed

after befell them; but all heard the curse that was uttered upon those that would not stay nor seek

the doom and pardon of the Valar.

'Tears unnumbered ye shall shed; and the Valar will fence Valinor against you, and shut you

out, so that not even the echo of your lamentation shall pass over the mountains. On the House of

Fëanor the wrath of the Valar lieth from the West unto the uttermost East, and upon all that will

follow them it shall be laid also. Their Oath shall drive them, and yet betray them, and ever snatch

away the very treasures that they have sworn to pursue. To evil end shall all things turn that they

begin well; and by treason of kin unto kin, and the fear of treason, shall this come to pass. The

Dispossessed shall they be for ever.

'Ye have spilled the blood of your kindred unrighteously and have stained the land of Aman.

For blood ye shall render blood, and beyond Aman ye shall dwell in Death's shadow. For though

Eru appointed to you to die not in Eä, and no sickness may assail you, yet slain ye may be, and slain

ye shall be: by weapon and by torment and by grief; and your houseless spirits shall come then to

Mandos. There long shall ye abide and yearn for your bodies, and find little pity though all whom

ye have slain should entreat for you. And those that endure in Middle-earth and come not to

Mandos shall grow weary of the world as with a great burden, and shall wane, and become as

shadows of regret before the younger race that cometh after. The Valar have spoken.'

Then many quailed; but Fëanor hardened his heart and said: 'We have sworn, and not lightly.

This oath we will keep. We are threatened with many evils, and treason not least; but one thing is

not said: that we shall suffer from cowardice, from

cravens or the fear of cravens. Therefore I say

that we will go on, and this doom I add: the deeds that we shall do shall be the matter of song until

the last days of Arda.'

But in that hour Finarfin forsook the march, and turned back, being filled with grief, and with

bitterness against the House of Fëanor, because of his kinship with Olwë of Alqualondë; and many

of his people went with him, retracing their steps in sorrow, until they beheld once more the far

beam of the Mindon upon Túna still shining in the night, and so came at last to Valinor. There they

received the pardon of the Valar, and Finarfin was set to rule the remnant of the Noldor in the

Blessed Realm. But his sons were not with him, for they would not forsake the sons of Fingolfin;

and all Fingolfin's folk went forward still, feeling the constraint of their kinship and the will of

Fëanor, and fearing to face the doom of the Valar, since not all of them had been guiltless of the

Kinslaying at Alqualondë. Moreover Fingon and Turgon were bold and fiery of heart, and loath to

abandon any task to which they had put their hands until the bitter end, if bitter it must be. So the

main host held on, and swiftly the evil that was foretold began its work.

The Noldor came at last far into the north of Arda;

and they saw the first teeth of the ice that

floated in the sea, and knew that they were drawing nigh to the Helcaraxë. For between the land of

Aman that in the north curved eastward, and the east-shores of Endor (which is Middle-earth) that

bore westward, there was a narrow strait, through which the chill waters of the Encircling Sea and

the waves of Belegaer flowed together, and there were vast fogs and mists of deathly cold, and the

sea-streams were filled with clashing hills of ice and the grinding of ice deep-sunken. Such was the

Helcaraxë, and there none yet had dared to tread save the Valar only and Ungoliant

Therefore Fëanor halted and the Noldor debated what course they should now take. But they

began to suffer anguish from the cold, and the clinging mists through which no gleam of star could

pierce; and many repented of the road and began to murmur, especially those that followed

Fingolfin, cursing Fëanor, and naming him as the cause of all the woes of the Eldar. But Fëanor,

knowing all that was said, took counsel with his sons; and two courses only they saw to escape

from Araman and come into Endor: by the straits or by ship. But the Helcaraxë they deemed

impassable, whereas the ships were too few. Many had been lost upon their long journey, and there

remained now not enough to bear across all the great host together; yet none were willing to abide

upon the western coast while others were ferried first: already the fear of treachery was awake

among the Noldor. Therefore it came into the hearts of Fëanor and his sons to seize all the ships and

depart suddenly; for they had retained the mastery of the fleet since the battle of the Haven, and it

was manned only by those who had fought there and were bound to Fëanor. And as though it came

at his call, there sprang up a wind from the north-west, and Fëanor slipped away secretly with all

whom he deemed true to him, and went aboard, and put out to sea, and left Fingolfin in Araman.

And since the sea was there narrow, steering east and somewhat south he passed over without loss,

and first of all the Noldor set foot once more upon the shores of Middle-earth; and the landing of

Fëanor was at the mouth of the firth which was called Drengist and ran into Dor-lómin.

But when they were landed, Maedhros the eldest of his sons, and on a time the friend of

Fingon ere Morgoth's lies came between, spoke to Fëanor, saying: 'Now what ships and rowers will

you spare to return, and whom shall they bear hither first? Fingon the valiant?'

Then Fëanor laughed as one fey, and he cried: 'None and none! What I have left behind I

count now no loss; needless baggage on the road it has proved. Let those that cursed my name,

curse me still, and whine their way back to the

cages of the Valar! Let the ships burn!' Then

Maedhros alone stood aside, but Fëanor caused fire to be set to the white ships of the Teleri. So in

that place which was called Losgar at the outlet of the Firth of Drengist ended the fairest vessels

that ever sailed the sea, in a great burning, bright and terrible. And Fingolfin and his people saw the

light afar off, red beneath the clouds; and they knew that they were betrayed. This was the firstfruits

of the Kinslaying and the Doom of the Noldor.

Then Fingolfin seeing that Fëanor had left him to perish in Araman or return in shame to

Valinor was filled with bitterness; but he desired now as never before to come by some way to

Middle-earth, and meet Fëanor again. And he and his host wandered long in misery, but their valour

and endurance grew with hardship; for they were a mighty people, the elder children undying of Elu

Ilúvatar, but new-come from the Blessed Realm, and not yet weary with the weariness of Earth. The

fire of their hearts was young, and led by Fingolfin and his sons, and by Finrod and Galadriel, they

dared to pass into the bitterest North; and finding no other way they endured at last the terror of the

Helcaraxë and the cruel hills of ice. Few of the deeds of the Noldor thereafter surpassed that

desperate crossing in hardihood or woe. There Elenwë the wife of Turgon was lost, and many others

perished also; and it was with a lessened host that Fingolfin set foot at last upon the Outer Lands.

Small love for Fëanor or his sons had those that marched at last behind him, and blew their trumpets

in Middle-earth at the first rising of the Moon.

Chapter 10

Of the Sindar

Now as has been told the power of Elwë and Melian increased in Middle-earth, and all the

Elves of Beleriand, from the mariners of Círdan to the wandering hunters of the Blue Mountains

beyond the River Gelion, owned Elwë as their lord; Elu Thingol he was called, King Greymantle, in

the tongue of his people. They are called the Sindar, the Grey-elves of starlit Beleriand; and

although they were Moriquendi, under the lordship of Thingol and the teaching of Melian they

became the fairest and the most wise and skilful of all the Elves of Middle-earth. And at the end of

the first age of the Chaining of Melkor, when all the Earth had peace and the glory of Valinor was at

its noon, there came into the world Lúthien, the only child of Thingol and Melian. Though Middle-

earth lay for the most part in the Sleep of Yavanna, in Beleriand under the power of Melian there

was life and joy, and the bright stars shone as silver fires; and there in the forest of Neldoreth

Lúthien was born, and the white flowers of *niphredil* came forth to greet her as stars from the earth.

It came to pass during the second age of the captivity of Melkor that Dwarves came over the

Blue Mountains of Ered Luin into Beleriand. Themselves they named Khazâd, but the Sindar called

them Naugrim, the Stunted People, and Gonnhirrim, Masters of Stone. Far to the east were the most

ancient dwellings of the Naugrim, but they had delved for themselves great halls and mansions,

after the manner of their kind, in the eastern side of Ered Luin; and those cities were named in their

own tongue Gabilgathol and Tumunzahar. To the north of the great height of Mount Dolmed was

Gabilgathol, which the Elves interpreted in their tongue Belegost, that is Mickleburg; and

southward was delved Tumunzahar, by the Elves named Nogrod, the Hollowbold. Greatest of all

the mansions of the Dwarves was Khazâd-dûm, the Dwarrowdelf, Hadhodrond in the Elvish

tongue, that was afterwards in the days of its darkness called Moria; but it was far off in the

Mountains of Mist beyond the wide leagues of Eriador, and to the Eldar came but as a name and a

rumour from the words of the Dwarves of the Blue

Mountains.

From Nogrod and Belegost the Naugrim came forth into Beleriand; and the Elves were filled

with amazement, for they had believed themselves to be the only living things in Middle-earth that

spoke with words or wrought with hands, and that all others were but birds and beasts. But they

could understand no word of the tongue of the Naugrim, which to their ears was cumbrous and

unlovely; and few ever of the Eldar have achieved the mastery of it But the Dwarves were swift to

learn, and indeed were more willing to learn the Elventongue than to teach their own to those of

alien race. Few of the Eldar went ever to Nogrod and Belegost, save Eöl of Nan Elmoth and

Maeglin his son; but the Dwarves trafficked into Beleriand, and they made a great road that passed

under the shoulders of Mount Dolmed and followed the course of the River Ascar, crossing Gelion

at Sarn Athrad, the Ford of Stones, where battle after befell. Ever cool was the friendship between

the Naugrim and the Eldar, though much profit they had one of the other; but at that time those

griefs that lay between them had not yet come to pass, and King Thingol welcomed them. But the

Naugrim gave their friendship more readily to the Noldor in after days than to any others of Elves

and Men, because of their love and reverence for Aulë; and the gems of the Noldor they praised

above all other wealth. In the darkness of Arda already the Dwarves wrought great works, for even

from the first days of their Fathers they had marvellous skill with metals and with stone; but in that

ancient time iron and copper they loved to work, rather than silver or gold.

Now Melian had much foresight, after the manner of the Maiar; and when the second age of

the captivity of Melkor had passed, she counselled Thingol that the Peace of Arda would not last for

ever. He took thought therefore how he should make for himself a kingly dwelling, and a place that

should be strong, if evil were to awake again in Middle-earth; and he sought aid and counsel of the

Dwarves of Belegost They gave it willingly, for they were unwearied in those days and eager for

new works; and though the Dwarves ever demanded a price for all that they did, whether with

delight or with toil, at this time they held themselves paid. For Melian taught them much that they

were eager to learn, and Thingol rewarded them with many fair pearls. These Círdan gave to him,

for they were got in great number in the shallow waters about the Isle of Balar; but the Naugrim had

not before seen their like, and they held them dear. One there was as great as a dove's egg, and its sheen was as starlight on the foam of the sea; Nimphelos it was named, and the chieftain of the

Dwarves of Belegost prized it above a mountain of wealth.

Therefore the Naugrim laboured long and gladly for Thingol, and devised for him mansions

after the fashion of their people, delved deep in the earth. Where the Esgalduin flowed down, and

parted Neldoreth from Region, there rose in the midst of the forest a rocky hill, and the river ran at

its feet. There they made the gates of the hall of Thingol, and they built a bridge of stone over the

river, by which alone the gates could be entered. Beyond the gates wide passages ran down to high

halls and chambers far below that were hewn in the living stone, so many and so great that that

dwelling was named Menegroth, the Thousand Caves.

But the Elves also had part in that labour, and Elves and Dwarves together, each with their

own skill, there wrought out the visions of Melian, images of the wonder and beauty of Valinor

beyond the Sea. The pillars of Menegroth were hewn in the likeness of the beeches of Oromë,

stock, bough, and leaf, and they were lit with lanterns of gold. The nightingales sang there as in the

gardens of Lórien; and there were fountains of

silver, and basins of marble, and floors of many-

coloured stones. Carven figures of beasts and birds there ran upon the walls, or climbed upon the

pillars, or peered among the branches entwined with many flowers. And as the years passed Melian

and her maidens filled the halls with woven hangings wherein could be read the deeds of the Valar,

and many things that had befallen in Arda since its beginning, and shadows of things that were yet

to be. That was the fairest dwelling of any king that has ever been east of the Sea.

And when the building of Menegroth was achieved, and there was peace in the realm of

Thingol and Melian, the Naugrim yet came ever and anon over the mountains and went in traffic

about the lands; but they went seldom to the Falas, for they hated the sound of the sea and feared to

look upon it. To Beleriand there came no other rumour or tidings of the world without.

But as the third age of the captivity of Melkor drew on, the Dwarves became troubled, and

they spoke to King Thingol, saying that the Valar had not rooted out utterly the evils of the North,

and now the remnant, having long multiplied in the dark, were coming forth once more and

roaming far and wide. 'There are fell beasts,' they said, 'in the land east of the mountains, and your

ancient kindred that dwell there are flying from the

plains to the hills.'

And ere long the evil creatures came even to Beleriand, over passes in the mountains, or up

from the south through the dark forests. Wolves there were, or creatures that walked in wolf-shapes,

and other fell beings of shadow; and among them were the Orcs, who afterwards wrought ruin in

Beleriand: but they were yet few and wary, and did but smell out the ways of the land, awaiting the

return of their lord. Whence they came, or what they were, the Elves knew not then, thinking them

perhaps to be Avari who had become evil and savage in the wild; in which they guessed all too near,

it is said.

Therefore Thingol took thought for arms, which before his people had not needed, and these

at first the Naugrim smithied for him; for they were greatly skilled in such work, though none

among them surpassed the craftsmen of Nogrod, of whom Telchar the smith was greatest in renown.

A warlike race of old were all the Naugrim, and they would fight fiercely against whomsoever

aggrieved them: servants of Melkor, or Eldar, or Avari, or wild beasts, or not seldom their own kin,

Dwarves of other mansions and lordships. Their smithcraft indeed the Sindar soon learned of them;

yet in the tempering of steel alone of all crafts the Dwarves were never outmatched even by the

Noldor, and in the making of mail of linked rings, which was first contrived by the smiths of

Belegost, their work had no rival.

At this time therefore the Sindar were well-armed, and they drove off an creatures of evil, and

had peace again; but Thingol's armouries were stored with axes and with spears and swords, and tall

helms, and long coats of bright mail; for the hauberks of the Dwarves were so fashioned that they

rusted not but shone ever as if they were new-burnished. And that proved well for Thingol in the

time that was to come.

Now as has been told, one Lenwë of the host of Olwë forsook the march of the Eldar at that

time when the Teleri were halted by the shores of the Great River upon the borders of the westlands

of Middle-earth. Little is known of the wanderings of the Nandor, whom he led away down Anduin:

some, it is said, dwelt age-long in the woods of the Vale of the Great River, some came at last to its

mouths and there dwelt by the Sea, and yet others passing by Ered Nimrais, the White Mountains,

came north again and entered the wilderness of Eriador between Ered Luin and the far Mountains of

Mist. Now these were a woodland people and had

no weapons of steel, and the coming of the fell

beasts of the North filled them with great fear, as the Naugrim declared to King Thingol in

Menegroth. Therefore Denethor, the son of Lenwë, hearing rumour of the might of Thingol and his

majesty, and of the peace of his realm, gathered such host of his scattered people as he could, and

led them over the mountains into Beleriand. There they were welcomed by Thingol, as kin long lost

that return, and they dwelt in Ossiriand, the Land of Seven Rivers.

Of the long years of peace that followed after the coming of Denethor there is little tale. In

those days, it is said, Daeron the Minstrel, chief loremaster of the kingdom of Thingol, devised his

Runes; and the Naugrim that came to Thingol learned them, and were well-pleased with the device,

esteeming Daeron's skill higher than did the Sindar, his own people. By the Naugrim the *Cirth* were taken east over the mountains and passed into the knowledge of many peoples; but they were little

used by the Sindar for the keeping of records, until the days of the War, and much that was held in

memory perished in the ruins of Doriath. But of bliss and glad life there is little to be said, before it ends; as works fair and wonderful, while still they endure for eyes to see, are their own record, and

only when they are in peril or broken for ever do they pass into song.

In Beleriand in those days the Elves walked, and the rivers flowed, and the stars shone, and

the night-flowers gave forth their scents; and the beauty of Melian was as the noon, and the beauty

of Lúthien was as the dawn in spring. In Beleriand King Thingol upon his throne was as the lords of

the Maiar, whose power is at rest, whose joy is as an air that they breathe in all their days, whose

thought flows in a tide untroubled from the heights to the deeps. In Beleriand still at times rode

Oromë the great, passing like a wind over the mountains, and the sound of his horn came down the

leagues of the starlight, and the Elves feared him for the splendour of his countenance and the great

noise of the onrush of Nahar; but when the Valaróma echoed in the hills, they knew well that all evil

things were fled far away.

But it came to pass at last that the end of bliss was at hand, and the noontide of Valinor was

drawing to its twilight. For as has been told and as is known to all, being written in lore and sung in

many songs, Melkor slew the Trees of the Valar with the aid of Ungoliant, and escaped, and came

back to Middle-earth. Far to the north befell the strife of Morgoth and Ungoliant; but the great cry

of Morgoth echoed through Beleriand, and all its people shrank for fear; for though they knew not

what it foreboded, they heard then the herald of death. Soon afterwards Ungoliant fled from the

north and came into the realm of King Thingol, and a terror of darkness was about her; but by the

power of Melian she was stayed, and entered not into Neldoreth, but abode long time under the

shadow of the precipices in which Dorthonion fell southward. And they became known as Ered

Gorgoroth, the Mountains of Terror, and none dared go thither, or pass nigh them; there life and

light were strangled, and there all waters were poisoned. But Morgoth, as has before been told,

returned to Angband, and built it anew, and above its doors he reared the reeking towers of

Thangorodrim; and the gates of Morgoth were but one hundred and fifty leagues distant from the

bridge of Menegroth: far and yet all too near.

Now the Orcs that multiplied in the darkness of the earth grew strong and fell, and their dark

lord filled them with a lust of rain and death; and they issued from Angband's gates under the clouds

that Morgoth sent forth, and passed silently into the highlands of the north. Thence on a sudden a

great army came into Beleriand and assailed King Thingol. Now in his wide realm many Elves

wandered free in the wild, or dwelt at peace in small kindreds far sundered; and only about

Menegroth in the midst of the land, and along the Falas in the country of the mariners, were there

numerous peoples. But the Orcs came down upon either side of Menegroth, and from camps in the

east between Celon and Gelion, and west in the plains between Sirion and Narog, they plundered

far and wide; and Thingol was cut on from Círdan at Eglarest. Therefore he called upon Denethor;

and the Elves came in force from Region beyond Aros and from Ossiriand, and fought the first

battle in the Wars of Beleriand. And the eastern host of the Orcs was taken between the armies of

the Eldar, north of the Andram and midway between Aros and Gelion, and there they were utterly

defeated, and those that fled north from the great slaughter were waylaid by the axes of the

Naugrim that issued from Mount Dolmed: few indeed returned to Angband.

But the victory of the Elves was dear-bought For those of Ossiriand were light-armed, and no

match for the Orcs, who were shod with iron and iron-shielded and bore great spears with broad

blades; and Denethor was cut off and surrounded upon the hill of Amon Ereb. There he fell and all

his nearest kin about him, before the host of Thingol could come to his aid. Bitterly though his fall

was avenged, when Thingol came upon the rear of the Orcs and slew them in heaps, his people

lamented him ever after and took no king again. After the battle some returned to Ossiriand, and

their tidings filled the remnant of their people with great fear, so that thereafter they came never

forth in open war, but kept themselves by wariness and secrecy; and they were called the Laiquendi,

the Green-elves, because of their raiment of the colour of leaves. But many went north and entered

the guarded realm of Thingol, and were merged with his people.

And when Thingol came again to Menegroth he learned that the Orc-host in the west was

victorious, and had driven Círdan to the rim of the sea. Therefore he withdrew all his people that his

summons could reach within the fastness of Neldoreth and Region, and Melian put forth her power

and fenced all that dominion round about with an unseen wail of shadow and bewilderment: the

Girdle of Melian, that none thereafter could pass against her will or the will of King Thingol, unless

one should come with a power greater than that of Melian the Maia. And this inner land, which was

long named Eglador, was after called Doriath, the guarded kingdom, Land of the Girdle. Within it

there was yet a watchful peace; but without there was peril and great fear, and the servants of

Morgoth roamed at will, save in the walled havens of the Falas.

But new tidings were at hand, which none in Middle-earth had foreseen, neither Morgoth in

his pits nor Melian in Menegroth; for no news came out of Aman whether by messenger, or by

spirit, or by vision in dream, after the death of the Trees. In this same time Fëanor came over the

Sea in the white ships of the Teleri and landed in the Firth of Drengist, and there burned the ships at

Losgar.

Chapter 11

Of the Sun and Moon and the Hiding of Valinor

It is told that after the flight of Melkor the Valar sat long unmoved upon their thrones in the Ring of

Doom; but they were not idle, as Fëanor declared in the folly of his heart. For the Valar may work

many things with thought rather than with hands, and without voices in silence they may hold

council one with another. Thus they held vigil in the night of Valinor, and their thought passed back

beyond Eä and forth to the End; yet neither power nor wisdom assuaged their grief, and the

knowing of evil in the hour of its being. And they mourned not more for the death of the Trees than

for the marring of Fëanor: of the works of Melkor one of the most evil. For Fëanor was made the

mightiest in all parts of body and mind, in valour, in endurance, in beauty, in understanding, in skill,

in strength and in subtlety alike, of all the Children of Ilúvatar, and a bright flame was in him. The

works of wonder for the glory of Arda that he might otherwise have wrought only Manwë might in

some measure conceive. And it was told by the Vanyar who held vigil with the Valar that when the

messengers declared to Manwë the answers of Fëanor to his heralds, Manwë wept and bowed his

head. But at that last word of Fëanor: that at the least the Noldor should do deeds to live in song for

ever, he raised his head, as one that hears a voice far off, and he said: 'So shall it be! Dear-bought

those songs shall be accounted, and yet shall be well-bought. For the price could be no other. Thus

even as Eru spoke to us shall beauty not before conceived be brought into Eä, and evil yet be good

to have been.'

But Mandos said: 'And yet remain evil. To me shall Fëanor come soon.'

But when at last the Valar learned that the Noldor had indeed passed out of Aman and were

come back into Middle-earth, they arose and began to set forth in deeds those counsels which they

had taken in thought for the redress of the evils of Melkor. Then Manwë bade Yavanna and Nienna

to put forth all their powers of growth and healing; and they put forth all their powers upon the

Trees. But the tears of Nienna availed not to heal their mortal wounds; and for a long while

Yavanna sang alone in the shadows. Yet even as hope failed and her song faltered, Telperion bore at

last upon a leafless bough one great flower of silver, and Laurelin a single trait of gold.

These Yavanna took; and then the Trees died, and their lifeless stems stand yet in Valinor, a

memorial of vanished joy. But the flower and the fruit Yavanna gave to Aulë, and Manwë hallowed

them, and Aulë and his people made vessels to hold them and preserve their radiance: as is said in

the *Narsilion,* the Song of the Sun and Moon. These vessels the Valar gave to Varda, that they might become lamps of heaven, outshining the ancient stars, being nearer to Arda; and she gave them

power to traverse the lower regions of Ilmen, and set them to voyage upon appointed courses above

the girdle of the Earth from the West unto the East and to return.

These things the Valar did, recalling in their twilight the darkness of the lands of Arda; and

they resolved now to illumine Middle-earth and with light to hinder the deeds of Melkor. For they

remembered the Avari that remained by the waters of their awakening, and they did not utterly

forsake the Noldor in exile; and Manwë knew also that the hour of the coming of Men was drawn

nigh. And it is said indeed that, even as the Valar made war upon Melkor for the sake of the Quendi,

so now for that time they forbore for the sake of the Hildor, the Aftercomers, the younger Children

of Ilúvatar. For so grievous had been the hurts of Middle-earth in the war upon Utumno that the

Valar feared lest even worse should now befall; whereas the Hildor should be mortal, and weaker

than the Quendi to withstand fear and tumult. Moreover it was not revealed to Manwë where the

beginning of Men should be, north, south, or east. Therefore the Valar sent forth light, but made

strong the land of their dwelling.

Isil the Sheen the Vanyar of old named the Moon, flower of Telperion in Valinor; and Anar the

Fire-golden, fruit of Laurelin, they named the Sun. But the Noldor named them also Rána, the

Wayward, and Vása, the Heart of Fire, that awakens and consumes; for the Sun was set as a sign for

the awakening of Men and the waning of the Elves, but the Moon cherishes their memory.

The maiden whom the Valar chose from among the Maiar to guide the vessel of the Sun was

named Arien, and he that steered the island of the Moon was Tilion. In the days of the Trees Arien

had tended the golden flowers in the gardens of Vána, and watered them with the bright dews of

Laurelin; but Tilion was a hunter of the company of Oromë, and he had a silver bow. He was a lover

of silver, and when he would rest he forsook the woods of Oromë, and going into Lórien he lay hi

dream by the pools of Estë, in Telperion's flickering beams; and he begged to be given the task of

tending for ever the last Flower of Silver. Arien the maiden was mightier than he, and she was

chosen because she had not feared the heats of Laurelin, and was unhurt by them, being from the

beginning a spirit of fire, whom Melkor had not deceived nor drawn to his service. Too bright were

the eyes of Arien for even the Eldar to look on, and leaving Valinor she forsook the form and

raiment which like the Valar she had worn there, and she was as a naked flame, terrible in the

fullness of her splendour.

Isil was first wrought and made ready, and first rose into the realm of the stars, and was the

elder of the new lights, as was Telperion of the Trees. Then for a while the world had moonlight,

and many things stirred and woke that had waited long in the sleep of Yavanna. The servants of

Morgoth were filled with amazement, but the Elves of the Outer Lands looked up in delight; and

even as the Moon rose above the darkness in the west, Fingolfin let blow his silver trumpets and

began his march into Middle-earth, and the shadows of his host went long and black before them.

Tilion had traversed the heaven seven times, and thus was m the furthest east, when the vessel

of Arien was made ready. Then Anar arose in glory, and the first dawn of the Sun was like a great

fire upon the towers of the Pelóri: the clouds of Middle-earth were kindled, and there was heard the

sound of many waterfalls. Then indeed Morgoth was dismayed, and he descended into the uttermost

depths of Angband, and withdrew his servants, sending forth great reek and dark cloud to hide his

land from the light of the Day-star.

Now Varda purposed that the two vessels should journey in Ilmen and ever be aloft, but not

together; each should pass from Valinor into the east and return, the one issuing from the west as the

other turned from the east. Thus the first of the new days were reckoned after the manner of the

Trees, from the mingling of the lights when Arien and Tilion passed in their courses, above the

middle of the Earth. But Tilion was wayward and uncertain in speed, and held not to his appointed

path; and he sought to come near to Arien, being drawn by her splendour, though the flame of Anar

scorched him, and the island of the Moon was darkened.

Because of the waywardness of Tilion, therefore, and yet more because of the prayers of

Lórien and Estë, who said that sleep and rest had been banished from the Earth, and the stars were

hidden, Varda changed her counsel, and allowed a time wherein the world should still have shadow

and half-light. Anar rested therefore a while in Valinor, lying upon the cool bosom of the Outer Sea;

and Evening, the time of the descent and resting of the Sun, was the hour of greatest light and joy in

Aman. But soon the Sun was drawn down by the servants of Ulmo, and went then in haste under the

Earth, and so came unseen to the east and there mounted the heaven again, lest night be over-long

and evil walk under the Moon. But by Anar the waters of the Outer Sea were made hot and glowed

with coloured fire, and Valinor had light for a while after the passing of Arien. Yet as she journeyed

under the Earth and drew towards the east the glow faded and Valinor was dim, and the Valar

mourned then most for the death of Laurelin. At dawn the shadows of the Mountains of Defence lay

heavy on the Blessed Realm.

Varda commanded the Moon to journey in like manner, and passing under Earth to arise in the

east, but only after the Sun had descended from heaven. But Tilion went with uncertain pace, as yet

he goes, and was still drawn towards Arien, as he shall ever be; so that often both may be seen

above the Earth together, or at times it will chance that he comes so nigh that his shadow cuts off

her brightness and there is a darkness amid the day.

Therefore by the coming and going of Anar the Valar reckoned the days thereafter until the

Change of the World. For Tilion tamed seldom in

Valinor, but more often would pass swiftly over

the western land, over Avathar, or Araman, or Valinor, and plunge in the chasm beyond the Outer

Sea, pursuing his way alone amid the grots and caverns at the roots of Arda. There he would often

wander long, and late would return.

Still therefore, after the Long Night, the light of Valinor was greater and fairer than upon

Middle-earth; for the Sun rested there, and the lights of heaven drew nearer to Earth in that region.

But neither the Sun nor the Moon can recall the light that was of old, that came from the Trees

before they were touched by the poison of Ungoliant That light lives now in the Silmarils alone.

But Morgoth hated the new lights, and was for a while confounded by this unlooked-for

stroke of the Valar. Then he assailed Tilion, sending spirits of shadow against him, and there was

strife in Ilmen beneath the paths of the stars; but Tilion was victorious. And Arien Morgoth feared

with a great fear, but dared not come nigh her, having indeed no longer the power; for as he grew in

malice, and sent forth from himself the evil that he conceived in lies and creatures of wickedness,

his might passed into them and was dispersed, and he himself became ever more bound to the earth,

unwilling to issue from his dark strongholds. With shadows he hid himself and his servants from

Arien, the glance of whose eyes they could not long endure; and the lands near his dwelling were

shrouded in fumes and great clouds.

But seeing the assault upon Tilion the Valar were in doubt, fearing what the malice and

cunning of Morgoth might yet contrive against them. Being unwilling to make war upon him in

Middle-earth, they remembered nonetheless the ruin of Almaren; and they resolved that the like

should not befall Valinor. Therefore at that time they fortified their land anew, and they raised up

the mountain-walls of the Pelóri to sheer and dreadful heights, east, north, and south. Their outer

sides were dark and smooth, without foothold or ledge, and they fell in great precipices with faces

hard as glass, and rose up to towers with crowns of white ice. A sleepless watch was set upon them,

and no pass led through them, save only at the Calacirya: but that pass the Valar did not close,

because of the Eldar that were faithful, and in the city of Tirion upon the green hill Finarfin yet

ruled the remnant of the Noldor in the deep cleft of the mountains. For all those of elven-race, even

the Vanyar and Ingwë their lord, must breathe at times the outer air and the wind that comes over

the sea from the lands of their birth; and the Valar would not sunder the Teleri wholly from their

kin. But in the Calacirya they set strong towers and many sentinels, and at its issue upon the plains

of Valmar a host was encamped, so that neither bird nor beast nor elf nor man, nor any creature

beside that dwelt in Middle-earth, could pass that leaguer.

And in that time also, which songs call *Nurtalë Valinóreva,* the Hiding of Valinor, the

Enchanted Isles were set, and ail the seas about them were filled with shadows and bewilderment.

And these isles were strung as a net in the Shadowy Seas from the north to the south, before Tol

Eressëa, the Lonely Isle, is reached by one sailing west. Hardly might any vessel pass between

them, for in the dangerous sounds the waves sighed for ever upon dark rocks shrouded in mist. And

in the twilight a great weariness came upon mariners and a loathing of the sea; but all that ever set

foot upon the islands were there entrapped, and slept until the Change of the World. Thus it was that

as Mandos foretold to them in Araman the Blessed Realm was shut against the Noldor; and of the

many messengers that in after days sailed into the West none came ever to Valinor - save one only:

the mightiest mariner of song.

Chapter 12

Of Men

The Valar sat now behind their mountains at peace; and having given light to Middle-earth they left

it for long untended, and the lordship of Morgoth was uncontested save by the valour of the Noldor.

Most in mind Ulmo kept the exiles, who gathered news of the Earth through all the waters.

From this time forth were reckoned the Years of the Sun. Swifter and briefer are they than the

long Years of the Trees in Valinor. In that time the air of Middle-earth became heavy with the breath

of growth and mortality, and the changing and ageing of all things was hastened exceedingly; life

teemed upon the soil and in the waters in the Second Spring of Arda, and the Eldar increased, and

beneath the new Sun Beleriand grew green and fair.

At the first rising of the Sun the Younger Children of Ilúvatar awoke in the land of Hildórien

in the eastward regions of Middle-earth; but the first Sun arose in the West, and the opening eyes of

Men were turned towards it, and their feet as they wandered over the Earth for the most part strayed

that way. The Atani they were named by the Eldar, the Second People; but they called them also

Hildor, the Followers, and many other names: Apanónar, the After-born, Engwar, the Sickly, and

Fírimar, the Mortals; and they named them the Usurpers, the Strangers, and the Inscrutable, the

Self-cursed, the Heavy-handed, the Night-fearers, the Children of the Sun. Of Men little is told in

these tales, which concern the Eldest Days before the waxing of mortals and the waning of the

Elves, save of those fathers of men, the Atanatári, who in the first years of the Sun and Moon

wandered into the North of the world. To Hildórien there came no Vala to guide Men, or to summon

them to dwell in Valinor; and Men have feared the Valar, rather than loved them, and have not

understood the purposes of the Powers, being at variance with them, and at strife with the world.

Ulmo nonetheless took thought for them aiding the counsel and will of Manwë; and his messages

came often to them by stream and flood. But they have not skill in such matters, and still less had

they in those days before they had mingled with the Elves. Therefore they loved the waters, and

their hearts were stirred, but they understood not the messages. Yet it is told that ere long they met

Dark Elves in many places, and were befriended by them; and Men became the companions and

disciples in their childhood of these ancient folk, wanderers of the Elven-race who never set out

upon the paths to Valinor, and knew of the Valar only as a rumour and a distant name.

Morgoth had then not long come back into Middle-earth, and his power went not far abroad,

and was moreover checked by the sudden coming of great light. There was little peril in the lands

and hills; and there new things, devised long ages before in the thought of Yavanna and sown as

seed in the dark, came at last to their budding and their bloom. West, North, and South the children

of Men spread and wandered, and their joy was the joy of the morning before the dew is dry, when

every leaf is green.

But the dawn is brief and the day full often belies its promise; and now the time drew on to

the great wars of the powers of the North, when Noldor and Sindar and Men strove against the hosts

of Morgoth Bauglir, and went down in ruin. To this end the cunning lies of Morgoth that he sowed

of old, and sowed ever anew among his foes, and the curse that came of the slaying at Alqualondë,

and the oath of Fëanor, were ever at work. Only a part is here told of the deeds of those days, and

most is said of the Noldor, and the Silmarils, and the mortals that became entangled in their fate. In

those days Elves and Men were of like stature and strength of body, but the Elves had greater

wisdom, and skill, and beauty; and those who had dwelt in Valinor and looked upon the Powers as

much surpassed the Dark Elves in these things as they in turn surpassed the people of mortal race.

Only to the realm of Doriath, whose queen Melian was of the kindred of Valar, did the Sindar come

near to match the Calaquendi of the Blessed Realm.

Immortal were the Elves, and their wisdom waxed from age to age, and no sickness nor

pestilence brought death to them. Their bodies indeed were of the stuff of Earth, and could be

destroyed; and in those days they were more like to the bodies of Men, since they had not so long

been inhabited by the fire of their spirit, which consumes them from within in the courses of time.

But Men were more frail, more easily slain by weapon or mischance, and less easily healed; subject

to sickness and many ills; and they grew old and died. What may befall their spirits after death the

Elves know not. Some say that they too go to the halls of Mandos; but their place of waiting there is

not that of the Elves, and Mandos under Ilúvatar alone save Manwë knows whither they go after the

time of recollection in those silent halls beside the Outer Sea. None have ever come back from the

mansions of the dead, save only Beren son of Barahir, whose hand had touched a Silmaril; but he

never spoke afterward to mortal Men. The fate of Men after death, maybe, is not in the hands of the

Valar, nor was all foretold in the Music of the Ainur.

In after days, when because of the triumph of Morgoth Elves and Men became estranged, as

be most wished, those of the Elven-race that lived still in Middle-earth waned and faded, and Men

usurped the sunlight. Then the Quendi wandered in the lonely places of the great lands and the isles,

and took to the moonlight and the starlight, and to

the woods and caves, becoming as shadows and memories, save those who ever and anon set sail into the West and vanished from Middle-earth. But in the dawn of years Elves and Men were allies and held themselves akin, and there were some among Men that learned the wisdom of the Eldar, and became great and valiant among the captains of the Noldor. And in the glory and beauty of the Elves, and in their fate, full share had the offspring of elf and mortal, Eärendil, and Elwing, and Elrond their child.

Chapter 13

Of the Return of the Noldor

It has been told that Fëanor and his sons came first of the Exiles to Middle-earth, and landed in the waste of Lammoth, the Great Echo, upon the outer shores of the Firth of Drengist And even as the Noldor set foot upon the strand their cries were taken up into the hills and multiplied, so that a clamour as of countless mighty voices filled all the coasts of the North; and the noise of the burning of the ships at Losgar went down the winds of the sea as a tumult of great wrath, and far away all who heard that sound were filled with wonder.

Now the flames of that burning were seen not only by Fingolfin, whom Fëanor had deserted in Araman, but also by the Orcs and the watchers of Morgoth. No tale has told what Morgoth

thought in his heart at the tidings that Fëanor, his bitterest foe, had brought a host out of the West. It may be that he feared him little, for he had as yet no proof of the swords of the Noldor; and soon it

was seen that he purposed to drive them back into the sea.

Under the cold stars before the rising of the Moon the host of Fëanor went up the long Firth of

Drengist that pierced the Echoing Hills of Ered Lómin, and passed thus from the shores into the

great land of Hithlum; and they came at length to the long lake of Mithrim, and upon its northern

shore made their encampment in the region that bore the same name. But the host of Morgoth,

aroused by the tumult of Lammoth and the light of the burning at Losgar, came through the passes

of Ered Wethrin, the Mountains of Shadow, and assailed Fëanor on a sudden, before his camp was

full-wrought or put in defence; and there on the grey fields of Mithrim was fought the Second

Battle in the Wars of Beleriand. Dagor-nuin-Giliath it is named, the Battle-under-Stars, for the

Moon had not yet risen; and it is renowned in song. The Noldor, outnumbered and taken at

unawares, were yet swiftly victorious; for the light of Aman was not yet dimmed in their eyes, and

they were strong and swift, and deadly in anger, and their swords were long and terrible. The Orcs

fled before them, and they were driven forth from Mithrim with great slaughter, and hunted over the

Mountains of Shadow into the great plain of Ard-galen, that lay northward of Dorthonion. There the

armies of Morgoth that had passed south into the Vale of Sirion and beleaguered Círdan in the

Havens of the Falas came up to their aid, and were caught in their ruin. For Celegorm, Fëanor's son,

having news of them, waylaid them with a part of the Elven-host, and coming down upon them out

of the hills near Eithel Sirion drove them into the Fen of Serech. Evil indeed were the tidings that

came at last to Angband, and Morgoth was dismayed. Ten days that battle lasted, and from it

returned of all the hosts that he had prepared for the conquest of Beleriand no more than a handful

of leaves.

Yet cause he had for great joy, though it was hidden from him for a while. For Fëanor, in his

wrath against the Enemy, would not halt, but pressed on behind the remnant of the Orcs, thinking so

to come at Morgoth himself: and he laughed aloud as he wielded his sword, rejoicing that he had

dared the wrath of the Valar and the evils of the road, that he might see the hour of his vengeance.

Nothing did he know of Angband or the great strength of defence that Morgoth had so swiftly

prepared: but even had he known it would not have deterred him, for he was fey, consumed by the

flame of his own wrath. Thus it was that he drew far ahead of the van of his host; and seeing this the

servants of Morgoth turned to bay, and there issued from Angband Balrogs to aid them. There upon

the confines of Dor Daedeloth, the land of Morgoth, Fëanor was surrounded, with few friends about

him. Long he fought on, and undismayed, though he was wrapped in fire and wounded with many

wounds; but at the last he was smitten to the ground by Gothmog, Lord of Balrogs, whom Ecthelion

after slew in Gondolin. There he would have perished, had not his sons in that moment come up

with force to his aid; and the Balrogs left him, and departed to Angband.

Then his sons raised up their father and bore him back towards Mithrim. But as they drew

near to Eithel Sirion and were upon the upward path to the pass over the mountains, Fëanor bade

them halt; for his wounds were mortal, and he knew that his hour was come. And looking out from

the slopes of Ered Wethrin with his last sight he beheld far off the peaks of Thangorodrim, mightiest

of the towers of Middle-earth, and knew with the foreknowledge of death that no power of the

Noldor would ever overthrow them; but he cursed the name of Morgoth thrice, and laid it upon his

sons to hold to their oath, and to avenge their father. Then he died; but he had neither burial nor

tomb, for so fiery was his spirit that as it sped his body fell to ash, and was borne away like smoke;

and his likeness has never again appeared in Arda, neither has his spirit left the halls of Mandos.

Thus ended the mightiest of the Noldor, of whose deeds came both their greatest renown and their

most grievous woe.

Now in Mithrim there dwelt Grey-elves, folk of Beleriand that had wandered north over the

mountains, and the Noldor met them with gladness, as kinsfolk long sundered; but speech at first

was not easy between them, for in their long severance the tongues of the Calaquendi in Valinor and

of the Moriquendi in Beleriand had drawn far apart. From the Elves of Mithrim the Noldor learned

of the power of Elu Thingol, King in Doriath, and the girdle of enchantment that fenced his realm;

and tidings of these great deeds in the north came south to Menegroth, and to the havens of

Brithombar and Eglarest. Then all the Elves of Beleriand were filled with wonder and with hope at

the coming of their mighty kindred, who thus returned unlocked-for from the West in the very hour

of their need, believing indeed at first that they came as emissaries of the Valar to deliver them.

But even in the hour of the death of Fëanor an embassy came to his sons from Morgoth,

acknowledging defeat, and offering terms, even to

the surrender of a Silmaril. Then Maedhros the tall, the eldest son, persuaded his brothers to feign to treat with Morgoth, and to meet his emissaries at the place appointed; but the Noldor had as little thought of faith as had he. Wherefore each embassy came with greater force than was agreed; but Morgoth sent the more, and there were Balrogs. Maedhros was ambushed, and all his company were slain; but he himself was taken alive by the command of Morgoth, and brought to Angband.

Then the brothers of Maedhros drew back, and fortified a great camp in Hithlum; but Morgoth held Maedhros as hostage, and sent word that he would not release him unless the Noldor would forsake their war, returning into the West, or else departing far from Beleriand into the South of the world. But the sons of Fëanor knew that Morgoth would betray them, and would not release Maedhros, whatsoever they might do; and they were constrained also by their oath, and might not for any cause forsake the war against their Enemy. Therefore Morgoth took Maedhros and hung him from the face of a precipice upon Thangorodrim, and he was caught to the rock by the wrist of his right hand in a band of steel.

Now rumour came to the camp in Hithlum of the march of Fingolfin and those that followed

him, who had crossed the Grinding Ice; and all the world lay then in wonder at the coming of the

Moon. But as the host of Fingolfin marched into Mithrim the Sun rose flaming in the West; and

Fingolfin unfurled his blue and silver banners, and blew his horns, and flowers sprang beneath his

marching feet, and the ages of the stars were ended. At the uprising of the great light the servants of

Morgoth fled into Angband, and Fingolfin passed unopposed through the fastness of Dor Daedeloth

while his foes hid beneath the earth. Then the Elves smote upon the gates of Angband, and the

challenge of their trumpets shook the towers of Thangorodrim; and Maedhros heard them amid his

torment and cried aloud, but his voice was lost in the echoes of the stone.

But Fingolfin, being of other temper than Fëanor, and wary of the wiles of Morgoth, withdrew

from Dor Daedeloth and turned back towards Mithrim, for he had heard tidings that there he should

find the sons of Fëanor, and he desired also to have the shield of the Mountains of Shadow while his

people rested and grew strong; for he had seen the strength of Angband, and thought not that it

would fall to the sound of trumpets only. Therefore coming at length to Hithlum he made his first

camp and dwelling by the northern shores of Lake Mithrim. No love was there in the hearts of those

that followed Fingolfin for the House of Fëanor, for

the agony of those that endured the crossing of

the Ice had been great, and Fingolfin held the sons the accomplices of their father. Then there was

peril of strife between the hosts; but grievous as were their losses upon the road, the people of

Fingolfin and of Finrod son of Finarfin were still more numerous than the followers of Fëanor, and

these now withdrew before them, and removed their dwelling to the southern shore; and the lake lay

between them. Many of Fëanor's people indeed repented of the burning at Losgar, and were filled

with amazement at the valour that had brought the friends whom they had abandoned over the Ice

of the North; and they would have welcomed them, but they dared not, for shame.

Thus because of the curse that lay upon them the Noldor achieved nothing, while Morgoth

hesitated, and the dread of light was new and strong upon the Orcs. But Morgoth arose from

thought, and seeing the division of his foes he laughed. In the pits of Angband he caused vast

smokes and vapours to be made, and they came forth from the reeking tops of the Iron Mountains,

and afar off they could be seen in Mithrim, staining the bright airs in the first mornings of the

world. A wind came out of the east, and bore them over Hithlum, darkening the new Sun; and they

fell, and coiled about the fields and hollows, and lay upon the waters of Mithrim, drear and

poisonous.

Then Fingon the valiant, son of Fingolfin, resolved to heal the feud that divided the Noldor,

before their Enemy should be ready for war; for the earth trembled in the Northlands with the

thunder of the forges of Morgoth underground. Long before, in the bliss of Valinor, before Melkor

was unchained, or lies came between them, Fingon had been close in friendship with Maedhros; and

though he knew not yet that Maedhros had not forgotten him at the burning of the ships, the thought

of their ancient friendship stung his heart. Therefore he dared a deed which is Justly renowned

among the feats of the princes of the Noldor: alone, and without the counsel of any, he set forth m

search of Maedhros; and aided by the very darkness that Morgoth had made he came unseen into

the fastness of his foes. High upon the shoulders of Thangorodrim he climbed, and looked in

despair upon the desolation of the land; but no passage or crevice could he find through which he

might come within Morgoth's stronghold. Then in defiance of the Orcs, who cowered still in the

dark vaults beneath the earth, he took his harp and sang a song of Valinor that the Noldor made of

old, before strife was born among the sons of Finwë; and his voice rang in the mournful hollows

that had never heard before aught save cries of fear and woe.

Thus Fingon found what he sought. For suddenly above him far and faint his song was taken

up, and a voice answering called to him. Maedhros it was that sang amid his torment. But Fingon

climbed to the foot of the precipice where his kinsman hung, and then could go no further; and he

wept when he saw the cruel device of Morgoth. Maedhros therefore, being in anguish without hope,

begged Fingon to shoot him with his bow; and Fingon strung an arrow, and bent his bow. And

seeing no better hope he cried to Manwë, saying: 'O King to whom all birds are dear, speed now

this feathered shaft, and recall some pity for the Noldor in their need!'

His prayer was answered swiftly. For Manwë to whom all birds are dear, and to whom they

bring news upon Taniquetil from Middle-earth, had sent forth the race of Eagles, commanding them

to dwell in the crags of the North, and to keep watch upon Morgoth; for Manwë still had pity for the

exiled Elves. And the Eagles brought news of much that passed in those days to the sad ears of

Manwë. Now, even as Fingon bent his bow, there flew down from the high airs Thorondor, King of

Eagles, mightiest of all birds that have ever been, whose outstretched wings spanned thirty fathoms;

and staying Fingon's hand he took him up, and bore

him to the face of the rock where Maedhros

hung. But Fingon could not release the hell-wrought bond upon his wrist, nor sever it, nor draw it

from the stone. Again therefore in his pain Maedhros begged that he would slay him; but Fingon cut

off his hand above the wrist, and Thorondor bore them back to Mithrim.

There Maedhros in time was healed; for the fire of life was hot within him, and his strength

was of the ancient world, such as those possessed who were nurtured in Valinor. His body recovered

from his torment and became hale, but the shadow of his pain was in his heart; and he lived to wield

his sword with left hand more deadly than his right had been. By this deed Fingon won great

renown, and all the Noldor praised him; and the hatred between the houses of Fingolfin and Fëanor

was assuaged. For Maedhros begged forgiveness for the desertion in Araman; and he waived his

claim to kingship over all the Noldor, saying to Fingolfin: 'If there lay no grievance between us,

lord, still the kingship would rightly come to you, the eldest here of the house of Finwë, and not the

least wise.' But to this his brothers did not all in their hearts agree.

Therefore even as Mandos foretold the House of Fëanor were called the Dispossessed,

because the over-lordship passed from it, the elder, to the house of Fingolfin, both in Elendë and in

Beleriand, and because also of the loss of the Silmarils. But the Noldor being again united set a

watch upon the borders of Dor Daedeloth, and Angband was beleaguered from west, and south, and

east; and they sent forth messengers far and wide to explore the countries of Beleriand, and to treat

with the people that dwelt there.

Now King Thingol welcomed not with a full heart the coming of so many princes in might out

of the West, eager for new realms; and he would not open his kingdom, nor remove its girdle of

enchantment, for wise with the wisdom of Melian he trusted not that the restraint of Morgoth would

endure. Alone of the princes of the Noldor those of Finarfin's house were suffered to pass within the

confines of Doriath; for they could claim close kinship with King Thingol himself, since their

mother was Eärwen of Alqualondë, Olwë's daughter.

Angrod son of Finarfin was the first of the Exiles to come to Menegroth, as messenger of his

brother Finrod, and he spoke long with the King, telling him of the deeds of the Noldor in the north,

and of their numbers, and of the ordering of their force; but being true, and wisehearted, and

thinking all griefs now forgiven, he spoke no word concerning the kinslaying, nor of the manner of

the exile of the Noldor and the oath of Fëanor. King Thingol hearkened to the words of Angrod; and

ere he went he said to him: 'Thus shall you speak for me to those that sent you. In Hithlum the

Noldor have leave to dwell, and in the highlands of Dorthonion, and in the lands east of Doriath that

are empty and wild; but elsewhere there are many of my people, and I would not have them

restrained of their freedom, still less ousted from their homes. Beware therefore how you princes of

the West bear yourselves; for I am the Lord of Beleriand, and all who seek to dwell there shall hear

my word. Into Doriath none shall come to abide but only such as I call as guests, or who seek me in

great need.'

Now the lords of the Noldor held council in Mithrim, and thither came Angrod out of Doriath,

bearing the message of King Thingol. Cold seemed its welcome to the Noldor, and the sons of

Fëanor were angered at the words; but Maedhros laughed, saying: 'A king is he that can hold his

own, or eke his title is vain. Thingol does but grant us lands where his power does not run. Indeed

Doriath alone would be his realm this day, but for the coming of the Noldor. Therefore in Doriath

let him reign, and be glad that he has the sons of Finwë for his neighbours, not the Orcs of Morgoth

that we found. Elsewhere it shall go as seems good to us."

But Caranthir, who loved not the sons of Finarfin, and was the harshest of the brothers and the

most quick to anger, cried aloud: 'Yea more! Let not the sons of Finarfin run hither and thither with

their tales to this Dark Elf in his caves! Who made them our spokesmen to deal with him? And

though they be come indeed to Beleriand, let them not so swiftly forget that their father is a lord of

the Noldor, though their mother be of other kin.'

Then Angrod was wrathful and went forth from the council. Maedhros indeed rebuked

Caranthir; but the greater part of the Noldor, of both followings, hearing his words were troubled in

heart, fearing the fell spirit of the sons of Fëanor that it seemed would ever be like to burst forth in rash word or violence. But Maedhros restrained his brothers, and they departed from the council,

and soon afterwards they left Mithrim and went eastward beyond Aros to the wide lands about the

Hill of Himring. That region was named thereafter the March of Maedhros; for northwards there

was little defence of hill or river against assault from Angband. There Maedhros and his brothers

kept watch, gathering all such people as would come to them, and they had few dealings with their

kinsfolk westward, save at need. It is said indeed that Maedhros himself devised this plan, to lessen

the chances of strife, and because he was very

willing that the chief peril of assault should fall upon

himself; and he remained for his part in friendship with the houses of Fingolfin and Finarfin, and

would come among them at times for common counsel. Yet he also was bound by the oath, though

it slept now for a time.

Now the people of Caranthir dwelt furthest east beyond the upper waters of Gelion, about

Lake Helevorn under Mount Rerir and to the southward; and they climbed the heights of Ered Luin

and looked eastward in wonder, for wild and wide it seemed to them were the lands of Middle-

earth. And thus it was that Caranthir's people came upon the Dwarves, who after the onslaught of

Morgoth and the coming of the Noldor had ceased their traffic into Beleriand. But though either

people loved skill and were eager to learn, no great love was there between them; for the Dwarves

were secret and quick to resentment, and Caranthir was haughty and scarce concealed his scorn for

the unloveliness of the Naugrim, and his people followed their lord. Nevertheless since both

peoples feared and hated Morgoth they made alliance, and had of it great profit; for the Naugrim

learned many secrets of craft in those days, so that the smiths and masons of Nogrod and Belegost

became renowned among their kin, and when the Dwarves began again to journey into Beleriand all

the traffic of the dwarf-mines passed first through the hands of Caranthir, and thus great riches came to him.

When twenty years of the Sun had passed, Fingolfin King of the Noldor made a great feast; and it was held in the spring near to the pools of Ivrin, whence the swift river Narog rose, for there the lands were green and fair at the feet of the Mountains of Shadow that shielded them from the north. The joy of that feast was long remembered in later days of sorrow; and it was called Mereth Aderthad, the Feast of Reuniting. Thither came many of the chieftains and people of Fingolfin and Finrod; and of the sons of Fëanor Maedhros and Maglor, with warriors of the eastern March; and there came also great numbers of the Grey-elves, wanderers of the woods of Beleriand and folk of the Havens, with Círdan their lord. There came even Green-elves from Ossiriand, the Land of Seven Rivers, far off under the walls of the Blue Mountains; but out of Doriath there came but two messengers, Mablung and Daeron, bearing greetings from the King.

At Mereth Aderthad many counsels were taken in good will, and oaths were sworn of league and friendship; and it is told that at this feast the tongue of the Grey-elves was most spoken even by the Noldor, for they learned swiftly the speech of Beleriand, whereas the Sindar were slow to

master the tongue of Valinor. The hearts of the Noldor were high and full of hope, and to many

among them it seemed that the words of Fëanor had been Justified, bidding them seek freedom and

fair kingdoms in Middle-earth; and indeed there followed after long years of peace, while their

swords fenced Beleriand from the ruin of Morgoth, and his power was shut behind his gates. In

those days there was joy beneath the new Sun and Moon, and all the land was glad; but still the

Shadow brooded in the north.

And when again thirty years had passed, Turgon son of Fingolfin left Nevrast where he dwelt

and sought out Finrod his friend upon the island of Tol Sirion, and they journeyed southward along

the river, being weary for a while of the northern mountains; and as they journeyed night came upon

them beyond the Meres of Twilight beside the waters of Sirion, and they slept upon his banks

beneath the summer stars. But Ulmo coming up the river laid a deep sleep upon them and heavy

dreams; and the trouble of the dreams remained after they awoke, but neither said aught to the

other, for their memory was not clear, and each believed that Ulmo had sent a message to him

alone. But unquiet was upon them ever after, and doubt of what should befall, and they wandered

often alone in untrodden lands, seeking far and wide for places of hidden strength; for it seemed to

each that he was bidden to prepare for a day of evil, and to establish a retreat, lest Morgoth should

burst from Angband and overthrow the armies of the North.

Now on a time Finrod and Galadriel his sister were the guests of Thingol their kinsman in

Doriath. Then Finrod was filled with wonder at the strength and majesty of Menegroth, its

treasuries and armouries and its many-pillared halls of stone; and it came into his heart that he

would build wide halls behind ever-guarded gates in some deep and secret place beneath the hills.

Therefore he opened his heart to Thingol, telling him of his dreams; and Thingol spoke to him of

the deep gorge of the River Narog, and the caves under the High Faroth in its steep western shore,

and when he departed he gave him guides to lead him to that place of which few yet knew. Thus

Finrod came to the Caverns of Narog, and began to establish there deep halls and armouries after

the fashion of the mansions of Menegroth; and that stronghold was called Nargothrond. In that

labour Finrod was aided by the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains; and they were rewarded well, for

Finrod had brought more treasures out of Tirion than any other of the princes of the Noldor. And in

that time was made for him the Nauglamír, the Necklace of the Dwarves, most renowned of their

works in the Elder Days. It was a carcanet of gold, and set therein were gems uncounted from

Valinor; but it had a power within it so that it rested lightly on its wearer as a strand of flax, and

whatsoever neck it clasped it sat always with grace and loveliness.

There in Nargothrond Finrod made his home with many of his people, and he was named in

the tongue of the Dwarves Felagund, Hewer of Caves; and that name he bore thereafter until his

end. But Finrod Felagund was not the first to dwell m the caves beside the River Narog.

Galadriel his sister went not with him to Nargothrond, for in Doriath dwelt Celeborn, kinsman

of Thingol, and there was great love between them. Therefore she remained in the Hidden

Kingdom, and abode with Melian, and of her learned great lore and wisdom concerning Middle-

earth.

But Turgon remembered the city set upon a hill, Tirion the fair with its tower and tree, and he

found not what he sought, but returned to Nevrast, and sat in peace in Vinyamar by the shores of the

sea. And in the next year Ulmo himself appeared to him, and bade him go forth again alone into the

Vale of Sirion; and Turgon went forth, and by the guidance of Ulmo he discovered the hidden vale

of Tumladen in the Encircling Mountains, in the midst of which there was a hill of stone. Of this he

spoke to none as yet, but returned once more to Nevrast, and there began in his secret counsels to

devise the plan of a city after the manner of Tirion upon Túna, for which his heart yearned in exile.

Now Morgoth, believing the report of his spies that the lords of the Noldor were wandering

abroad with little thought of war, made trial of the strength and watchfulness of his enemies. Once

more, with little warning, his might was stirred, and suddenly there were earthquakes in the north,

and fire came from fissures in the earth, and the Iron Mountains vomited flame; and Orcs poured

forth across the plain of Ard-galen. Thence they thrust down the Pass of Sirion in the west, and in

the east they burst through the land of Maglor, in the gap between the hills of Maedhros and the

outliers of the Blue Mountains. But Fingolfin and Maedhros were not sleeping, and while others

sought out the scattered bands of Orcs that strayed in Beleriand did great evil they came upon the

main host from either side as it was assaulting Dorthonion; and they defeated the servants of

Morgoth, and pursuing them across Ard-galen destroyed them utterly, to the least and last, within

sight of Angband's gates. That was the third great battle of the Wars of Beleriand, and it was named

Dagor Aglareb, the Glorious Battle.

A victory it was, and yet a warning; and the princes took heed of it, and thereafter drew closer

their leaguer, and strengthened and ordered their watch, setting the Siege of Angband. which lasted

wellnigh four hundred years of the Sun. For a long time after Dagor Aglareb no servant of Morgoth

would venture from his gates, for they feared the lords of the Noldor; and Fingolfin boasted that

save by treason among themselves Morgoth could never again burst from the leaguer of the Eldar,

nor come upon them at unawares. Yet the Noldor could not capture Angband, nor could they regain

the Silmarils; and war never wholly ceased in all that time of the Siege, for Morgoth devised new

evils, and ever and anon he would make trial of his enemies. Nor could the stronghold of Morgoth

be ever wholly encircled: for the Iron Mountains, from whose great curving wall the towers of

Thangorodrim were thrust forward, defended it upon either side, and were impassable to the

Noldor, because of their snow and ice. Thus in his rear and to the north Morgoth had no foes, and

by that way his spies at times went out, and came by devious routes into Beleriand. And desiring

above all to sow fear and disunion among the Eldar, he commanded the Orcs to take alive any of

them that they could and bring them bound to Angband; and some he so daunted by the terror of his

eyes that they needed no chains more, but walked

ever in fear of him, doing his will wherever they might be. Thus Morgoth learned much of all that had befallen since the rebellion of Fëanor, and he rejoiced, seeing therein the seed of many dissensions among his foes.

When nearly one hundred years had run since the Dagor Aglareb, Morgoth endeavoured to take Fingolfin at unawares (for he knew of the vigilance of Maedhros); and he sent forth an army into the white north, and they turned west and again south and came down the coasts to the Firth of Drengist, by the route that Fingolfin followed from the Grinding Ice. Thus they would enter into the realm of Hithlum from the west; but they were espied in time, and Fingon fell upon them among the hills at the head of the Firth, and most of the Orcs were driven into the sea. This was not reckoned among the great battles, for the Orcs were not in great number, and only a part of the people of Hithlum fought there. But thereafter there was peace for many years, and no open assault from Angband, for Morgoth perceived now that the Orcs unaided were no match for the Noldor; and he sought in his heart for new counsel.

Again after a hundred years Glaurung, the first of the Urulóki, the fire-drakes of the North, issued from Angband's gates by night. He was yet

young and scarce half-grown, for long and slow

is the life of the dragons, but the Elves fled before him to Ered Wethrin and Dorthonion in dismay;

and he defiled the fields of Ard-galen. Then Fingon prince of Hithlum rode against him with archers

on horseback, and hemmed him round with a ring of swift riders; and Glaurung could not endure

their darts, being not yet come to his full armoury, and he fled back to Angband, and came not forth

again for many years. Fingon won great praise, and the Noldor rejoiced; for few foresaw the full

meaning and threat of this new thing. But Morgoth was ill-pleased that Glaurung had disclosed

himself over-soon; and after his defeat there was the Long Peace of wellnigh two hundred years. In

all that time there were but affrays on the marches, and all Beleriand prospered and grew rich.

Behind the guard of their armies in the north the Noldor built their dwellings and their towers, and

many fair things they made in those days, and poems and histories and books of lore. In many parts

of the land the Noldor and the Sindar became welded into one people, and spoke the same tongue;

though this difference remained between them, that the Noldor had the greater power of mind and

body. and were the mightier warriors and sages, and they built with stone, and loved the hill-slopes

and open lands. But the Sindar had the fairer voices and were more skilled in music, save only

Maglor son of Fëanor, and they loved the woods and the riversides; and some of the Grey-elves still

wandered far and wide without settled abode, and they sang as they went.

Chapter 14

Of Beleriand and Its Realms

This is the fashion of the lands into which the Noldor came, in the north of the western regions of

Middle-earth, in the ancient days; and here also is told of the manner in which the chieftains of the

Eldar held their lands and the leaguer upon Morgoth after the Dagor Aglareb, the third battle in the

Wars of Beleriand.

In the north of the world Melkor had in the ages past reared Ered Engrin, the Iron Mountains,

as a fence to his citadel of Utumno; and they stood upon the borders of the regions of everlasting

cold, in a great curve from east to west. Behind the walls of Ered Engrin in the west, where they

bent back northwards, Melkor built another fortress, as a defence against assault that might come

from Valinor; and when he came back to Middle-earth, as has been told, he took up his abode in the

endless dungeons of Angband, the Hells of Iron, for in the War of the Powers the Valar, in their

haste to overthrow him in his great stronghold of

Utumno, did not wholly destroy Angband nor search out all its deep places. Beneath Ered Engrin he made a great tunnel, which issued south of the mountains; and there he made a mighty gate. But above this gate, and behind it even to the mountains, he piled the thunderous towers of Thangorodrim, that were made of the ash and slag of his subterranean furnaces, and the vast refuse of his tunnellings. They were black and desolate and exceedingly lofty; and smoke issued from their tops, dark and foul upon the northern sky. Before the gates of Angband filth and desolation spread southward for many miles over the wide plain of Ard-galen; but after the coming of the Sun rich grass arose there, and while Angband was besieged and its gates shut there were green things even among the pits and broken rocks before the doors of hell.

To the west of Thangorodrim lay Hisilómë, the Land of Mist, for so it was named by the Noldor in their own tongue because of the clouds that Morgoth sent thither during their first encampment; Hithlum it became in the tongue of the Sindar that dwelt in those regions. It was a fair land while the Siege of Angband lasted, although its air was cool and winter there was cold. In the west it was bounded by Ered Lómin, the Echoing Mountains that marched near the sea; and in the

east and south by the great curve of Ered Wethrin, the Shadowy Mountains, that looked across Ard-

galen and the Vale of Sirion.

Fingolfin and Fingon his son held Hithlum, and the most part of Fingolfin's folk dwelt in

Mithrim about the shores of the great lake; to Fingon was assigned Dor-lómin, that lay to the west

of the Mountains of Mithrim. But their chief fortress was at Eithel Sirion in the east of Ered

Wethrin, whence they kept watch upon Ard-galen; and their cavalry rode upon that plain even to the

shadow of Thangorodrim, for from few their horses had increased swiftly, and the grass of Ard-

galen was rich and green. Of those horses many of the sires came from Valinor, and they were given

to Fingolfin by Maedhros in atonement of his losses, for they had been carried by ship to Losgar.

West of Dor-lómin, beyond the Echoing Mountains, which south of the Firth of Drengist

marched inland, lay Nevrast, that signifies the Hither Shore in the Sindarin tongue. That name was

given at first to all the coast-lands south of the Firth, but afterwards only to the land whose shores

lay between Drengist and Mount Taras. There for many years was the realm of Turgon the wise, son

of Fingolfin, bounded by the sea, and by Ered Lómin, and by the hills which continued the walls of

Ered Wethrin westward, from Ivrin to Mount Taras, which stood upon a promontory. By some

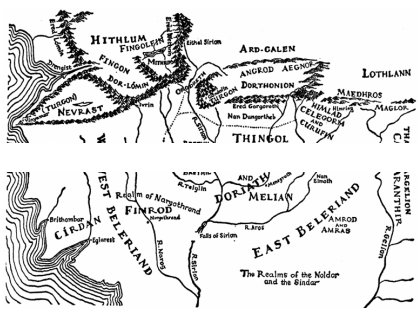
Nevrast was held to belong rather to Beleriand than to Hithlum, for it was a milder land, watered by

the wet winds from the sea and sheltered from the cold north winds that blew over Hithlum. It was a

hollow land, surrounded by mountains and great coast-cliffs higher than the plains behind, and no

river flowed thence; and there was a great mere in the midst of Nevrast, with no certain shores,

being encircled by wide marshes. Linaewen was the name of that mere, because of the multitude of



birds that dwelt there, of such as love tall reeds and shallow pools. At the coming of the Noldor

many of the Grey-elves lived in Nevrast near to the coasts, and especially about Mount Taras in the

south-west; for to that place Ulmo and Ossë had been wont to come in days of old. All that people

took Turgon for their lord, and the mingling of the Noldor and the Sindar came to pass soonest

there; and Turgon dwelt long in those halls that he named Vinyamar, under Mount Taras beside the

sea.

South of Ard-galen the great highland named Dorthonion stretched for sixty leagues from

west to east; great pine forests it bore, especially on its northern and western sides. By gentle slopes from the 'plain it rose to a bleak and lofty land, where lay many tarns at the feet of bare tors whose

heads were higher than the peaks of Ered Wethrin; but southward where it looked towards Doriath it

fell suddenly in dreadful precipices. From the northern slopes of Dorthonion Angrod and Aegnor,

sons of Finarfin, looked out over the fields of Ard-galen, and were the vassals of their brother

Finrod, lord of Nargothrond; their people were few, for the land was barren, and the great highlands

behind were deemed to be a bulwark that Morgoth would not lightly seek to cross.

Between Dorthonion and the Shadowy Mountains there was a narrow vale, whose sheer walls

were clad with pines; but the vale itself was green, for the River Sirion flowed through it, hastening

towards Beleriand. Finrod held the Pass of Sirion, and upon the isle of Tol Sirion in the midst of the

river he built a mighty watch-tower, Minas Tirith; but after Nargothrond was made he committed

that fortress mostly to the keeping of Orodreth his brother.

Now the great and fair country of Beleriand lay on either side of the mighty river Sirion,

renowned in song, which rose at Eithel Sirion and

skirted the edge of Ard-galen ere he plunged

through the pass, becoming ever fuller with the streams of the mountains. Thence he flowed south

for one hundred and thirty leagues, gathering the waters of many tributaries, until with a mighty

flood he reached his many mouths and sandy delta in the Bay of Balar. And following Sirion from

north to south there lay upon the right hand m West Beleriand the Forest of Brethil between Sirion

and Teiglin, and then the realm of Nargothrond, between Teiglin and Narog. And the River Narog

rose in the falls of Ivrin in the southern face of Dor-lómin, and flowed some eighty leagues ere he

joined Sirion in Nan-tathren, the Land of Willows. South of Nan-tathren was a region of meads

filled with many flowers, where few folk dwelt; and beyond lay the marshes and isles of reed about

the mouths of Sirion, and the sands of his delta empty of all living things save birds of the sea.

But the realm of Nargothrond extended also west of Narog to the River Nenning, that reached

the sea at Eglarest; and Finrod became the overlord of all the Elves of Beleriand between Sirion and

the sea, save only in the Falas. There dwelt those of the Sindar who still loved ships, and Círdan the

shipbuilder was their lord; but between Círdan and Finrod there was friendship and alliance, and

with the aid of the Noldor the havens of Brithombar and Eglarest were built anew. Behind their

great walls they became fair towns and harbours with quays and piers of stone. Upon the cape west

of Eglarest Finrod raised the tower of Barad Nimras to watch the western sea, though needlessly, as

it proved; for at no time ever did Morgoth essay to build ships or to make war by sea. Water all his

servants shunned, and to the sea none would willingly go nigh, save in dire need. With the aid of the

Elves of the Havens some of the folk of Nargothrond built new ships, and they went forth and

explored the great Isle of Balar, thinking there to prepare a last refuge, if evil came; but it was not

their fate that they should ever dwell there.

Thus the realm of Finrod was the greatest by far, though he was the youngest of the great

lords of the Noldor, Fingolfin, Fingon, and Maedhros, and Finrod Felagund. But Fingolfin was held

overlord of all the Noldor, and Fingon after him, though their own realm was but the northern land

of Hithlum; yet their people were the most hardy and valiant, most feared by the Orcs and most

hated by Morgoth.

Upon the left hand of Sirion lay East Beleriand, at its widest a hundred leagues from Sirion to

Gelion and the borders of Ossiriand; and first, between Sirion and Mindeb, lay the empty land of

Dimbar under the peaks of the Crissaegrim, abode of eagles. Between Mindeb and the upper waters

of Esgalduin lay the no-land of Nan Dungortheb; and that region was filled with fear, for upon its

one side the power of Melian fenced the north march of Doriath, but upon the other side the sheer

precipices of Ered Gorgoroth, Mountains of Terror, fell down from high Dorthonion. Thither, as was

earlier told, Ungoliant had fled from the whips of the Balrogs, and there she dwelt a while, filling

the ravines with her deadly gloom, and there still, when she had passed away, her foul offspring

lurked and wove their evil nets; and the thin waters that spilled from Ered Gorgoroth were defiled,

and perilous to drink, for the hearts of those that tasted them were filled with shadows of madness

and despair. All living things else shunned that land, and the Noldor would pass through Nan

Dungortheb only at great need, by paths near to the borders of Doriath and furthest from the

haunted hills. That way was made long before, in the time ere Morgoth returned to Middle-earth;

and if one fared upon it he came eastwards to Esgalduin, where still there stood in the days of the

Siege the stone bridge of Iant Taur. Thence he passed through Dor Dínen, the Silent Land, and

crossing the Arossiach (which signifies the Fords of Aros) came to the north marches of Beleriand,

where dwelt the sons of Fëanor.

Southward lay the guarded woods of Doriath, abode of Thingol the Hidden King, into whose

realm none passed save by his will. Its northern and lesser part, the Forest of Neldoreth, was

bounded east and south by the dark river Esgalduin, which bent westward in the midst of the land;

and between Aros and Esgalduin lay the denser and greater woods of Region. Upon the southern

bank of Esgalduin, where it turned westward towards Sirion, were the Caves of Menegroth; and all

Doriath lay east of Sirion save for a narrow region of woodland between the meeting of Teiglin and

Sirion and the Meres of Twilight. By the people of Doriath this wood was called Nivrim, the West

March; great oak-trees grew there, and it also was encompassed within the Girdle of Melian, that so

some portion of Sirion which she loved in reverence of Ulmo should be wholly under the power of

Thingol.

In the south-west of Doriath, where Aros flowed into Sirion, lay great pools and marshes on

either side of the river, which halted there in his course and strayed in many channels. That region

was named Aelin-uial, the Twilight Meres, for they were wrapped in mists, and the enchantment of

Doriath lay over them. Now all the northern part of Beleriand sloped southward to this point and

then for a while was plain, and the flood of Sirion was stayed. But south of Aelin-uial the land fell

suddenly and steeply; and all the lower fields of Sirion were divided from the upper fields by this

fall, which to one looking from the south northward appeared as an endless chain of hills running

from Eglarest beyond Narog in the west to Amon Ereb in the east, within far sight of Gelion. Narog

came through these hills in a deep gorge, and flowed over rapids bat had no fall, and on its western

bank the land rose into the great wooded highlands of Tauren-Faroth. On the west side of this gorge,

where the short and foaming stream Ringwil tumbled headlong into Narog from the High Faroth,

Finrod established Nargothrond. But some twenty-five leagues east of the gorge of Nargothrond

Sirion fell from the north in a mighty fall below the Meres, and then he plunged suddenly

underground into great tunnels that the weight of his falling waters delved; and he issued again

three leagues southward with great noise and smoke through rocky arches at the foot of the hills

which were called the Gates of Sirion.

This dividing fall was named Andram, the Long Wall, from Nargothrond to Ramdal, the

Wall's End, in East Beleriand. But in the east it became ever less sheer, for the vale of Gelion sloped

steadily southward, and Gelion had neither fall nor rapids throughout his course, but was ever

swifter than was Sirion. Between Ramdal and Gelion there stood a single hill of great extent and

gentle slopes, but seeming mightier than it was, for it stood alone; and that hill was named Amon

Ereb. Upon Amon Ereb died Denethor, lord of the Nandor that dwelt in Ossiriand, who marched to

the aid of Thingol against Morgoth in those days when the Orcs first came down in force, and broke

the starlit peace of Beleriand; and upon that hill Maedhros dwelt after the great defeat. But south of

the Andram, between Sirion and Gelion, was a wild land of tangled forest in which no folk went,

save here and there a few Dark Elves wandering; Taur-im-Duinath it was named, the Forest

between the Rivers.

Gelion was a great river; and he rose in two sources and had at first two branches; Little

Gelion that came from the Hill of Himring, and Greater Gelion that came from Mount Rerir. From

the meeting of his arms he flowed south for forty leagues before he found his tributaries; and before

he found the sea he was twice as long as Sirion, though less wide and full, for more rain fell in

Hithlum and Dorthonion, whence Sirion drew his waters, than in the east. From Ered Luin flowed

the six tributaries of Gelion: Ascar (that was after named Rathlóriel), Thalos, Legolin, Brilthor,

Duilwen, and Adurant, swift and turbulent streams, falling steeply from the mountains; and between

Ascar in the north and Adurant in the south, and between Gelion and Ered Luin, lay the far green

country of Ossiriand, the Land of Seven Rivers. Now at a point nearly midway in its course the

stream of Adurant divided and then joined again; and the island that its waters enclosed was named

Tol Galen, the Green Isle. There Beren and Lúthien dwelt after their return.

In Ossiriand dwelt the Green-elves, in the protection of their rivers; for after Sirion Ulmo

loved Gelion above all the waters of the western world. The woodcraft of the Elves of Ossiriand

was such that a stranger might pass through their land from end to end and see none of them. They

were clad in green in spring and summer, and the sound of their singing could be heard even across

the waters of Gelion; wherefore the Noldor named that country Lindon, the land of music, and the

mountains beyond they named Ered Lindon, for they first saw them from Ossiriand.

East of Dorthonion the marches of Beleriand were most open to attack, and only hills of no

great height guarded the vale of Gelion from the north. In that region, upon the March of Maedhros

and in the lands behind, dwelt the sons of Fëanor with many people; and their riders passed often

over the vast northern plain, Lothlann the wide and

empty, east of Ard-galen, lest Morgoth should

attempt any sortie towards Bast Beleriand. The chief citadel of Maedhros was upon the Hill of

Himring, the Ever-cold; and that was wide-shouldered, bare of trees, and flat upon its summit,

surrounded by many lesser hills. Between Himring and Dorthonion there was a pass, exceeding

steep upon the west, and that was the Pass of Aglon, and was a gate unto Doriath; and a bitter wind

blew ever through it from the north. But Celegorm and Curufin fortified Aglon and held it with

great strength, and all the land of Himlad southward between the River Aros that rose in Dorthonion

and his tributary Celon that came from Himring.

Between the arms of Gelion was the ward of Maglor, and here in one place the hills failed

altogether: there it was that the Orcs came into East Beleriand before the Third Battle. Therefore the

Noldor held strength of cavalry In the plains at that place; and the people of Caranthir fortified the

mountains to the east of Maglor's Gap. There Mount Rerir, and about it many lesser heights, stood

out from the main range of Ered Lindon westward; and in the angle between Rerir and Ered Lindon

there was a lake, shadowed by mountains on all sides save the south. That was Lake Helevorn, deep

and dark, and beside it Caranthir had his abode; but all the great land between Gelion and the

mountains, and between Rerir and the River Ascar, was called by the Noldor Thargelion, which

signifies the Land beyond Gelion, or Dor Caranthir, the Land of Caranthir; and it was here that the

Noldor first met the Dwarves. But Thargelion was before called by the Grey-elves Talath Rhúnen,

the East Vale.

Thus the sons of Fëanor under Maedhros were the lords of East Beleriand, but their people

were in that time mostly in the north of the land, and southward they rode only to hunt in the

greenwoods. But there Amrod and Amras had their abode, and they came seldom northward while

the Siege lasted; and there also other of the Elf-lords would ride at times, even from afar, for the

land was wild but very fair. Of these Fin-rod Felagund came most often, for he had great love of

wandering and he came even into Ossiriand, and won the friendship of the Green-elves. But none of

the Noldor went ever over Ered Lindon, while their realm lasted; and little news and late came into

Beleriand of what passed in the regions of the East.

Chapter 15

Of the Noldor in Beleriand

It has been told how by the guidance of Ulmo Turgon of Nevrast discovered the hidden vale of

Tumladen; and that (as was after known) lay east of the upper waters of Sirion, in a ring of

mountains tall and sheer, and no living thing came there save the eagles of Thorondor. But there

was a deep way under the mountains delved in the darkness of the world by waters that flowed out

to join the streams of Sirion; and this way Turgon found, and so came to the green plain amid the

mountains, and saw the island-hill that stood there of hard smooth stone; for the vale had been a

great lake in ancient days. Then Turgon knew that he had found the place of his desire, and he

resolved to build there a fair city, a memorial of Tirion upon Túna; but he returned to Nevrast, and

remained there in peace, though he pondered ever in his thought how he should accomplish his

design.

Now after the Dagor Aglareb the unquiet that Ulmo set in his heart returned to him, and he

summoned many of the hardiest and most skilled of his people, and led them secretly to the hidden

vale, and there they began the building of the city that Turgon had devised; and they set a watch all

about it, that none might come upon their work from without, and the power of Ulmo that ran in

Sirion protected them. But Turgon dwelt still for the most part in Nevrast, until it came to pass that

at last the city was full-wrought, after two and fifty years of secret toil. It is said that Turgon

appointed its name to be Ondolindë in the speech of the Elves of Valinor, the Rock of the Music of

Water, for there were fountains upon the hill; but in the Sindarin tongue the name was changed, and

it became Gondolin, the Hidden Rock. Then Turgon prepared to depart from Nevrast and leave his

halls in Vinyamar beside the sea; and there Ulmo came to him once again, and spoke with him. And

he said: 'Now thou shalt go at last to Gondolin, Turgon; and I will maintain my power in the Vale of

Sirion, and in all the waters therein, so that none shall mark thy going, nor shall any find there the

hidden entrance against thy will. Longest of all the realms of the Eldalië shall Gondolin stand

against Melkor. But love not too well the work of thy hands and the devices of thy heart; and

remember that the true hope of the Noldor lieth in the West and cometh from the Sea.'

And Ulmo warned Turgon that he also lay under the Doom of Mandos, which Ulmo had no

power to remove. 'Thus it may come to pass,' he said, 'that the curse of the Noldor shall find thee

too ere the end, and treason awake within thy walls. Then they shall be in peril of fire. But if this

peril draweth nigh indeed, then even from Nevrast one shall come to warn thee, and from him

beyond ruin and fire hope shall be born for Elves and Men. Leave therefore in this house arms and a

sword, that in years to come he may find them, and thus shalt thou know him, and not be deceived.'

And Ulmo declared to Turgon of what kind and stature should be the helm and mail and sword that

he left behind.

Then Ulmo returned to the sea, and Turgon sent forth all his people, even to a third part of the

Noldor of Fingolfin's following, and a yet greater host of the Sindar; and they passed away,

company by company, secretly, under the shadows of Ered Wethrin, and they came unseen to

Gondolin, and none knew whither they had gone. And last of all Turgon arose, and went with his

household silently through the hills, and passed the gates in the mountains, and they were shut

behind him.

Through many long years none passed inward thereafter, save Húrin and Huor only; and the

host of Turgon came never forth again until the Year of Lamentation after three hundred and fifty

years and more. But behind the circle of the mountains the people of Turgon grew and throve, and

they put forth their skill in labour unceasing, so that Gondolin upon Amon Gwareth became fair

indeed and fit to compare even with Elven Tirion beyond the sea. High and white were its walls,

and smooth its stairs, and tall and strong was the Tower of the King. There shining fountains played,

and in the courts of Turgon stood images of the Trees of old, which Turgon himself wrought with

elven-craft; and the Tree which he made of gold was named Glingal, and the Tree whose flowers he made of silver was named Belthil. But fairer than all the wonders of Gondolin was Idril, Turgon's daughter, she that was called Celebrindal, the Silver-foot, whose hair was as the gold of Laurelin before the coming of Melkor. Thus Turgon lived long in bliss; but Nevrast was desolate, and remained empty of living folk until the ruin of Beleriand.

Now while the city of Gondolin was building in secret, Finrod Felagund wrought in the deep places of Nargothrond; but Galadriel his sister dwelt, as has been told, in Thingol's realm in Doriath. And at times Melian and Galadriel would speak together of Valinor and the bliss of old; but beyond the dark hour of the death of the Trees Galadriel would not go, but ever fell silent. And on a time Melian said: 'There is some woe that lies upon you and your kin. That I can see in you, but all else is hidden from me; for by no vision or thought can I perceive anything that passed or passes in the West: a shadow lies over all the land of Aman, and reaches far out over the sea. Why will you not tell me more?'

'For that woe is past,' said Galadriel; 'and I would take what joy is here left, untroubled by

memory. And maybe there is woe enough yet to come, though still hope may seem bright.'

Then Melian looked in her eyes, and said: 'I believe not that the Noldor came forth as

messengers of the Valar, as was said at first: not though they came in the very hour of our need. For

they speak never of the Valar, nor have their high lords brought any message to Thingol, whether

from Manwë, or Ulmo, or even from Olwë the King's brother, and his own folk that went over the

sea. For what cause, Galadriel, were the high people of the Noldor driven forth as exiles from

Aman? Or what evil lies on the sons of Fëanor that they are so haughty and so fell? Do I not strike

near the truth?'

"Near,' said Galadriel; 'save that we were not driven forth, but came of our own will, and

against that of the Valar. And through great peril and in despite of the Valar for this purpose we

came: to take vengeance upon Morgoth, and regain what he stole.'

Then Galadriel spoke to Melian of the Silmarils, and of the slaying of King Finwë at

Formenos: but still she said no word of the Oath, nor of the Kinslaying, nor of the burning of the

ships at Losgar. But Melian said: 'Now much you tell me, and yet more I perceive. A darkness you

would cast over the long road from Tirion, but I see evil there, which Thingol should learn for his

guidance.'

'Maybe,' said Galadriel; 'but not of me.'

And Melian spoke then no more of these matters with Galadriel; but she told to King Thingol

all that she had heard of the Silmarils. 'This is a great matter,' she said, 'greater indeed than the

Noldor themselves understand; for the Light of Aman and the fate of Arda lie locked now in these

things, the work of Fëanor, who is gone. They shall not be recovered, I foretell, by any power of the

Eldar; and the world shall be broken in battles that are to come, ere they are wrested from Morgoth.

See now! Fëanor they have slain, and many another, as I guess; but first of all the deaths they have

brought and yet shall bring was Finwë your friend. Morgoth slew him, ere he fled from Aman.'

Then Thingol was silent, being filled with grief and foreboding; but at length he said: 'Now at

last I understand the coming of the Noldor out of the West, at which I wondered much before. Not

to our aid did they come (save by chance); for those that remain in Middle-earth the Valar will leave

to their own devices, until the uttermost need. For vengeance and redress of their loss the Noldor

came. Yet all the more sure shall they be as allies against Morgoth, with whom it is not now to be

thought that they shall ever make treaty.'

But Melian said: 'Truly for these causes they came; but for others also. Beware of the sons of

Fëanor! The shadow of the wrath of the Valar lies upon them; and they have done evil, I perceive,

both in Aman and to their own kin. A grief but lulled to sleep lies between the princes of the

Noldor.'

And Thingol answered: 'What is that to me? Of Fëanor I have heard but report, which makes

him great indeed. Of his sons I hear little to my pleasure; yet they are likely to prove the deadliest

foes of our foe.'

Their swords and their counsels shall have two edges,' I said Melian; and afterwards they

spoke no more of this matter.

It was not long before whispered tales began to pass among the Sindar concerning the deeds

of the Noldor ere they came to Beleriand. Certain it is whence they came, and the evil truth was

enhanced and poisoned by lies; but the Sindar were yet unwary and trustful of words, and (as may

well be thought) Morgoth chose them for this first assault of his malice, for they knew him not. And

Círdan, hearing these dark tales, was troubled; for he was wise, and perceived swiftly that true or

false they were put about at this time through malice, though the malice he deemed was that of the

princes of the Noldor, because of the jealousy of their houses. Therefore he sent messengers to

Thingol to tell all that he had heard.

It chanced that at that time the sons of Finarfin were again the guests of Thingol, for they

wished to see their sister Galadriel. Then Thingol, being greatly moved, spoke in anger to Finrod,

saying: 'Ill have you done to me, kinsman, to conceal so great matters from me. For now I have

learned of all the evil deeds of the Noldor.'

But Finrod answered: 'What ill have I done yon, lord? Or what evil deed have the Noldor

done in all your realm to grieve you? Neither against your kinship nor against any of your people

have they thought evil or done evil.'

'I marvel at you, son of Eärwen,' said Thingol, 'that you would come to the board of your

kinsman thus red-handed from the slaying of your mothers kin, and yet say naught in defence, nor

yet seek any pardon!'

Then Finrod was greatly troubled, but he was silent, for he could not defend himself, save by

bringing charges against the other princes of the Noldor; and that he was loath to do before Thingol.

But in Angrod's heart the memory of the words of Caranthir welled up again in bitterness, and he

cried: 'Lord, I know not what lies you have heard, nor whence; but we came not red-handed.

Guiltless we came forth, save maybe of folly, to listen to the words of fell Fëanor, and become as if

besotted with wine, and as briefly. No evil did we do on our road, but suffered ourselves great

wrong; and forgave it. For this we are named tale-bearers to you and treasonable to the Noldor:

untruly as you know, for we have of our loyalty been silent before you, and thus earned your anger.

But now these charges are no longer to be borne, and the truth yon shall know.'

Then Angrod spoke bitterly against the sons of Fëanor, telling of the blood at Alqualondë, and

the Doom of Mandos, and the burning of the ships at Losgar. And he cried: 'Wherefore should we

that endured the Grinding Ice bear the name of kinslayers and traitors?'

'Yet the shadow of Mandos lies on you also,' said Melian. But Thingol was long silent ere he

spoke. 'Go now!' he said. 'For my heart is hot within me. Later you may return, if you will; for I will

not shut my doors for ever against you, my kindred, that were ensnared in an evil that you did not

aid. With Fingolfin and his people also I will keep friendship, for they have bitterly atoned for such

ill as they did. And in our hatred of the Power that wrought all this woe our griefs shall be lost. But

hear my words! Never again in my ears shall be heard the tongue of those who slew my kin in

Alqualondë! Nor in all my realm shall it be openly spoken, while my power endures. All the Sindar

shall hear my command that they shall neither speak with the tongue of the Noldor nor answer to it.

And all such as use it shall be held slayers of kin and betrayers of kin unrepentant.'

Then the sons of Finarfin departed from Menegroth with heavy hearts, perceiving how the

words of Mandos would ever be made true, and that none of the Noldor that followed after Fëanor

could escape from the shadow that lay upon his house. And it came to pass even as Thingol had

spoken; for the Sindar heard his word, and thereafter throughout Beleriand they refused the tongue

of the Noldor, and shunned those that spoke it aloud; but the Exiles took the Sindarin tongue in all

their daily uses, and the High Speech of the West was spoken only by the lords of the Noldor among

themselves. Yet that speech lived ever as a language of lore, wherever any of that people dwelt.

It came to pass that Nargothrond was full-wrought (and yet Turgon still dwelt in the halls of

Vinyamar), and the sons of Finarfin were gathered there to a feast; and Galadriel came from Doriath

and dwelt a while in Nargothrond. Now King Finrod Felagund had no wife, and Galadriel asked

him why this should be; but foresight came upon Felagund as she spoke, and he said: 'An oath I too

shall swear, and must be free to fulfil it, and go into darkness. Nor shall anything of my realm

endure that a son should inherit.'

But it is said that not until that hour had such cold thoughts ruled him; for indeed she whom

he had loved was Amarië of the Vanyar, and she went not with him into exile.

Chapter 16

Of Maeglin

Aredhel Ar-Feiniel, the White Lady of the Noldor, daughter of Fingolfin, dwelt in Nevrast with

Turgon her brother, and she went with him to the Hidden Kingdom. But she wearied of the guarded

city of Gondolin, desiring ever the longer the more to ride again in the wide lands and to walk in the

forests, as had been her wont in Valinor: and when two hundred years had passed since Gondolin

was full-wrought, she spoke to Turgon and asked leave to depart. Turgon was loath to grant this,

and long denied her; but at the last he yielded, saying: 'Go then, if you will though it is against my

wisdom, and I forebode that ill will come of it both to you and to me. But you shall go only to seek

Fingon, our brother; and those that I send with you shall return hither to Gondolin as swiftly as they

may.'

But Aredhel said: 'I am your sister and not your servant, and beyond your bounds I will go as

seems good to me. And if you begrudge me an escort, then I will go alone.'

Then Turgon answered: 'I grudge you nothing that I have. Yet I desire that none shall dwell

beyond my walls who know the way hither: and if I trust you, my sister, others I trust less to keep

guard on their tongues.'

And Turgon appointed three lords of his household to ride with Aredhel, and he bade them

lead her to Fingon in Hithlum, if they might prevail upon her. 'And be wary,' he said; 'for though

Morgoth be yet hemmed in the North there are many perils in Middle-earth of which the Lady

knows nothing.' Then Aredhel departed from Gondolin, and Turgon's heart was heavy at her going.

But when she came to the Ford of Brithiach in the River Sirion she said to her companions:

'Turn now south and not north, for I will not ride to Hithlum; my heart desires rather to find the sons

of Fëanor, my friends of old.' And since she could not be dissuaded they turned south as she

commanded, and sought admittance into Doriath. But the march-wardens denied them; for Thingol

would suffer none of the Noldor to pass the Girdle, save his kinsfolk of the house of Finarfin, and

least of all those that were friends of the sons of Fëanor. Therefore the march-wardens said to

Aredhel: 'To the land of Celegorm for which you seek, Lady, you may by no means pass through the

realm of King Thingol; you must ride beyond the Girdle of Melian, to the south or to the north. The

speediest way is by the paths that lead east from the Brithiach through Dimbar and along the north-

march of this kingdom, until you pass the Bridge of Esgalduin and the Fords of Aros, and come to

the lands that lie behind the Hill of Himring. There dwell, as we believe, Celegorm and Curufin,

and it may be that you will find them; but the road is perilous.'

Then Aredhel turned back and sought the dangerous road between the haunted valleys of Ered

Gorgoroth and the north fences of Doriath; and as they drew near to the evil region of Nan

Dungortheb the riders became enmeshed in shadows, and Aredhel strayed from her companions and

was lost. They sought long for her in vain, fearing that she had been ensnared, or had drunk from

the poisoned streams of that land; but the fell creatures of Ungoliant that dwelt in the ravines were

aroused and pursued them, and they hardly escaped with their lives. When at last they returned and

their tale was told there was great sorrow in Gondolin; and Turgon sat long alone, enduring grief

and anger in silence.

But Aredhel, having sought in vain for her companions, rode on, for she was fearless and

hardy of heart, as were all the children of Finwë; and she held on her way, and crossing Esgalduin

and Aros came to the land of Himlad between Aros and Celon where Celegorm and Curufin dwelt

in those days, before the breaking of the Siege of Angband. At that time they were from home,

riding with Caranthir east in Thargelion; but the people of Celegorm welcomed her and bade her

stay among them with honour until their lord's return. There for a while she was content, and had

great Joy in wandering free in the woodlands; but as the year lengthened and Celegorm did not

return, she became restless again, and took to riding alone ever further abroad, seeking for new

paths and untrodden glades. Thus it chanced in the waning of the year that Aredhel came to the

south of Himlad, and passed over Celon; and before she was aware she was enmeshed in Nan

Elmoth.

In that wood in ages past Melian walked in the twilight of Middle-earth when the trees were

young, and enchantment lay upon it still. But now the trees of Nan Elmoth were the tallest and

darkest in all Beleriand, and there the sun never

came; and there Eöl dwelt, who was named the

Dark Elf. Of old he was of the kin of Thingol, but he was restless and ill at ease in Doriath, and

when the Girdle of Melian was set about the Forest of Region where he dwelt he fled thence to Nan

Elmoth. There he lived in deep shadow, loving the night and the twilight under the stars. He

shunned the Noldor, holding them to blame for the return of Morgoth, to trouble the quiet of

Beleriand; but for the Dwarves he had more liking than any other of the Elvenfolk of old. From him

the Dwarves learned much of what passed in the lands of the Eldar.

Now the traffic of the Dwarves down from the Blue Mountains followed two roads across

East Beleriand, and the northern way, going towards the Fords of Aros, passed nigh to Nan Elmoth;

and there Eöl would meet the Naugrim and hold converse with them. And as their friendship grew

he would at times go and dwell as guest in the deep mansions of Nogrod or Belegost There he

learned much of metalwork, and came to great skill therein; and he devised a metal as hard as the

steel of the Dwarves, but so malleable that he could make it thin and supple; and yet it remained

resistant to all blades and darts. He named it *galvorn*, for it was black and shining like jet, and he was clad in it whenever he went abroad. But Eöl, though stooped by his smithwork, was no Dwarf,

but a tall Elf of a high kin of the Teleri, noble though grim of face; and his eyes could see deep into

shadows and dark places. And it came to pass that he saw Aredhel Ar-Feiniel as she strayed among

the tall trees near the borders of Nan Elmoth, a gleam of white in the dim land. Very fair she seemed

to him, and he desired her; and he set his enchantments about her so that she could not find the

ways out, but drew ever nearer to his dwelling in the depths of the wood. There were his smithy,

and his dim halls, and such servants as he had, silent and secret as their master. And when Aredhel,

weary with wandering, came at last to his doors, he revealed himself; and he welcomed her, and led

her into his house. And there she remained; for Eöl took her to wife, and it was long ere any of her

kin heard of her again.

It is not said that Aredhel was wholly unwilling, nor that her life in Nan Elmoth was hateful to

her for many years. For though at Eöl's command she must shun the sunlight, they wandered far

together under the stars or by the light of the sickle moon; or she might fare alone as she would,

save that Eöl forbade her to seek the sons of Fëanor, or any others of the Noldor. And Aredhel bore

to Eöl a son in the shadows of Nan Elmoth, and in her heart she gave him a name in the forbidden

tongue of the Noldor, Lómion, that signifies Child of the Twilight; but his father gave him no name

until he was twelve years old. Then he called him Maeglin, which is Sharp Glance, for he perceived

that the eyes of his son were more piercing than his own, and his thought could read the secrets of

hearts beyond the mist of words.

As Maeglin grew to full stature he resembled in face and form rather his kindred of the

Noldor, but in mood and mind he was the son of his father. His words were few save in matters that

touched him near, and then his voice had a power to move those that heard him and to overthrow

those that withstood him. He was tall and black-haired; his eyes were dark, yet bright and keen as

the eyes of the Noldor, and his skin was white. Often he went with Eöl to the cities of the Dwarves

in the east of Ered Lindon, and there he learned eagerly what they would teach, and above all the

craft of finding the ores of metals in the mountains.

Yet it is said that Maeglin loved his mother better, and if Eöl were abroad he would sit long

beside her and listen to all that she could tell him of her kin and their deeds in Eldamar, and of the

might and valour of the princes of the House of Fingolfin. All these things he laid to heart, but most

of all that which he heard of Turgon, and that he

had no heir; for Elenwë his wife perished in the

crossing of the Helcaraxë, and his daughter Idril Celebrindal was his only child.

In the telling of these tales there was awakened in Aredhel a desire to see her own kin again,

and she marvelled that she had grown weary of the light of Gondolin, and the fountains in the sun,

and the green sward of Tumladen under the windy skies of spring; moreover she was often alone in

the shadows when both her son and her husband were away. Of these tales also grew the first

quarrels of Maeglin and Eöl. For by no means would his mother reveal to Maeglin where Turgon

dwelt, nor by what means one might come thither, and he bided his time, trusting yet to wheedle the

secret from her, or perhaps to read her unguarded mind; but ere that could be done he desired to

look on the Noldor and speak with the sons of Fëanor, his kin, that dwelt not far away. But when he

declared his purpose to Eöl, his father was wrathful. 'You are of the house of Eöl, Maeglin, my son,'

he said, 'and not of the Golodhrim. All this land is the land of the Teleri, and I will not deal nor have my son deal with the slayers of our kin, the invaders and usurpers of our homes. In this you shall

obey me, or I will set you in bonds.' And Maeglin did not answer, but was cold and silent, and went

abroad no more with Eöl; and Eöl mistrusted him.

It came to pass that at the midsummer the Dwarves, as was their custom, bade Eöl to a feast in

Nogrod; and he rode away. Now Maeglin and his mother were free for a while to go where they

wished, and they rode often to the eaves of the wood, seeking the sunlight; and desire grew hot in

Maeglin's heart to leave Nan Elmoth for ever. Therefore he said to Aredhel: 'Lady, let us depart

while there is time? What hope is there in this wood for you or for me? Here we are held in

bondage, and no profit shall I find here; for I have learned all that my father has to teach, or that the Naugrim will reveal to me. Shall we not seek for Gondolin? You shall be my guide, and I will be

your guard!'

Then Aredhel was glad, and looked with pride upon her son; and telling the servants of Eöl

that they went to seek the sons of Fëanor they departed and rode away to the north eaves of Nan

Elmoth. There they crossed the slender stream of Celon into the land of Himlad and rode on to the

Fords of Aros, and so westward along the fences of Doriath.

Now Eöl returned out of the east sooner than Maeglin had foreseen, and found his wife and

his son but two days gone; and so great was his anger that he followed after them even by the light

of day. As he entered the Himlad he mastered his wrath and went warily, remembering his danger,

for Celegorm and Curufin were mighty lords who

loved Eöl not at all, and Curufin moreover was of perilous mood; but the scouts of Aglon had marked the riding of Maeglin and Aredhel to the Fords of Aros, and Curufin perceiving that strange deeds were afoot came south from the Pass and encamped near the Fords. And before Eöl had ridden far across the Himlad he was waylaid by the riders of Curufin, and taken to their lord.

Then Curufin said to Eöl: 'What errand have you, Dark Elf, in my lands? An urgent matter, perhaps, that keeps one so sun-shy abroad by day.'

And Eöl knowing his peril restrained the bitter words that arose in his mind. 'I have learned. Lord Curufin,' he said. 'that my son and my wife, the White Lady of Gondolin, have ridden to visit you while I was from home; and it seemed to me fitting that I should join them on this errand.'

Then Curufin laughed at Eöl, and he said: 'They might have found their welcome here less warm than they hoped, had you accompanied them; but it is no matter, for that was not their errand. It is not two days since they passed over the Arossiach, and thence rode swiftly westward. It seems that you would deceive me; unless indeed you yourself have been deceived.'

And Eöl answered: 'Then, lord, perhaps you will give me leave to go, and discover the truth of this matter.'

'You have my leave, but not my love,' said Curufin. 'The sooner you depart from my land the

better will it please me.'

Then Eöl mounted his horse, saying: 'It is good, Lord Curufin, to find a kinsman thus kindly

at need. I will remember it when I return.' Then Curufin looked darkly upon Eöl. 'Do not flaunt the

title of your wife before me,' he said. 'For those who steal the daughters of the Noldor and wed them

without gift or leave do not gain kinship with their kin. I have given you leave to go. Take it, and be

gone. By the laws of the Eldar I may not slay you at this time. And this counsel I add: return now to

your dwelling in the darkness of Nan El-moth; for my heart warns me that if you now pursue those

who love you no more, never will you return thither.'

Then Eöl rode off in haste, and he was filled with hatred of all the Noldor; for he perceived

now that Maeglin and Aredhel were fleeing to Gondolin. And driven by anger and the shame of his

humiliation he crossed the Fords of Aros and rode hard upon the way that they had gone before; but

though they knew not that he followed them, and he had the swiftest steed, he came never in sight

of them until they reached the Brithiach, and abandoned their horses. Then by ill fate they were

betrayed; for the horses neighed loudly, and Eöl's steed heard them, and sped towards them; and Eöl

saw from afar the white raiment of Aredhel, and marked which way she went, seeking the secret

path into the mountains.

Now Aredhel and Maeglin came to the Outer Gate of Gondolin and the Dark Guard under the

mountains; and there she was received with Joy, and passing through the Seven Gates she came

with Maeglin to Turgon upon Amon Gwareth. Then the King listened with wonder to all that

Aredhel had to tell; and he looked with liking upon Maeglin his sister-son, seeing in him one

worthy to be accounted among the princes of the Noldor.

'I rejoice indeed that Ar-Feiniel has returned to Gondolin,' he said, 'and now more fair again

shall my city seem than in the days when I deemed her lost. And Maeglin shall have the highest

honour in my realm.'

Then Maeglin bowed low and took Turgon for lord and king, to do all his will; but thereafter

he stood silent and watchful, for the bliss and splendour of Gondolin surpassed all that he had

imagined from the tales of his mother, and he was amazed by the strength of the city and the hosts

of its people, and the many things strange and beautiful that he beheld. Yet to none were his eyes

more often drawn than to Idril the King's daughter,

who sat beside him; for she was golden as the

Vanyar, her mother's kindred, and she seemed to him as the sun from which all the King's hall drew

its light

But Eöl, following after Aredhel, found the Dry River and the secret path, and so creeping in

by stealth he came to the Guard, and was taken and questioned. And when the Guard heard that he

claimed Aredhel as wife they were amazed, and sent a swift messenger to the City; and he came to

the King's hall.

'Lord,' he cried, 'the Guard have taken captive one that came by stealth to the Dark Gate. Eöl

he names himself, and he is a tall Elf, dark and grim, of the kindred of the Sindar; yet he claims the

Lady Aredhel as his wife, and demands to be brought before you. His wrath is great and he is hard

to restrain; but we have not slain him as your law commands.'

Then Aredhel said: 'Alas! Eöl has followed us, even as I feared. But with great stealth was it

done; for we saw and heard no pursuit as we entered upon the Hidden Way.' Then she said to the

messenger: 'He speaks but the truth. He is Eöl and I am his wife, and he is the father of my son.

Slay him not, but lead him hither to the King's judgement, if the King so wills.'

And so it was done; and Eöl was brought to

Turgon's hall and stood before his high seat,

proud and sullen. Though he was amazed no less than his son at all that he saw, his heart was filled

the more with anger and with hate of the Noldor. But Turgon treated him with honour, and rose up

and would take his hand; and he said: "Welcome, kinsman, for so I hold you. Here you shall dwell

at your pleasure, save only that you must here abide and depart not from my kingdom; for it is my

law that none who finds the way hither shall depart.'

But Eöl withdrew his hand. 'I acknowledge not your law,' he said. 'No right have you or any of

your kin in this land to seize realms or to set bounds, either here or there. This is the land of the

Teleri, to which you bring war and all unquiet, dealing ever proudly and unjustly. I care nothing for

your secrets and I came not to spy upon you, but to claim my own: my wife and my son. Yet if in

Aredhel your sister you have some claim, then let her remain; let the bird go back to the cage,

where soon she will sicken again, as she sickened before. But not so Maeglin. My son you shall not

withhold from me. Come, Maeglin son of Eöl! Your father commands you. Leave the house of his

enemies and the slayers of his kin, or be accursed!' But Maeglin answered nothing.

Then Turgon sat in his high seat holding his staff of doom, and in a stem voice spoke: 'I will

not debate with you. Dark Elf. By the swords of the Noldor alone are your sunless woods defended.

Your freedom to wander there wild you owe to my kin; and but for them long since you would have

laboured in thraldom in the pits of Angband. And here I am King; and whether you will it or will it

not, my doom is law. This choice only is given to you: to abide here, or to die here; and so also for

your son.'

Then Eöl looked into the eyes of King Turgon, and he was not daunted, but stood long

without word or movement while a still silence fell upon the hall; and Aredhel was afraid, knowing

that he was perilous. Suddenly, swift as serpent, he seized a javelin that he held hid beneath his

cloak and cast it at Maeglin, crying:

'The second choice I take and for my son also! You shall not hold what is mine!'

But Aredhel sprang before the dart, and it smote her in the shoulder; and Eöl was overborne

by many and set in bonds, and led away, while others tended Aredhel. But Maeglin looking upon

his father was silent.

It was appointed that Eöl should be brought on the next day to the King's judgement; and

Aredhel and Idril moved Turgon to mercy. But in the evening Aredhel sickened, though the wound

had seemed little, and she fell into the darkness, and in the night she died; for the point of the

javelin was poisoned, though none knew it until too late.

Therefore when Eöl was brought before Turgon he found no mercy; and they led him forth to

the Caragdûr, a precipice of black rock upon the north side of the hill of Gondolin, there to cast him

down from the sheer walls of the city. And Maeglin stood by and said nothing; but at the last Eöl

cried out: 'So you forsake your father and his kin, ill-gotten son! Here shall you fail of all your

hopes, and here may you yet die the same death as I.'

Then they cast Eöl over the Caragdûr, and so he ended, and to all in Gondolin it seemed just;

but Idril was troubled, and from that day she mistrusted her kinsman. But Maeglin prospered and

grew great among the Gondolindrim, praised by all, and high in the favour of Turgon; for if he

would learn eagerly and swiftly all that he might, he had much also to teach. And he gathered about

him all such as had the most bent to smithcraft and mining; and he sought in the Echoriath (which

are the Encircling Mountains), and found rich lodes of ore of divers metals. Most he prized the hard

iron of the mine of Anghabar in the north of the Echoriath, and thence he got a wealth of forged

metal and of steel, so that the arms of the Gondolindrim were made ever stronger and more

keen;

and that stood them in good stead in the days to come. Wise in counsel was Maeglin and wary, and

yet hardy and valiant at need. And that was seen in after days: for when in the dread year of the

Nirnaeth Arnoediad Turgon opened his leaguer and marched forth to the help of Fingon in the north,

Maeglin would not remain in Gondolin as regent of the King, but went to the war and fought beside

Turgon, and proved fell and fearless in battle.

Thus all seemed well with the fortunes of Maeglin, who had risen to be mighty among the

princes of the Noldor, and greatest save one in the most renowned of their realms. Yet he did not

reveal his heart: and though not all things went as he would he endured it in silence, hiding his mind

so that few could read it, unless it were Idril Celebrindal. For from his first days in Gondolin he had

borne a grief, ever worsening, that robbed him of all joy: he loved the beauty of Idril and desired

her, without hope. The Eldar wedded not with kin so near, nor ever before had any desired to do so.

And however that might be, Idril loved Maeglin not at all; and knowing his thought of her she loved

him the less. For it seemed to her a thing strange and crooked in him, as indeed the Eldar ever since

have deemed it: an evil fruit of the Kinslaying, whereby the shadow of the curse of Mandos fell

upon the last hope of the Noldor. But as the years passed still Maeglin watched Idril, and waited,

and his love turned to darkness in his heart. And he sought the more to have his will in other

matters, shirking no toil or burden, if he might thereby have power.

Thus it was in Gondolin; and amid all the bliss of that realm, while its glory lasted, a dark

seed of evil was sown.

Chapter 17

Of the Coming of Men into the West

When three hundred years and more were gone since the Noldor came to Beleriand, in the days of

the Long Peace, Finrod Felagund lord of Nargothrond journeyed east of Sirion and went hunting

with Maglor and Maedhros, sons of Fëanor. But he wearied of the chase and passed cm alone

towards the mountains of Ered Lindon that he saw shining afar; and taking the Dwarf-road he

crossed Gelion at the ford of Sarn Athrad, and taming south over the upper streams of Ascar, he

came into the north of Ossiriand.

In a valley among the foothills of the mountains, below the springs of Thalos, he saw lights in

the evening, and far off he heard the sound of song.

At this he wondered much, for the Green-elves

of that land lit no fires, nor did they sing by night At first he feared that a raid of Orcs had passed

the leaguer of the North, but as he drew near he perceived that it was not so; for the singers used a

tongue that he had not heard before, neither that of Dwarves nor of Orcs. Then Felagund, standing

silent in the night-shadow of the trees, looked down into the camp, and there he beheld a strange

people.

Now these were a part of the kindred and following of Bëor the Old, as he was afterwards

called, a chieftain among Men. After many lives of wandering out of the East he had led them at last

over the Blue Mountains, the first of the race of Men to enter Beleriand; and they sang because they

were glad, and believed that they had escaped from all perils and had come at last to a land without

fear.

Long Felagund watched them, and love for them stirred in his heart; but he remained hidden

in the trees until they had all fallen asleep. Then he went among the sleeping people, and sat beside

their dying fire where none kept watch; and he took up a rude harp which Bëor had laid aside, and

he played music upon it such as the ears of Men had not heard; for they had as yet no teachers in the

art, save only the Dark Elves in the wild lands.

Now men awoke and listened to Felagund as he harped and sang, and each thought that he

was in some fair dream, until he saw that his fellows were awake also beside him; but they did not

speak or stir while Felagund still played, because of the beauty of the music and the wonder of the

song. Wisdom was in the words of the Elven-king, and the hearts grew wiser that hearkened to him;

for the things of which he sang, of the making of Arda, and the bliss of Aman beyond the shadows

of the Sea, came as clear visions before their eyes, and his Elvish speech was interpreted in each

mind according to its measure.

Thus it was that Men called King Felagund, whom they first met of all the Eldar, Nóm, that is

Wisdom, in the language of that people, and after him they named his folk Nómin, the Wise. Indeed

they believed at first that Felagund was one of the Valar, of whom they had heard rumour that they

dwelt far in the West; and this was (some say) the cause of their journeying. But Felagund dwelt

among them and taught them true knowledge, and they loved him, and took him for their lord, and

were ever after loyal to the house of Finarfin.

Now the Eldar were beyond all other peoples skilled in tongues; and Felagund discovered

also that he could read in the minds of Men such thoughts as they wished to reveal in speech, so

that their words were easily interpreted. It is said also that these Men had long had dealings with the

Dark Elves east of the mountains, and from them had learned much of their speech; and since all the

languages of the Quendi were of one origin, the language of Bëor and his folk resembled the Elven-

tongue in many words and devices. It was not long therefore before Felagund could hold converse

with Bëor; and while he dwelt with him they spoke much together. But when he questioned him

concerning the arising of Men and their journeys, Bëor would say little; and indeed he knew little,

for the fathers of his people had told few tales of their past and a silence had fallen upon their

memory. 'A darkness lies behind us,' Bëor said; 'and we have turned our backs upon it, and we do

not desire to return thither even in thought. Westwards our hearts have been turned, and we believe

that there we shall find Light.'

But it was said afterwards among the Eldar that when Men awoke in Hildórien at the rising of

the Sun the spies of Morgoth were watchful, and tidings were soon brought to him; and this seemed

to him so great a matter that secretly under shadow he himself departed from Angband, and went

forth into Middle-earth, leaving to Sauron the command of the War. Of his dealings with Men the

Eldar indeed knew nothing, at that time, and learnt but little afterwards; but that a darkness lay upon

the hearts of Men (as the shadow of the Kinslaying and the Doom of Mandos lay upon the Noldor)

they perceived clearly even in the people of the Elf-friends whom they first knew. To corrupt or

destroy whatsoever arose new and fair was ever the chief desire of Morgoth; and doubtless he had

this purpose also in his errand: by fear and lies to make Men the foes of the Eldar, and bring them

up out of the east against Beleriand. But this design was slow to ripen, and was never wholly

achieved; for Men (it is said) were at first very few in number, whereas Morgoth grew afraid of the

growing power and union of the Eldar and came back to Angband, leaving behind at that time but

few servants, and those of less might and cunning.

Now Felagund learned from Bëor that there were many other Men of like mind who were also

journeying westward. 'Others of my own kin have crossed the Mountains,' he said, 'and they are

wandering not far away; and the Haladin, a people from whom we are sundered in speech, are still

in the valleys on the eastern slopes, awaiting tidings before they venture further. There are yet other

Men, whose tongue is more like to ours, with whom we have had dealings at times. They were

before us on the westward march, but we passed them; for they are a numerous people, and yet keep

together and move slowly, being all ruled by one chieftain whom they call Marach.'

Now the Green-elves of Ossiriand were troubled by the coming of Men, and when they heard

that a lord of the Eldar from over the Sea was among them they sent messengers to Felagund.

'Lord,' they said, 'if you have power over these newcomers, bid them return by the ways that they

came, or else to go forward. For we desire no strangers in this land to break the peace m which we

live. And these folk are hewers of trees and hunters of beasts; therefore we are their unfriends, and

if they will not depart we shall afflict them in all ways that we can.'

Then by the advice of Felagund Bëor gathered all the wandering families and kindreds of his

people, and they removed over Gelion, and took up their abode in the lands of Amrod and Amras,

upon the east banks of the Celon south of Nan Elmoth, near to the borders of Doriath; and the name

of that land thereafter was Estolad, the Encampment. But when after a year had passed Felagund

wished to return to his own country, Bëor begged leave to come with him; and he remained in the

service of the King of Nargothrond while his life

lasted. In this way he got his name, Bëor, whereas

his name before had been Balan; for Bëor signified 'Vassal' in the tongue of his people. The rule of

his folk he committed to Baran his elder son; and he did not return again to Estolad.

Soon after the departure of Felagund the other Men of whom Bëor had spoken came also into

Beleriand. First came the Haladin; but meeting the unfriendship of the Green-elves they turned

north and dwelt in Thargelion, in the country of Caranthir son of Fëanor; there for a time they had

peace, and the people of Caranthir paid little heed to them. In the next year Marach led his people

over the mountains; they were a tall and warlike folk, marching in ordered companies, and the

Elves of Ossiriand hid themselves and did not waylay them. But Marach, hearing that the people of

Bëor were dwelling in a green and fertile land, came down the Dwarf-road, and settled in the

country south ; and east of the dwellings of Baran son of Bëor; and there was great friendship

between those peoples.

Felagund himself often returned to visit Men; and many other Elves out of the west-lands,

both Noldor and Sindar, Journeyed to Estolad, being eager to see the Edain, whose coming had long

been foretold. Now Atani, the Second People, was

the name given to Men in Valinor in the lore that

told of their coming; but in the speech of Beleriand that name became Edain, and it was there used

only of the three kindreds of the Elf-friends.

Fingolfin, as King of all the Noldor, sent messengers of welcome to them; and then many

young and eager men of the Edain went away and took service with the . kings and lords of the

Eldar. Among them was Malach son of Marach, and he dwelt in Hithlum for fourteen years; and he

learned the Elven-tongue and was given the name of Aradan.

The Edain did not long dwell content in Estolad, for many still desired to go westward; but

they did not know the way. Before them lay the fences of Doriath, and southward lay Sirion and its

impassable fens. Therefore the kings of the three houses of the Noldor, seeing hope of strength in

the sons of Men, sent word that any of the Edain that wished might remove and come to dwell

among their people. In this way the migration of the Edain began: at first little by little, but later in families and kindreds, they arose and left Estolad, until after some fifty years many thousands had

entered the lands of the Kings. Most of these took the long road northwards, until the ways became

well known to them. The people of Bëor came to Dorthonion and dwelt in lands ruled by the house

of Finarfin. The people of Aradan (for Marach his father remained in Estolad until his death) for the

most part went on westward; and some came to Hithlum, but Magor son of Aradan and many of the

people passed down Sirion into Beleriand and dwelt a while in the vales of the southern slopes of

Ered Wethrin.

It is said that in all these matters none save Finrod Felagund took counsel with King Thingol,

and he was ill pleased, both for that reason, and because he was troubled by dreams concerning the

coming of Men, ere ever the first tidings of them were heard. Therefore he commanded that Men

should take no lands to dwell in save in the north, and that the princes whom they served should be

answerable for all that they did; and he said: 'Into Doriath shall no Man come while my realm lasts,

not even those of the house of Bëor who serve Finrod the beloved.' Melian said nothing to him at

that time, but afterwards she said to Galadriel: 'Now the world runs on swiftly to great tidings. And

one of Men, even of Bëor's house, shall indeed come, and the Girdle of Melian shall not restrain

him, for doom greater than my power shall send him; and the songs that shall spring from that

coming shall endure when all Middle-earth is changed.'

But many Men remained in Estolad, and there was still a mingled people living there long

years after, until in the ruin of Beleriand they were overwhelmed or fled back into the East. For

beside the old who deemed that their wandering days were over there were not a few who desired to

go their own ways, and they feared the Eldar and the light of their eyes; and then dissensions awoke

among the Edain, in which the shadow of Morgoth may be discerned, for certain it is that he knew

of the coming of Men into Beleriand and of their growing friendship with the Elves.

The leaders of discontent were Bereg of the house of Bëor, and Amlach, one of the grandsons

of Marach; and they said openly: 'We took long roads, desiring to escape the perils of Middle-earth

and the dark things that dwell there; for we heard that there was Light in the West. But now we

learn that the Light is beyond the Sea. Thither we cannot come where the Gods dwell in bliss. Save

one; for the Lord of the Dark is here before us, and the Eldar, wise but fell, who make endless war

upon him. In the North he dwells, they say; and there is the pain and death from which we fled. We

will not go that way.'

Then a council and assembly of Men was called, and great numbers came together. And the

Elf-friends answered Bereg, saying: 'Truly from the Dark King come all the evils from which we

fled; but he seeks dominion over all Middle-earth, and whither now shall we turn and he will not

pursue us? Unless he be vanquished here, or at least held in leaguer. Only by the valour of the Eldar

is he restrained, and maybe it was for this purpose, to aid them at need, that we were brought into

this land.'

To this Bereg answered: 'Let the Eldar look to it! Our lives are short enough.' But there arose

one who seemed to all to be Amlach son of Imlach, speaking fell words that shook the hearts of all

who heard him: 'All this is but Elvish lore, tales to beguile newcomers that are unwary. The Sea has

no shore. There is no Light in the West. You have followed a fool-fire of the Elves to the end of the

world! Which of you has seen the least of the Gods? Who has beheld the Dark King in the North?

Those who seek the dominion of Middle-earth are the Eldar. Greedy for wealth they have delved in

the earth for its secrets and have stirred to wrath the things that dwell beneath it, as they have ever

done and ever shall. Let the Orcs have the realm that is theirs, and we will have ours. There is room

in the world, if the Eldar will let us be!'

Then those that listened sat for a while astounded, and a shadow of fear fell on their hearts;

and they resolved to depart far from the lands of the Eldar. But afterwards Amlach returned among

them, and denied that he had been present at their

debate or had spoken such words as they

reported; and there was doubt and bewilderment among Men. Then the Elf-friends said: 'You will

now believe this at least: there is indeed a Dark Lord, and his spies and emissaries are among us; for

he fears us, and the strength that we may give to his foes.'

But some still answered: 'He hates us, rather, and ever the more the longer we dwell here,

meddling in his quarrel with the Kings of the Eldar, to no gain of ours.' Many therefore of those that

yet remained in Estolad made ready to depart; and Bereg led a thousand of the people of Bëor away

southwards, and they passed out of the songs of those days. But Amlach repented, saying: 'I have

now a quarrel of my own with this Master of Lies, which will last to my life's end'; and he went

away north and entered the service of Maedhros. But those of his people who were of like mind

with Bereg chose a new leader, and they went back over the mountains into Eriador, and are

forgotten.

During this time the Haladin remained in Thargelion and were content. But Morgoth, seeing

that by lies and deceits he could not yet wholly estrange Elves and Men, was filled with wrath, and

endeavoured to do Men what hurt he could. Therefore he sent out an Orc-raid, and passing east it

escaped the leaguer, and came in stealth back over Ered Lindon by the passes of the Dwarf-road,

and fell upon the Haladin in the southern woods of the land of Caranthir.

Now the Haladin did not live under the rule of lords or many together, but each homestead

was set apart and governed its own affairs, and they were slow to unite. But there was among them

a man named Haldad, who was masterful and fearless; and he gathered all the brave men that he

could find, and retreated to the angle of land between Ascar and Gelion, and in the utmost comer he

built a stockade across from water to water; and behind it they led all the women and children that

they could save. There they were besieged, until their food was gone.

Haldad had twin children: Haleth his daughter, and Haldar his son; and both were valiant in

the defence, for Haleth was a woman of great heart and strength. But at last Haldad was slain in a

sortie against the Orcs; and Haldar, who rushed out to save his father's body from their butchery,

was hewn down beside him. Then Haleth held the people together, though they were without hope;

and some cast themselves in the rivers and were drowned. But seven days later, as the Orcs made

their last assault and had already broken through the stockade, there came suddenly a music of

trumpets, and Caranthir with his host came down

from the north and drove the Orcs into the rivers.

Then Caranthir looked kindly upon Men and did Haleth great honour; and he offered her

recompense for her father and brother. And seeing, over late, what valour there was in the Edain, he

said to her: 'If you will remove and dwell further north, there you shall have the friendship and

protection of the Eldar, and free lands of your own.'

But Haleth was proud, and unwilling to be guided or ruled, and most of the Haladin were of

like mood. Therefore she thanked Caranthir, but answered: 'My mind is now set, lord, to leave the

shadow of the mountains, and go west, whither others of our kin have gone.' When therefore the

Haladin had gathered all whom they could find alive of their folk who had fled wild into the woods

before the Orcs, and had gleaned what remained of their goods in their burned homesteads, they

took Haleth for their chief; and she led them at last to Estolad, and there dwelt for a time. But they

remained a people apart, and were ever after known to Elves and Men as the People of Haleth.

Haleth remained their chief while her days lasted, but she did not wed, and the headship afterwards

passed to Haldan son of Haldar her brother. Soon however Haleth desired to move westward again;

and though most of her people were against this

counsel, she led them forth once more; and they

went without help or guidance of the Eldar, and passing over Celon and Aros they journeyed in the

perilous land between the Mountains of Terror and the Girdle of Melian. That land was even then

not yet so evil as it after became, but it was no road for mortal Men to take without aid, and Haleth

only brought her people through it with hardship and loss, constraining them to go forward by the

strength of her will. At last they crossed over the Brithiach, and many bitterly repented of their

journey; but there was now no returning. Therefore in new lands they went back to their old life as

best they could; and they dwelt in free homesteads in the woods of Talath Dirnen beyond Teiglin,

and some wandered far into the realm of Nargothrond. But there were many who loved the Lady

Haleth and wished to go whither she would, and dwell under her rule; and these she led into the

Forest of Brethil, between Teiglin and Sirion. Thither in the evil days that followed many of her

scattered folk returned.

Now Brethil was claimed as part of his realm by King Thingol, though it was not within the

Girdle of Melian, and he would have denied it to Haleth; but Felagund, who had the friendship of

Thingol, hearing of all that had befallen the People of Haleth, obtained this grace for her: that she

should dwell free in Brethil, upon the condition only that her people should guard the Crossings of

Teiglin against all enemies of the Eldar, and allow no Orcs to enter their woods. To this Haleth

answered: 'Where are Haldad my father, and Haldar my brother? If the King of Doriath fears a

friendship between Haleth and those who have devoured her kin, then the thoughts of the Eldar are

strange to Men.' And Haleth dwelt in Brethil until she died; and her people raised a green mound

over her in the heights of the forest, Tûr Haretha, the Ladybarrow, Haudh-en-Arwen in the Sindarin

tongue.

In this way it came to pass that the Edain dwelt in the lands of the Eldar, some here, some

there, some wandering, some settled in kindreds or small peoples; and the most part of them soon

learned the Grey-elven tongue, both as a common speech among themselves and because many

were eager to learn the lore of the Elves. But after a time the Elf-kings, seeing that it was not good

for Elves and Men to dwell mingled together without order, and that Men needed lords of their own

kind, set regions apart where Men could live their own lives, and appointed chieftains to hold these

lands freely. They were the allies of the Eldar in war, but marched under their own leaders. Yet

many of the Edain had delight in the friendship of

the Elves, and dwelt among them for so long as

they had leave; and the young men often took service for a time in the hosts of the kings.

Now Hador Lórindol, son of Hathol, son of Magor, son of Malach Aradan, entered the

household of Fingolfin in his youth, and was loved by the King. Fingolfin therefore gave to him the

lordship of Dor-lómin, and into that land he gathered most of the people of his kin, and became the

mightiest of the chieftains of the Edain. In his house only the Elven-tongue was spoken; but their

own speech was not forgotten, and from it came the common tongue of Númenor. But in

Dorthonion the lordship of the people of Bëor and the country of Ladros was given to Boromir, son

of Boron, who was the grandson of Bëor the Old.

The sons of Hador were Galdor and Gundor; and the sons of Galdor were Húrin and Huor;

and the son of Húrin was Túrin the Bane of Glaurung; and the son of Huor was Tuor, father of

Eärendil the Blessed. The son of Boromir was Bregor, whose sons were Bregolas and Barahir; and

the sons of Bregolas were Baragund and Belegund. The daughter of Baragund was Morwen, the

mother of Túrin, and the daughter of Belegund was Rían, the mother of Tuor. But the son of Barahir

was Beren One-hand, who won the love of Lúthien Thingol's daughter, and returned from the Dead;

from them came Elwing the wife of Eärendil, and all the Kings of Númenor after.

All these were caught in the net of the Doom of the Noldor; and they did great deeds which

the Eldar remember still among the histories of the Kings of old. And in those days the strength of

Men was added to the power of the Noldor, and their hope was high; and Morgoth was straitly

enclosed, for the people of Hador, being hardy to endure cold and long wandering, feared sot at

times to go far into the north and there keep watch upon the movements of the Enemy. The Men of

the Three Houses throve and multiplied, but greatest among them was the house of Hador

Goldenhead, peer of Elven-lords. His people were of great strength and stature, ready in mind, bold

and steadfast, quick to anger and to laughter, mighty among the Children of Ilúvatar in the youth of

Mankind. Yellow-haired they were for the most part, and blue-eyed; but not so was Túrin, whose

mother was Morwen of the house of Bëor. The Men of that house were dark or brown of hair, with

grey eyes; and of all Men they were most like to the Noldor and most loved by them; for they were

eager of mind, cunning-handed, swift in understanding, long in memory, and they were moved

sooner to pity than to laughter. Like to them were the woodland folk of Haleth, but they were of

lesser stature, and less eager for lore. They used few words, and did not love great concourse of

men; and many among them delighted in solitude, wandering free in the greenwoods while the

wonder of the lands of the Eldar was new upon them. But in the realms of the West their time was

brief and their days unhappy.

The years of the Edain were lengthened, according to the reckoning of Men, after their

coming to Beleriand; but at last Bëor the Old died when he had lived three and ninety years, for

four and forty of which he had served King Felagund. And when he lay dead, of no wound or grief,

but stricken by age, the Eldar saw for the first time the swift waning of the life of Men, and the

death of weariness which they knew not in themselves; and they grieved greatly for the loss of their

friends. But Bëor at the last had relinquished his life willingly and passed in peace; and the Eldar

wondered much at the strange fate of Men, for in all their lore there was no account of it, and its

end was hidden from them.

Nonetheless the Edain of old learned swiftly of the Eldar all such art and knowledge as they

could receive, and their sons increased in wisdom

and skill, until they far surpassed all others of

Mankind, who dwelt still east of the mountains and had not seen the Eldar, nor looked upon the

faces that had beheld the Light of Valinor.

Chapter 18

Of the Ruin of Beleriand and the Fall of Fingolfin

Now Fingolfin, King of the North, and High King of the Noldor, seeing that his people were

become numerous and strong, and that the Men allied to them were many and valiant, pondered

once more an assault upon Angband; for he knew that they lived in danger while the circle of the

siege was incomplete, and Morgoth was free to labour in his deep mines, devising what evils none

could foretell ere he should reveal them. This counsel was wise according to the measure of his

knowledge; for the Noldor did not yet comprehend the fullness of the power of Morgoth, nor

understand that their unaided war upon him was without final hope, whether they hasted or delayed.

But because the land was fair and their kingdoms wide, most of the Noldor were content with things

as they were, trusting them to last, and slow to begin an assault in which many must surely perish

were it in victory or in defeat Therefore they were little disposed to hearken to Fingolfin, and the

sons of Fëanor at that time least of all. Among the chieftains of the Noldor Angrod and Aegnor

alone were of like mind with the King; for they dwelt in regions whence Thangorodrim could be

descried, and the threat of Morgoth was present to their thought. Thus the designs of Fingolfin came

to naught, and the land had peace yet for a while.

But when the sixth generation of Men after Bëor and Marach were not yet come to full

manhood, it being then four hundred years and five and fifty since the coming of Fingolfin, the evil

befell that he had long dreaded, and yet more dire and sudden than his darkest fear. For Morgoth

had long prepared his force in secret, while ever the malice of his heart grew greater, and his hatred

of the Noldor more bitter; and he desired not only to end his foes but to destroy also and defile the

lands that they had taken and made fair. And it is said that his hate overcame his counsel, so that if

he had but endured to wait longer, until his designs were full, then the Noldor would have perished

utterly. But on his part he esteemed too lightly the valour of the Elves, and of Men he took yet no

account.

There came a time of winter, when night was dark and without moon; and the wide plain of

Ard-galen stretched dim beneath the cold stars, from the hill-forts of the Noldor to the feet of

Thangorodrim. The watch-fires burned low, and the guards were few; on the plain few were waking

in the camps of the horsemen of Hithlum. Then suddenly Morgoth sent forth great rivers of flame

that ran down swifter than Balrogs from Thangorodrim, and poured over all the plain; and the

Mountains of Iron belched forth fires of many poisonous hues, and the fume of them stank upon the

air, and was deadly. Thus Ard-galen perished, and fire devoured its grasses; and it became a burned

and desolate waste, full of a choking dust, barren and lifeless. Thereafter its name was changed, and

it was called Anfauglith, the Gasping Dust Many charred bones had there their roofless grave; for

many of the Noldor perished in that burning, who were caught by the running flame and could not

fly to the hills. The heights of Dorthonion and Ered Wethrin held back the fiery torrents, but their

woods upon the slopes that looked towards Angband were all kindled, and the smoke wrought

confusion among the defenders. Thus began the fourth of the great battles, Dagor Bragollach, the

Battle of Sudden Flame.

In the front of that fire came Glaurung the golden, father of dragons, in his full might; and in

his train were Balrogs, and behind them came the black armies of the Orcs in multitudes such as the

Noldor had never before seen or imagined. And they assaulted the fortresses of the Noldor, and

broke the leaguer about Angband, and slew wherever they found them the Noldor and their allies.

Grey-elves and Men. Many of the stoutest of the foes of Morgoth were destroyed in the first days of

that war, bewildered and dispersed and unable to muster their strength. War ceased not wholly ever

again in Beleriand; but the Battle of Sudden Flame is held to have ended with the coming of spring,

when the onslaught of Morgoth grew less.

Thus ended the Siege of Angband; and the foes of Morgoth were scattered and sundered one

from another. The most part of the Grey-elves fled south and forsook the northern war; many were

received into Doriath, and the kingdom and strength of Thingol grew greater in that time, for the

power of Melian the queen was woven about his borders and evil could not yet enter that hidden

realm. Others took refuge in the fortresses by the sea, and in Nargothrond; and some fled the land

and hid themselves in Ossiriand, or passing the mountains wandered homeless in the wild. And

rumour of the war and the breaking of the siege reached the ears of Men in the east of Middle-earth.

The sons of Finarfin bore most heavily the brunt of the assault, and Angrod and Aegnor were

slain; beside them fell Bregolas lord of the house of Bëor, and a great part of the warriors of that

people. But Barahir the brother of Bregolas was in the fighting farther westward, near to the Pass of

Sirion. There King Finrod Felagund, hastening from the south, was cut off from his people and

surrounded with small company in the Pen of Serech; and he would have been slain or taken, but

Barahir came up with the bravest of his men and rescued him, and made a wall of spears about him;

and they cut their way out of the battle with great loss. Thus Felagund escaped, and returned to his

deep fortress of Nargothrond; but he swore an oath of abiding friendship and aid in every need to

Barahir and all his kin, and in token of his vow he gave to Barahir his ring. Barahir was now by

right lord of the house of Bëor, and he returned to Dorthonion; but most of his people fled from

their homes and took refuge in the fastness of Hithlum.

So great was the onslaught of Morgoth that Fingolfin and Fingon could not come to the aid of

the sons of Finarfin; and the hosts of Hithlum were driven back with great loss to the fortresses of

Ered Wethrin, and these they hardly defended against the Orcs. Before the walls of Eithel Sirion fell

Hador the Golden-haired, defending the rearguard of his lord Fingolfin, being then sixty and six

years of age, and with him fell Gundor his younger son, pierced with many arrows; and they were

mourned by the Elves. Then Galdor the Tall took the lordship of his father. And because of the

strength and height of the Shadowy Mountains, which withstood the torrent of fire, and by the

valour of the Elves and the Men of the North, which neither Orc nor Balrog could yet overcome,

Hithlum remained unconquered, a threat upon the flank of Morgoth's attack; but Fingolfin was

sundered from his kinsmen by a sea of foes.

For the war had gone ill with the sons of Fëanor, and well nigh all the east marches were

taken by assault The Pass of Aglon was forced, though with great cost to the hosts of Morgoth; and

Celegorm and Curufin being defeated fled south and west by the marches of Doriath, and coming at

last to Nargothrond sought harbour with Finrod Felagund. Thus it came to pass that their people

swelled the strength of Nargothrond; but it would have been better, as was after seen, if they had

remained in the east among their own kin. Maedhros did deeds of surpassing valour, and the Orcs

fled before his face; for since his torment upon Thangorodrim his spirit burned like a white fire

within, and he was as one that returns from the dead. Thus the great fortress upon the Hill of

Himring could not be taken, and many of the most

valiant that remained, both of the people of

Dorthonion and of the east marches, rallied there to Maedhros; and for a while he closed once more

the Pass of Aglon, so that the Orcs could not enter Beleriand by that road. But they overwhelmed

the riders of the people of Fëanor upon Lothlann, for Glaurung came thither, and passed through

Maglor's Gap, and destroyed all the land between the arms of Gelion. And the Orcs took the fortress

upon the west slopes of Mount Rerir, and ravaged all Thargelion, the land of Caranthir; and they

defiled Lake Helevorn. Thence they passed over Gelion with fire and terror and came far into East

Beleriand. Maglor joined Maedhros upon Himring; but Caranthir fled and joined the remnant of his

people to the scattered folk of the hunters, Amrod and Amras, and they retreated and passed Ramdal

in the south. Upon Amon Ereb they maintained a watch and some strength of war, and they had aid

of the Green-elves; and the Orcs came not into Ossiriand, nor to Taur-im-Duinath and the wilds of

the south.

Now news came to Hithlum that Dorthonion was lost and the sons of Finarfin overthrown,

and that the sons of Fëanor were driven from their lands. Then Fingolfin beheld (as it seemed to

him) the utter ruin of the Noldor, and the defeat

beyond redress of all their houses; and filled with

wrath and despair he mounted upon Rochallor his great horse and rode forth alone, and none might

restrain him. He passed over Dor-nu-Fauglith like a wind amid the dust, and all that beheld his

onset fled in amaze, thinking that Oromë himself was come: for a great madness of rage was upon

him, so that his eyes shone like the eyes of the Valar. Thus he came alone to Angband's gates, and

he sounded his horn, and smote once more upon the brazen doors, and challenged Morgoth to come

forth to single combat. And Morgoth came.

That was the last time in those wars that he passed the doors of his stronghold, and it is said

that he took not the challenge willingly; for though his might was greatest of all things in this

world, alone of the Valar he knew fear. But he could not now deny the challenge before the face of

his captains; for the rocks rang with the shrill music of Fingolfin's horn, and his voice came keen

and clear down into the depths of Angband; and Fingolfin named Morgoth craven, and lord of

slaves. Therefore Morgoth came, climbing slowly from his subterranean throne, and the rumour of

his feet was like thunder underground. And he issued forth clad in black armour; and he stood

before the King like a tower, iron-crowned, and his vast shield, sable on-blazoned, cast a shadow

over him like a stormcloud. But Fingolfin gleamed

beneath it as a star; for his mail was overlaid

with silver, and his blue shield was set with crystals; and he drew his sword Ringil, that glittered

like ice.

Then Morgoth hurled aloft Grond, the Hammer of the Underworld, and swung it down like a

bolt of thunder. But Fingolfin sprang aside, and Grond rent a mighty pit in the earth, whence smoke

and fire darted. Many times Morgoth essayed to smite him, and each time Fingolfin leaped away, as

a 'lightning shoots from under a dark cloud; and he wounded Morgoth with seven wounds, and

seven times Morgoth gave a cry of anguish, whereat the hosts of Angband fell upon their faces in

dismay, and the cries echoed in the Northlands.

But at the last the King grew weary, and Morgoth bore down his shield upon hint Thrice he

was crushed to his knees, and thrice arose again and bore up his broken shield and stricken helm.

But the earth was all rent and pitted about him, and he stumbled and fell backward before the feet of

Morgoth; and Morgoth set his left foot upon his neck, and the weight of it was like a fallen hill. Yet

with his last and desperate stroke Fingolfin hewed the foot with Ringil, and the blood gashed forth

black and smoking and filled the pits of Grond.

Thus died Fingolfin, High King of the Noldor, most proud and valiant of the Elven-kings of

old. The Orcs made no boast of that duel at the gate; neither do the Elves sing of it, for their sorrow

is too deep. Yet the tale of it is remembered still, for Thorondor King of Eagles brought the tidings

to Gondolin, and to Hithlum afar off. And Morgoth took the body of the Elven-king and broke it,

and would cast it to his wolves; but Thorondor came hasting from his eyrie among the peaks of the

Crissaegrim, and he stooped upon Morgoth and marred his face. The rushing of the wings of

Thorondor was like the noise of the winds of Manwë, and he seized the body in his mighty talons,

and soaring suddenly above the darts of the Orcs he bore the King away. And he laid him upon a

mountain-top that looked from the north upon the hidden valley of Gondolin; and Turgon coming

built a high cairn over his father. No Orc dared ever after to pass over the mount of Fingolfin or

draw nigh his tomb, until the doom of Gondolin was come and treachery was born among his kin.

Morgoth went ever halt of one foot after that day, and the pain of his wounds could not be healed;

and in his face was the scar that Thorondor made.

Great was the lamentation in Hithlum when the fall of Fingolfin became known, and Fingon

in sorrow took the lordship of the house of Fingolfin and the kingdom of the Noldor; but his young

son Ereinion (who was after named Gil-galad) he

sent to the Havens.

Now Morgoth's power overshadowed the Northlands; but Barahir would not flee from

Dorthonion, and remained contesting the land foot by foot with his enemies. Then Morgoth pursued

his people to the death, until few remained; and all the forest of the northward slopes of that land

was turned little by little into a region of such dread and dark enchantment that even the Orcs would

not enter it unless need drove them, and it was called Deldúwath, and Taur-nu-Fuin, The Forest

under Nightshade. The trees that grew there after the burning were black and grim, and their roots

were tangled, groping in the dark like claws; and those who strayed among them became lost and

blind, and were strangled or pursued to madness by phantoms of terror. At last so desperate was the

case of Barahir that Emeldir the Manhearted his wife (whose mind was rather to fight beside her

son and her husband than to flee) gathered together all the women and children that were left, and

gave arms to those that would bear them; and she led them into the mountains that lay behind, and

so by perilous paths, until they came at last with loss and misery to Brethil. Some were there

received among the Haladin, but some passed on over the mountains to Dor-lómin and the people of

Galdor, Hador's son; and among those were Rían, daughter of Belegund, and Morwen, who was

named Eledhwen, that is Elf-sheen, daughter of Baragund. But none ever saw again the men that

they had left. For these were slain one by one, until at last only twelve men remained to Barahir:

Beren his son, and Baragund and Belegund his nephews, the sons of Bregolas, and nine faithful

servants of his house whose names were long remembered in the songs of the Noldor: Radhruin and

Dairuin they were, Dagnir and Ragnor, Gildor and Gorlim the unhappy, Arthad and Urthel, and

Hathaldir the young. Outlaws without hope they became, a desperate band that could not escape

and would not yield, for their dwellings were destroyed, and their wives and children captured,

slain, or fled. From Hithlum there came neither news nor help, and Barahir and his men were

hunted like wild beasts; and they retreated to the barren highland above the forest, and wandered

among the tarns and rocky moors of that region, furthest from the spies and spells of Morgoth.

Their bed was the heather and their roof the cloudy sky.

For nigh on two years after the Dagor Bragollach the Noldor still defended the western pass

about the sources of Sirion, for the power of Ulmo was in that water, and Minas Tirith withstood the

Orcs. But at length, after the fall of Fingolfin, Sauron, greatest and most terrible of the servants of

Morgoth, who in the Sindarin tongue was named Gorthaur, came against Orodreth, the warden of

the tower upon Tol Sirion. Sauron was become now a sorcerer of dreadful power, master of

shadows and of phantoms, foul in wisdom, cruel in strength, misshaping what he touched, twisting

what he ruled, lord of werewolves; his dominion was torment. He took Minas Tirith by assault, for a

dark cloud of fear fell upon those that defended it; and Orodreth was driven out, and fled to

Nargothrond. Then Sauron made it into a watchtower for Morgoth, a stronghold of evil, and a

menace; and the fair isle of Tol Sirion became accursed, and it was called Tol-in-Gaurhoth, the Isle

of Werewolves. No living creature could pass through that vale that Sauron did not espy from the

tower where he sat. And Morgoth held now the western pass, and his terror filled the fields and

woods of Beleriand. Beyond Hithlum he pursued his foes relentlessly, and he searched out their

hiding-places and took their strongholds one by one. The Orcs growing ever bolder wandered at

will far and wide, coming down Sirion in the west and Colon in the east, and they encompassed

Doriath; and they harried the lands so that beast and bird fled before them, and silence and

desolation spread steadily from the North. Many of

the Noldor and the Sindar they took captive and led to Angband, and made them thralls, forcing them to use their skill and their knowledge in the service of Morgoth. And Morgoth sent out his spies, and they were clad in false forms and deceit was in their speech; they made lying promises of reward, and with conning words sought to arouse fear and jealousy among the peoples, accusing their kings and chieftains of greed, and of treachery one to another. And because of the curse of the Kinslaying at Alqualondë these lies were often believed; and indeed as the time darkened they had a measure of truth, for the hearts and minds of the Elves of Beleriand became clouded with despair and fear. But ever the Noldor feared most the treachery of those of their own kin, who had been thralls in Angband; for Morgoth used some of these for his evil purposes, and feigning to give them liberty sent them abroad, but their wills were chained to his, and they strayed only to come back to him again. Therefore if any of his captives

escaped in truth, and returned to their own people, they had little welcome, and wandered alone outlawed and desperate.

To Men Morgoth feigned pity, if any would hearken to his messages, saying that their woes came only of their servitude to the rebel Noldor, but

at the hands of the rightful Lord of Middle-

earth they would get honour and a just reward of valour, if they would leave rebellion. But few men

of the Three Houses of the Edain would give ear to him, not even were they brought to the torment

of Angband. Therefore Morgoth pursued them with hatred; and he sent his messengers over the

mountains.

It is told that at this time the Swarthy Men came first into Beleriand. Some were already

secretly under the dominion of Morgoth, and came at his call; but not all, for the rumour of

Beleriand, of its lands and waters, of its wars and riches, went now far and wide, and the wandering

feet of Men were ever set westward in those days. These Men were short and broad, long and strong

in the arm; their skins were swart or sallow, and their hair was dark as were their eyes. Their houses

were many, and some had greater liking for the Dwarves of the mountains than for the Elves. But

Maedhros, knowing the weakness of the Noldor and the Edain, whereas the pits of Angband seemed

to hold store inexhaustible and ever-renewed, made alliance with these new-come Men, and gave

his friendship to the greatest of their chieftains, Bór and Ulfang. And Morgoth was well content; for

this was as he had designed. The sons of Bór were Borlad, Borlach, and Borthand; and they

followed Maedhros and Maglor, and cheated the

hope of Morgoth, and were faithful. The sons of

Ulfang the Black were Ulfast, and Ulwarth, and Uldor the accursed; and they followed Caranthir

and swore allegiance to him, and proved faithless.

There was small love between the Edain and the Easterlings, and they met seldom; for the

newcomers abode long in East Beleriand, but Hador's folk were shut in Hithlum, and Beer's house

was well-nigh destroyed. The People of Haleth were at first untouched by the northern war, for they

dwelt to the southward in the Forest of Brethil; but now there was battle between them and the

invading Orcs, for they were stout-hearted men and would not lightly forsake the woods that they

loved. And amid the tale of defeats of that time the deeds of the Haladin are remembered with

honour: for after the taking of Minas Tirith the Orcs came through the western pass, and maybe

would have ravaged even to the mouths of Sirion; but Halmir lord of the Haladin sent swift word to

Thingol, for he had friendship with the Elves that guarded the borders of Doriath. Then Beleg

Strongbow, chief of the march-wardens of Thingol, brought great strength of the Sindar armed with

axes into Brethil; and issuing from the deeps of the forest Halmir and Beleg took an Ore-legion at

unawares and destroyed it. Thereafter the black tide out of the North was stemmed in that region,

and the Orcs dared not cross the Teiglin for many

years after. The People of Haleth dwelt yet in watchful peace in the Forest of Brethil, and behind their guard the Kingdom of Nargothrond had respite, and mustered its strength.

At this time Húrin and Huor, the sons of Galdor of Dor-lómin, were dwelling with the Haladin, for they were akin. In the days before the Dagor Bragollach those two houses of the Edam were joined at a great feast, when Galdor and Glóredhel the children of Hador Goldenhead were wedded to Hareth and Haldir the children of Halmir lord of the Haladin. Thus it was that the sons of Galdor were fostered in Brethil by Haldir their uncle, according to the custom of Men in that time; and they went both to that battle with the Orcs, even Huor, for he would not be restrained, though he was but thirteen years old. But being with a company that was cut off from the rest they were pursued to the Ford of Brithiach, and there they would have been taken or slain but for the power of Ulmo, that was still strong in Sirion. A mist arose from the river and hid them from their enemies, and they escaped over the Brithiach into Dimbar, and wandered among the hills beneath the sheer walls of the Crissaegrim, until they were bewildered in the deceits of that land and knew not the way to go on or to return. There Thorondor espied them, and he sent two of his eagles to their aid; and the eagles bore them up and brought them

beyond the Encircling Mountains to the secret vale

of Tumladen and the hidden city of Gondolin, which no Man yet had seen.

There Turgon the King received them well, when he learned of their kin; for messages and

dreams had come to him up Sirion from the sea, from Ulmo, Lord of Waters, warning him of woe to

come and counselling him to deal kindly with the sons of the house of Hador, from whom help

should come to him at need. Húrin and Huor dwelt as guests in the King's house for well nigh a

year; and it is said that in this time Húrin learned much lore of the Elves, and understood also

something of the counsels and purposes of the King. For Turgon took great liking for the sons of

Galdor, and spoke much with them; and he wished indeed to keep them in Gondolin out of love,

and not only for his law that no stranger, be he Elf or Man, who found the way to the secret

kingdom and looked upon the city should ever depart again, until the King should open the leaguer,

and the hidden people should come forth.

But Húrin and Huor desired to return to their own people and share in the wars and griefs that

now beset them. And Húrin said to Turgon: "Lord, we are but mortal Men, and unlike the Eldar.

They may endure for long years awaiting battle
with their enemies in some far distant day; but for

us the time is short, and our hope and strength soon wither. Moreover we did not find the road to

Gondolin, and indeed we do not know surely where this city stands; for we were brought in fear and

wonder by the high ways of the air, and in mercy our eyes were veiled.' Then Turgon granted his

prayer, and he said: 'By the way that you came you have leave to depart, if Thorondor is willing. I

grieve at this parting; yet in a little while, as the Eldar account it, we may meet again.'

But Maeglin, the King's sister-son, who was mighty in Gondolin, grieved not at all at their

going, though he begrudged them the favour of the King, for he had no love for any of the kindred

of Men; and he said to Húrin: 'The King's grace is greater than you know, and the law is become

less stem than aforetime; or else no choice would be given you but to abide here to your life's end.'

Then Húrin answered him: The King's grace is great indeed; but if our word is not enough,

then we will swear oaths to you.' And the brothers swore never to reveal the counsels of Turgon,

and to keep secret an that they had seen in his realm. Then they took their leave, and the eagles

coming bore them away by night, and set them down in Dor-lómin before the dawn. Their kinsfolk

rejoiced to see them, for messengers from Brethil had reported that they were lost; but they would

not declare even to their father where they had

been, save that they were rescued in the wilderness

by the eagles that brought them home. But Galdor said: Did you then dwell a year in the wild? Or

did the eagles house you in their eyries? But you found food and fine raiment, and return as young

princes, not as waifs of the wood.' And Húrin answered: 'Be content that we have returned; for only

under an oath of silence was this permitted.' Then Galdor questioned them no more, but he and

many others guessed at the truth; and in time the strange fortune of Húrin and Huor reached the ears

of the servants of Morgoth.

Now when Turgon learned of the breaking of the leaguer of Angband he would not suffer any

of his own people to issue forth to war; for he deemed that Gondolin was strong, and the time not

yet ripe for its revealing. But he believed also that the ending of the Siege was the beginning of the

downfall of the Noldor, unless aid should come; and he sent companies of the Gondolindrim in

secret to the mouths of Sirion and the Isle of Balar. There they built ships, and set sail into the

uttermost West upon Turgon's errand, seeking for Valinor, to ask for pardon and aid of the Valar;

and they besought the birds of the sea to guide them. But the seas were wild and wide, and shadow

and enchantment lay upon them; and Valinor was hidden. Therefore none of the messengers of

Turgon came into the West, and many were lost and few returned; but the doom of Gondolin drew

nearer.

Rumour came to Morgoth of these things, and he was unquiet amid his victories; and he

desired greatly to learn tidings of Felagund and Turgon. For they had vanished out of knowledge,

and yet were not dead; and he feared what they might yet accomplish against him. Of Nargothrond

he knew indeed the name, but neither its place nor its strength; and of Gondolin he knew nothing,

and the thought of Turgon troubled him the more. Therefore he sent forth ever more spies into

Beleriand; but he recalled the main hosts of the Orcs to Angband, for he perceived that he could not

yet make a final and victorious battle until he had gathered new strength, and that he had not

measured rightly the valour of the Noldor nor the might in arms of the Men that fought beside them.

Great though his victory had been in the Bragollach and in the years after, and grievous the harm

that he had done to his enemies, his own loss had been no less; and though he held Dorthonion and

the Pass of Sirion, the Eldar recovering from their first dismay began now to regain what they had

lost. Thus Beleriand in the south had a semblance of peace again for a few brief years; but the

forges of Angband were full of labour.

When seven years had passed since the Fourth Battle, Morgoth renewed his assault, and he

sent a great force against Hithlum. The attack on the passes of the Shadowy Mountains was bitter,

and in the siege of Eithel Sirion Galdor the tall. Lord of Dor-lómin, was slain by an arrow. That

fortress he held on behalf of Fingon the High King; and in that same place his father Hador

Lórindol died but a little time before. Húrin his son was then newly come to manhood, but he was

great in strength both of mind and body; and he drove the Orcs with heavy slaughter from Ered

Wethrin, and pursued them far across the sands of Anfauglith.

But King Fingon was hard put to it to hold back the army of Angband that came down from

the north; and battle was joined upon the very plains of Hithlum. There Fingon was outnumbered;

but the ships of Círdan sailed in great strength up the Firth of Drengist, and in the hour of need the

Elves of the Falas came upon the host of Morgoth from the west. Then the Orcs broke and fled, and

the Eldar had the victory, and their horsed archers pursued them even into the Iron Mountains.

Thereafter Húrin son of Galdor ruled the house of Hador in Dor-lómin, and served Fingon.

Húrin was of less stature than his fathers, or his son after him; but he was tireless and enduring in

body, lithe and swift after the manner of his mothers kin, Hareth of the Haladin. His wife was

Morwen Eledhwen, daughter of Baragund of the house of Bëor, she who fled from Dorthonion with

Rían daughter of Belegund and Emeldir the mother of Beren.

In that time also the outlaws of Dorthonion were destroyed, as is told hereafter; and Beren son

of Barahir alone escaping came hardly into Doriath.

Chapter 19

Of Beren and Lúthien

Among the tales of sorrow and ruin that come down to us from the darkness of those days

there are yet some that are fair in memory, in which amid weeping there is a sound of music, and

amid the tears joy, and under the shadow of death light that endureth. And of these histories most

fair still in the ears of the Elves is the tale of Beren and Luthien; for it is sad and joyous, and

touches upon mysteries, and it is not ended. Of their lives was made the Lay of Leithian, Release

from Bondage, which is the longest save one of the songs of the Noldor concerning the world of

old; but here the tale must be told in fewer words and without song.

It has been told that Barahir would not forsake Dorthonion, and there Morgoth pursued him to

his death, until at last there remained to him only twelve companions. Now the forest of Dorthonion

rose southward into mountainous moors; and in the east of those highlands there lay a lake, Tarn

Aeluin, with wild heaths about it, and all that land was pathless and untamed, for even in the days

of the Long Peace none had dwelt there. But the waters of Tarn Aeluin were held in reverence, for

they were clear and blue by day and by night were a mirror for the stars; and it was said that Melian

herself had hollowed that water in the days of old. Thither Barahir and his outlaws withdrew, and

there made their lair, and Morgoth could not discover it. But the rumour of the deeds of Barahir and

his companions went far and wide; and Morgoth commanded Sauron to find them and destroy them.

Now among the companions of Barahir was Gorlim son of Angrim. His wife was named

Eilinel, and their love was great, ere evil befell. But Gorlim returning from the war upon the

marches found his house plundered and forsaken, and his wife gone; whether slain or taken he knew

not. Then he fled to Barahir, and of companions his he was the most fierce and desperate; but doubt

gnawed his heart, thinking that perhaps Eilinel was not dead. At times he would depart alone and

secretly, and visit his house that stood amid the fields and woods he had once possessed; and this

became known to the servants of Morgoth.

On a time of autumn he came in the dusk of evening, and drawing near he saw as he thought a

light at the window; and coming warily he looked within. There he saw Eilinel, and her face was

worn with grief and hunger, and it seemed to him that he heard her voice lamenting that he had

forsaken her. But even as he cried aloud the light was blown out in the wind; wolves howled, and

on his shoulders he felt suddenly the heavy hands of Sauron's hunters. Thus Gorlim was ensnared;

and taking him to their camp they tormented, seeking to learn the hidings of Barahir and all his

ways. But nothing would Gorlim tell. Then they promised him that he should be released and

restored to Eilinel, if he would yield; and being at last worn with pain, and yearning for his wife, he

faltered. Then straightaway they brought him into the dreadful presence of Sauron; and Sauron said:

'I hear now that thou wouldst barter with me. What is thy price?'

And Gorlim answered that he should find Eilinel again, and with her be set free; for he

thought Eilinel also had been made captive.

Than Sauron smiled, saying: 'That is a small price for so great a treachery. So shall it surely

be. Say on!'

Now Gorlim would have drawn back, but daunted by the eyes of Sauron he told at last all that

he would know. Then Sauron laughed; and he

mocked Gorlim, and revealed to him that he had only

seen a phantom devised by wizardry to entrap him; for Eilinel was dead. 'Nonetheless I will grant

thy prayer,' said Sauron; 'and thou shalt go to Eilinel, and be set free of my service.' Then he put

him cruelly to death.

In this way the hiding of Barahir was revealed, and Morgoth drew his net about it; and the

Orcs coming in the still hours before dawn surprised the men of Dorthonion and slew them all, save

one. For Beren son of Barahir had been sent by his father on a perilous errand to spy upon the ways

of the Enemy, and he was far afield when the lair was taken. But as he slept benighted in the forest

he dreamed that carrion-birds sat thick as leaves upon bare trees beside a mere, and blood dripped

from their beaks.

He slipped then into darkness down,

until, as man that waters drown

strives upwards gasping, it seemed to him

he rose through slime beside the brim

of sullen pool beneath dead trees.

Their livid boughs in a cold breeze

trembled, and all their black leaves stirred:

each leaf a black and croaking bird,

whose neb a gout of blood let fall.

He shuddered, struggling thence to crawl

through winding weeds, when far away

he saw a shadow faint and grey

gliding across the dreary lake.

Slowly it came, and softly spake.

Then Beren was aware in his dream of a form that came to him across the water, and it was a

wraith of Gorlim; and it spoke to him declaring his treachery and death, and bade him make haste to

warn his father. Then Beren awoke, and sped through the night, and came back to the lair of the

outlaws on the second morning. But as he drew near the carrion-birds rose from the ground and sat

in the alder-trees beside Tarn Aeluin, and croaked in mockery.

There Beren buried his fathers bones, and raised a cairn of boulders above him, and swore

upon it an oath of vengeance.

Out into night, as cold as stone,

loveless, friendless, he strode alone.

First therefore he pursued the Orcs that had slain his father and his kinsmen, and he found

their camp by night at Rivil's Well above the Fen of Serech, and because of his wood craft he came

near to their fire unseen. There their captain made boast of his deeds, and he held up the hand of

Barahir that he had cut off as a token for Sauron that their mission was fulfilled; and the ring of

Felagund was on that hand. Then Beren sprang from behind rock, and slew captain, and taking the

hand and the ring he escaped, being defended by fate; for the Orcs were dismayed, and their arrows

wild.

Thereafter for four years more Beren wandered still upon Dorthonion, a solitary outlaw; but

he became the friend of birds and beasts, and they aided him, and did not betray him, and from that

time forth he ate no flesh nor slew any living thing that was not in the service of Morgoth. He did

not fear death, but only captivity, and being bold and desperate he escaped both death and bonds;

and the deeds of lonely daring that he achieved were noised abroad throughout Beleriand, and the

tail of them came even into Doriath. At length Morgoth set a price upon his head no less than the

price upon the head of Fingon, High King of the Noldor; but the Orcs fled rather at the rumour of

his approach than sought him out. Therefore an army was sent against him under the command of

Sauron; and Sauron brought werewolves, fell beasts inhabited by dreadful spirits that he had

imprisoned in their bodies.

All that land was now become filled with evil, and all clean things were departing from it; and

Beren was pressed so hard that at last he was forced to flee from Dorthonion. In time of winter and

snow he forsook the land and grave of his father, and climbing into the high regions of Gorgoroth,

the Mountains of Terror, he descried afar the land of Doriath. There it was put into his heart that he

would go down into the Hidden Kingdom, where no mortal foot had trodden. Terrible was his

southward journey. Sheer were the precipices of Ered Gorgoroth, and beneath their feet were

shadows that were laid before the raising of the Moon. Beyond lay the wilderness of Dungortheb,

where the sorcery of Sauron and the power of Melian came together, and horror and madness

walked. There spiders of the fell race of Ungoliant abode, spinning their unseen webs in which all

living things were snared; and monsters wandered there that were born in the long dark before the

Sun, hunting silently with many eyes. No food for Elves or Men was there in that haunted land, but

death only. That journey is not accounted least among the great deeds of Beren, but he spoke of it to

no one after, lest the horror return into his mind; and none know how he found a way, and so came

by paths that no Man nor Elf else ever dared to tread to the borders of Doriath. And he passed

through the mazes that Melian wove about the kingdom of Thingol, even as she had foretold; for a

great doom lay upon him.

It is told in the Lay of Leithian that Beren came stumbling into Doriath grey and bowed as

with many years of woe, so great had been the torment of the road. But wandering in the summer in

the woods of Neldoreth he came upon Lúthien, daughter of Thingol and Melian, at a time of

evening under moonrise, as she danced upon the unfading grass in the glades beside Esgalduin.

Then all memory of his pain departed from him, and he fell into an enchantment; for Lúthien was

the most beautiful of all the Children of Ilúvatar. Blue was her raiment as the unclouded heaven, but

her eyes were grey as the starlit evening; her mantle was sewn with golden flowers, but her hair was

dark as the shadows of twilight. As the light upon the leaves of trees, as the voice of clear waters, as the stars above the mists of the world, such was her glory and her loveliness; and in her face was a

shining light.

There went now in the Guarded Realm

beneath the beech, beneath the elm,

there lightfoot ran now on the green

the daughter of the king and queen.

Her long hair as a cloud was streaming

about her arms uplifted gleaming

as slow above the trees the Moon

in glory of the plenilune

arose, and on the open glade

its light serene and clear was laid

Then suddenly her feet were stilled,

and through the woven wood there thrilled,

half wordless, half in elven-tongue,

her voice upraised in blissful song

that once of nightingales she learned

and in her living joy had turned

to heart-enthralling loveliness,

unmarred, immortal, sorrowless.

But she vanished from his sight; and he became dumb, as one that is bound under a spell, and

he strayed long in the woods, wild and wary as a beast, seeking for her. In his heart he called her

Tinúviel, that signifies Nightingale, daughter of twilight, in the Grey-elven tongue, for he knew no

other name for her. And he saw her afar as leaves in the winds of autumn, and in winter as a star

upon a hill, but a chain was upon his limbs.

There came a time near dawn on the eve of spring, and Lúthien danced upon a green hill; and

suddenly she began to sing. Keen, heart-piercing was her song as the song of the lark that rises from

the gates of night and pours its voice among the dying stars, seeing the sun behind the walls of the

world; and the song of Lúthien released the bonds of winter, and the frozen waters spoke, and

flowers sprang from the cold earth where her feet had passed.

Then the spell of silence fell from Beren, and he called to her, crying *Tinúviel*; and the woods

echoed the name. Then she halted in wonder, and fled no more, and Beren came to her. But as she

looked on him, doom fell upon her, and she loved him; yet she slipped from his arms and vanished

from his sight even as the day was breaking. Then Beren lay upon the ground in a swoon, as one

slain at once by bliss and grief; and he fell into a sleep as it were into an abyss of shadow, and

waking he was cold as stone, and his heart barren and forsaken. And wandering in mind he groped

as one that is stricken with sudden blindness, and seeks with hands to grasp the vanished light. Thus

he began the payment of anguish for the fate that was laid on him; and in his fate Lúthien was

caught, and being immortal she shared in his mortality, and being free received his chain; and her

anguish was greater than any other of the Eldalië has known.

Beyond his hope she returned to him where he sat in darkness, and long ago in the Hidden

Kingdom she laid her hand in his. Thereafter often she came to him, and they went in secret through

the woods together from spring to summer; and no others of the Children of Ilúvatar have had joy

so great, though the time was brief.

But Daeron the minstrel also loved Lúthien, and he espied her meetings with Beren, and

betrayed them to Thingol. Then the King was filled with anger, for Lúthien he loved above all

things, setting her above all the princes of the Elves; whereas mortal Men he did not even take into

his service. Therefore he spoke in grief and amazement to Lúthien; but she would reveal nothing,

until he swore an oath to her that he would neither slay Beren nor imprison him. But he sent his

servants to lay hands on him and lead him to Menegroth as a malefactor; and Lúthien forestalling

them led Beren herself before the throne of Thingol, as if he were an honoured guest.

Downward with gentle hand she led

through corridors of carven dread

whose turns were lit by lanterns hung

or flames from torches that were flung

on dragons hewn in the cold stone

with jewelled eyes and teeth of bone.

Then sudden, deep beneath the earth

the silences with silver mirth

were shaken and the rocks were ringing,

the birds of Melian were singing;

and wide the ways of shadow spread

as into arched halls she led

Beren in wonder. There a light

like day immortal and like night

of stars unclouded, shone and gleamed.

A vault of topless trees it seemed,

whose trunks of carven stone there stood

like towers of an enchanted wood

in magic fast for ever bound,

bearing a roof whose branches wound

in endless tracery of green

lit by some leaf-emprisoned sheen

of moon and sun, and wrought of gems,

and each leaf hung on golden stems.

Lo! there amid immortal flowers

the nightingales in shining bowers

sang o'er the head of Melian,

while water for ever dripped and ran

from fountains in the rocky floor.

Then Thingol looked upon Beren in scorn and anger; but Melian was silent. 'Who are you',

said the King, 'that come hither as a thief, and unbidden dare to approach my throne?'

But Beren being filled with dread, for the splendour of Menegroth and the majesty of Thingol

were very great, answered nothing. Therefore Lúthien spoke, and said: 'He is Beren son of Barahir,

lord of Men, mighty foe of Morgoth, the tale of whose deeds is become a song even among the

Elves.'

'Let Beren speak!' said Thingol. 'What would you here, unhappy mortal, and for what cause

have you left your own land to enter this, which is forbidden to such as you? Can you show reason

why my power should not be laid on you in heavy punishment for you insolence and folly?'

Then Beren looking up beheld the eyes of Lúthien, and his glance went also to the face of

Melian and it seemed to him that words were put into his mouth. Fear left him, and the pride of the

eldest house of Men returned to him; and he said: 'My fate, O King, led me hither, through perils

such as few even of the Elves would dare. And here I have found what I sought not indeed, but

finding I would possess for ever. For it is above all gold and silver, and beyond all jewels. Neither

rock, nor steel, nor the fires of Morgoth, nor all the powers of the Elf-kingdoms, shall keep from me

the treasure that I desire. For Lúthien your daughter is the fairest of all the Children of the World.'

Then silence fell upon the hall, for those that stood there were astounded and afraid, and they

thought that Beren would be slain. But Thingol spoke slowly, saying: 'Death you have earned with

these words; and death you should find suddenly, had I not sworn an oath in haste; of which I

repent, baseborn mortal, who in the realm of Morgoth has learnt to creep in secret as his spies and

thralls.'

Then Beren answered: 'Death you can give me earned or unearned; but the names I will not

take from you of baseborn, nor spy, nor thrall. By the ring of Felagund, that he gave to Barahir my

father on the battle field of the North, my house has not earned such names from any Elf, be he king

or no.'

His words were proud, and all eyes looked upon the ring; for he held it now aloft, and the

green jewels gleamed there that the Noldor had devised in Valinor. For this ring was like to twin

serpents, whose eyes were emeralds, and their heads met beneath a crown of golden flowers, that

the one upheld and the other devoured; that was the badge of Finarfin and his house; Then Melian

leaned to Thingol's side, and in whispered counsel bade him forgo his wrath. 'For not by you,' she

said, 'shall Beren be slain; and far and free does his fate led him in the end, yet it is wound with

yours. Take heed!'

But Thingol looked in silence upon Lúthien; and he thought in his heart: 'Unhappy Men,

children of little lords and brief kings, shall such as these lay hands on you, and yet live?' Then

breaking the silence he said: 'I see the ring, son of Barahir, and I perceive that you are proud, and

deem yourself mighty. But a father's deeds, even had his service been rendered to me, avail not to

win the daughter of Thingol and Melian. See now! I too desire a treasure that is withheld. For rock

and steel and the fires of Morgoth keep the jewel that I would possess against all the powers of the

Elf-kingdoms. Yet I hear you say that bonds such as these do not daunt you. Go your way therefore!

Bring to me in your hand a Silmaril from Morgoth's crown; and then, if she will, Lúthien may set

her hand in yours. Then you shall have my jewel; and though the fate of Arda lie within the

Silmarils, yet you shall hold me generous.'

Thus he wrought the doom of Doriath, and was ensnared within the curse of Mandos. And

those that heard these words perceived that Thingol would save his oath, and yet send Beren to his

death; for they know that not all the power of the Noldor, before the Siege was broken, had availed

even to see from afar the shining Silmarils of Fëanor. For they were set in the Iron Crown, and

treasured in Angband above all wealth; and Balrogs were about them, and countless swords, and

strong bars, and unassailable walls, and the dark majesty of Morgoth.

But Beren laughed. 'For little price,' he said, 'do Elven-kings sell their daughters: for gems,

and things made by craft. But if this be your will, Thingol, I will perform it. And when we meet

again my hand shall hold a Silmaril from the Iron Crown; for you have not looked the last upon

Beren son of Barahir.' Then he looked in the eyes of Melian, who spoke not; and he bade farewell to

Lúthien Tinúviel, and bowing before Thingol and Melian he put aside the guards about him, and

departed from Menegroth alone.

Then at last Melian spoke, and she said to Thingol:

'O King, you have devised cunning

counsel. But if my eyes have not lost their sight, it is ill for you, whether Beren fail in his errand, or achieve it. For you have doom either your daughter, or yourself. And now is Doriath drawn within

the fate of a mightier realm.' But Thingol answered: 'I sell not to Elves or Men those whom I love

and cherish above all treasure. And if there were hope or fear that Beren should come ever back

alive to Menegroth, he should not have looked again upon the light of heaven, though I had sworn

it.'

But Lúthien was silent, and from that hour she sang not again in Doriath. A brooding silence

fell upon the woods, and the shadows lengthened in the kingdom of Thingol.

It is told in the Lay of Leithian that Beren passed through Doriath unhindered, and came at

length to the region of the Twilight Meres, and the Fens of Sirion; and leaving Thingol's land he

climbed the hills above the Falls of Sirion, where the river plunged underground with great noise.

Thence he looked westward, and through the mist and rains that lay upon those hills he saw Talath

Dirnen, the Guarded Plain, stretching between Sirion and Narog; and beyond he descried afar the

highlands of Taur-en-Faroth that rose above Nargothrond. And being destitute, without hope or

counsel, he turned his feet thither.

Upon all that plain the Elves of Nargothrond kept unceasing watch; and every hill upon its

borders was crowned with hidden towers, and through all its woods and fields archers ranged

secretly and with great craft. Their arrows were sure and deadly, and nothing crept there against

their will. Therefore, ere Beren had come far upon his road, they were aware of him, and his death

was nigh. But knowing his danger he held ever aloft the ring of Felagund; and though he saw no

living thing, because of the stealth of the hunters, he felt that he was watched, and cried often aloud:

'I am Beren son of Barahir, friend of Felagund. Take me to the King!' Therefore the hunters slew

him not, but assembling they waylaid him, and commanded him to halt. But seeing the ring they

bowed before him, though he was in evil plight, wild and wayworn; and they led hiM northward

and westward, going by night lest their paths should be revealed. For at that time there was no ford

or bridge over the torrent of Narog before the gates of Nargothrond; but further to the north, where

Ginglith joined Narog, the flood was less, and crossing there and turning again southward the Elves

led Beren under the light of the moon to the dark gates of their hidden halls.

Thus Beren came before King Finrod Felagund; and Felagund knew him, needing no ring to

remind him of the kin of Bëor and of Barahir. Behind closed doors they sat, and Beren told of the

death of Barahir, and of all that had befallen hi in Doriath; and he wept, recalling Lúthien and their

joy together. But Felagund heard his tale in wonder and disquiet; and he knew that the oath he had

sworn was come upon him for his death, as long before he had foretold to Galadriel. He spoke then

to Beren in heaviness of heart. 'It is plain that Thingol desires your death; but it seems that this

doom goes beyond his purpose, and that the Oath of Fëanor is again at work. For the Silmarils are

cursed with an oath of hatred, and he that even names them in desire moves a great power from

slumber; and the sons of Fëanor would lay all the Elf-kingdoms in ruin rather than suffer any other

than themselves to win or possess a Silmaril, for the Oath drives them. And now Celegorm and

Curufin are dwelling in my halls; and though I, Finarfin's son, am King, they have won a strong

power in the realm, and lead many of their own people. They have shown friendship to me in every

need, but I fear that they will show neither love nor mercy to you, if your quest be told. Yet my own

oath holds; and thus we are all ensnared.'

Then King Felagund spoke before his people, recalling the deeds of Barahir, and his vow and

he declared that it was laid upon him to aid the son of Barahir in his need, and he sought the help of

his chieftains. Then Celegorm arose amid the throng, and drawing his sword he cried: 'Be he friend

or foe, whether demon of Morgoth, of Elf, or child of Men, or any other living thing in Arda,

neither law, nor love, nor league of hell, nor might of the Valar, nor any power of wizardry, shall

defend him from the pursuing hate of Fëanor's sons, if he take or find a Silmaril and keep it. For the

Silmarils we alone claim, until the world ends.'

Many other words he spoke, as potent as were long before in Tirion the words of his father

that first inflamed the Noldor to rebellion. And after Celegorm Curufin spoke, more softly but with

no less power, conjuring in the minds of the Elves a vision of war and the ruin of Nargothrond. So

great a fear did he set in their hearts that never after until the time of Túrin would any Elf of that

realm go into open battle; but with stealth and ambush, with wizardry and venomed dart, they

pursued all strangers, forgetting the bonds of kinship. Thus they fell from the valour and freedom of

the Elves of old, and their land was darkened.

And now they murmured that Finarfin's son was not as a Vala to command them, and they

turned their faces from him. But the curse of

Mandos came upon the brothers, and dark thoughts

arose in their hearts, thinking to send forth Felagund alone to his death, and to usurp, it might be,

the throne of Nargothrond; for they were of the eldest line of the princes of the Noldor.

And Felagund seeing that he was forsaken took from his head the silver crown of

Nargothrond and cast it at his feet, saying: 'Your oaths of faith to me you may break, but I must hold

my bond. Yet if there be any on whom the shadow of out curse has not yet fallen, I should find at

least a few to follow me, and should not go hence as a beggar that is thrust from the gates.' There

were ten that stood by him; and the chief of them, who was named Edrahil, stooping lifted the

crown and asked that it be given to a steward until Felagund's return. 'for you remain my king, and

theirs,' he said, 'whatever betide.'

Then Felagund gave the crown of Nargothrond to Orodreth his brother to govern in his stead;

and Celegorm and Curufin said nothing, but they smiled and went from the halls.

On an evening of autumn Felagund and Beren set out from Nargothrond with their ten

companions; and they journeyed beside Narog to his source in the Falls of Ivrin. Beneath the

Shadowy Mountains they came upon a company of Orcs, and slew them all in their camp by night;

and they took their gear and their weapons. By the arts of Felagund their own forms and faces were

changed into the likeness of Orcs; and thus disguised they came far upon their northward road, and

ventured into the western pass, between Ered Wethrin and the highlands of Taur-nu-Fuin. But

Sauron in his tower was ware of them, and doubt took him; for they went in haste, and stayed not to

report their deeds, as was commanded to all the servants of Morgoth that passed that way. Therefore

he sent to waylay them, and bring them before him.

Thus befell the contest of Sauron and Felagund which is renowned. For Felagund strove with

Sauron in songs of power, and the power of the King was very great; but Sauron had the mastery, as

is told in the Lay of Leithian:

He chanted a song of wizardry,

Of piercing, opening, of treachery,

Revealing, uncovering, betraying.

Then sudden Felagund there swaying,

Sang in a song of staying,

Resisting, battling against power,

Of secrets kept, strength like a tower,

And trust unbroken, freedom, escape;

Of changing and shifting shape,

Of snares eluded, broken traps,

The prison opening, the chain that snaps.

Backwards and forwards swayed their song.

Reeling foundering, as ever more strong

The chanting swelled, Felagund fought,

And all the magic and might he brought

Of Elvenesse into his words.

Softly in the gloom they heard the birds

Singing afar in Nargothrond,

The sighting of the Sea beyond,

Beyond the western world, on sand,

On sand of pearls on Elvenland.

Then in the doom gathered; darkness growing

In Valinor, the red blood flowing

Beside the Sea, where the Noldor slew

The Foamriders, and stealing drew

Their white ships with their white sails

From lamplit havens. The wind wails,

The wolf howls. The ravens flee.

The ice mutters in the mouths of the Sea.

The captives sad in Angband mourn.

Thunder rumbles, the fires burn-

And Finrod fell before the throne.

Then Sauron stripped from the their disguise, and they stood before him naked and afraid. But

though their kinds were revealed, Sauron could not discover their names or their purposes.

He cast them therefore into a deep pit, dark and silent, and threatened to slay them cruel,

unless one would betray the truth to him. From time to time they saw two eyes kindled in the dark,

and a werewolf devoured one of the companions; but none betrayed their lord.

* * *

In the time when Sauron cast Beren into the pit a weight of horror came upon Lúthien's heart;

and going to Melian for counsel she learned that Beren lay in the dungeons of Tol-in-Gaurhoth

without hope of rescue. Then Lúthien, perceiving that no help would come from any other on earth,

resolved to fly from Doriath and come herself to him; but she sought the aid of Daeron, and he

betrayed her purpose because he would not deprive Lúthien of the lights of heaven, lest she fail and

fade, and yet would restrain her, he caused a house to be built from which she should not escape.

Not far from the gates of Menegroth stood the

greatest of all the trees in the Forest of Neldoreth;

and that was a beech-forest and the northern half of the kingdom. This mighty beech was named

Hírilorn, and it had three trunks, equal in girth, smooth in rind, and exceeding tall; no branches

grew from them for a great height above the ground. Far aloft between the shafts of Hírilorn a

wooden house was built, and there Lúthien was made to dwell; and ladders were taken away and

guarded, save only when the servants of Thingol wrought her such things as she needed.

It is told in the Lay of Leithian how she escaped from the house in Hírilorn; for she put forth

her arts of enchantment, and caused her hair to grow to great length, and of it she wove a dark robe

that wrapped her beauty like a shadow, and it was laden with a spell of sleep. Of the strands that

remained she twined a rope, and she let it down from her window; and as the end swayed above the

guards that sat beneath the house they fell into a deep slumber. Then Lúthien climbed from her

prison, and shrouded in her shadowy cloak she escaped from all eyes, and vanished out of Doriath.

It chanced that Celegorm and Curufin went on a hunt through the Guarded Plain; and this

they did because Sauron, being filled with suspicion, sent forth many wolves into the Elf-lands.

Therefore they took their hounds and rode forth; and they thought that ere they returned they might

also hear tidings concerning King Felagund. Now the chief of the wolf hounds that followed

Celegorm was named Huan. He was not born in Middle-earth, but came from the Blessed Realm;

for Oromë had given him to Celegorm long ago in Valinor, and there he had followed the horn of

his master, before evil came. Huan followed Celegorm into exile, and was faithful; and thus he too

came under the doom of woe set upon the Noldor, and it was decreed that he should meet death, but

not until he encountered the mightiest wolf that would ever walk the world.

Huan it was that found Lúthien flying like a shadow surprised by the daylight under the trees,

when Celegorm and Curufin rested a while near to the western eaves of Doriath; for nothing could

escape the sight and scent of Huan, nor could any enchantment stay him, and he slept not, neither

by night nor day. He brought her to Celegorm, and Lúthien, learning that he was a prince of the

Noldor and a foe of Morgoth, was glad; and she declared herself, casting aside her cloak. So great

was her sudden beauty revealed beneath the sun that Celegorm became enamoured of her; but he

spoke her fair, and promised that she would find help in her need, if she returned with him now to

Nargothrond. By no sign did he reveal that he knew already of Beren and the quest, of which she

told, nor that it was a matter which touched him near.

Thus they broke off the hunt and returned to Nargothrond, and Lúthien was betrayed; for they

held her fast, and took away her cloak, and she was not permitted to pass the gates or to speak with

any save the brothers, Celegorm and Curufin. For now, believing that Beren and Felagund were

prisoners beyond hope of aid, they purposed to let the King perish, and to keep Lúthien , and force

Thingol to give her the mightiest of princes of the Noldor. And they did not purpose to seek the

Silmarils by craft or war, or to suffer any others to do so, until they had all the might of the Elf-

kingdoms under their hands. Orodreth had no power to withstand them, for they swayed the hearts

of the people of Nargothrond; and Celegorm sent messengers to Thingol urging his suit.

But Huan the hound was true of heart, and the love of Lúthien had fallen upon him in the first

hour of their meeting; and he grieved at her captivity. Therefore he came often to her chamber; and

at night he lay before her door, for he felt that evil had come to Nargothrond. Lúthien spoke often to

Huan in her loneliness, telling of Beren, who was the friend of all birds and beasts that did not serve

Morgoth; ad Huan understood all that was said. For he comprehended the speech of all things with

voice; but it was permitted to him thrice only ere his death to speak with words.

Now Huan devised a plan for the aid of Lúthien; and coming at a time of night he brought her

cloak, and for the first time he spoke, giving her counsel. Then he led her by secret ways out of

Nargothrond, and they fled north together; and he humbled his pride and suffered her to ride upon

him in the fashion of a steed, even as the Orcs did at times upon great wolves. Thus they made great

speed, for Huan was swift and tireless.

In the pits of Sauron Beren and Felagund lay, and all their companions were now dead; but

Sauron purposed to keep Felagund to the last, for he perceived that he was a Noldo of great might

and wisdom, and he deemed that in him lay the secret of their errand. But when the wolf came for

Beren, Felagund put forth all his power, and burst his bonds; and he wrestled with the werewolf,

and slew it with his hands and teeth; yet he himself was wounded to the death. Then he spoke to

Beren, saying: 'I go now to my long rest in the timeless halls beyond the seas and the Mountains of

Aman. It will be long ere I am seen among the Noldor again; and it may be that we shall not meet

a

second time in death or life, for the fates of our kindreds are apart. Farewell!' He died then in the

dark, in Tol-in-Gaurhoth, whose great tower he himself had built. Thus King Finrod Felagund,

fairest and most beloved of the house of Finwë, redeemed his oath; but Beren mourned beside him

in despair.

In that hour Lúthien came, and standing upon the bridge that led to Sauron's isle she sang a

song that no walls of stone could hinder. Beren heard, and he thought that he dreamed; for the stars

shone above him, and in the trees nightingales were singing. And in answer he sang a song of

challenge that he had made in praise of the Seven Stars, the Sickle of the Valar that Varda hung

above the North as a sign for the fall of Morgoth. Then all strength left him and he fell down into

darkness.

But Lúthien heard his answering voice, and she sang then a song of greater power. The

wolves howled, and the isle trembled. Sauron stood in the high tower, wrapped in his black thought;

but he smiled hearing her voice, for he knew that it was the daughter of Melian. The fame of the

beauty of Lúthien and the wonder of her song had long gone forth from Doriath; and he thought to

make her captive and hand her over to the power of

Morgoth, for his reward would be great.

Therefore he sent a wolf to the bridge. But Huan slew it silently. Still Sauron sent others one by

one; and one by one Huan took them by the throat and slew them. Then Sauron sent Draugluin, a

dread beast, old in evil lord and sire of the werewolves of Angband. His might was great; and the

battle of Huan and Draugluin was long and fierce. Yet at length Draugluin escaped, and fleeing

back into the tower he died before Sauron's feet; and as he died he told his master: 'Huan is there!'

Now Sauron knew well, as did all in that land, the fate that was decreed for the hound of Valinor,

and it came into his thought that he himself would accomplish it. Therefore he took upon himself

the form of a werewolf, and made himself the mightiest that had yet walked the world; and he came

forth to win the passage of the bridge.

So great was the horror of his approach that Huan leaped aside. Then Sauron sprang upon

Lúthien; and she swooned before the menace of the fell spirit in his eyes and the foul vapour of his

breath. But even as he came, falling she cast a fold of her dark cloak before his eyes; and he

stumbled, for a fleeting drowsiness came upon him. Then Huan sprang. There befell the battle of

Huan and Wolf-Sauron, and howls and baying echoed in the hills, and the watchers on the walls of

Ered Wethrin across the valley heard it afar and were dismayed.

But no wizardry nor spell, neither fang nor venom, nor devil's art nor beast-strength, could

overthrow Huan of Valinor; and he took his foe by the throat and pinned him down. Then Sauron

shifted shape, from wolf to serpent, and from monster to his own accustomed form; but he could not

elude the grip of Huan without forsaking his body utterly. Ere his foul spirit left its dark house,

Lúthien came to him, and said that he shoul be stripped of his raiment of flesh, and his ghost be sent

quaking back to Morgoth; and she said: 'There everlastingly thy naked self shall endure the torment

of his scorn, pierced by his eyes, unless thou yield to me the mastery of thy tower and reveal the

spell that bindeth stone to stone.'

Then lest he be forced from the body unwillingly, which is a dire pain to such spirits, Sauron

yielded himself, and Luthien wrested from him the keys of the tower, and the spell that bound stone

to stone, and took the mastery of the isle and all that was there; and Huan released him. And

immediately he took the form of a vampire, great as a dark cloud across the moon, and he fled,

dripping blood from his throat upon the trees, and came to Tar-nu-Fuin, and dwelt there, filling it

with horror.

Then Lúthien stood upon the bridge, and declared her power: and the gates were thrown

down, and the walls opened, and the pits laid bare; and many thralls and captives came forth in

wonder and dismay, shielding their eyes against the pale moon light, for they had lain long in the

darkness of Sauron. But Beren came not. Therefore Huan and Lúthien sought him in the isle; and

Lúthien found him mourning by Felagund. So deep was his anguish that he lay still, and did not

hear her feet. Then thinking him already dead she put her arms about him and fell into a dark

forgetfulness. But Beren coming back to the light out of the pits of despair lifted her up, and they

looked again upon one another; and the day rising over the dark hills shone upon them.

They buried the body of Felagund upon the hill-top of his own isle, and it was clean again;

and the green grave of Finrod Finarfin's son, fairest of all the princes of the Elves, remained

inviolate, until the land was changed and broken, and foundered under destroying seas. But Finrod

walks with Finarfin his father beneath the trees in Eldamar.

Now Beren and Lúthien Tinúviel went free again and together walked through the woods

renewing for a time their joy; and though winter came it hurt them not, for flowers lingered where

Lúthien went, and the birds sang beneath the snow clad hills. But Huan being faithful went back to

Celegorm his master; yet their love was less than before.

There was tumult in Nargothrond. For thither now returned many Elves that had been

prisoners in the isle of Sauron; and a clamour arose that no words of Celegorm could still. They

lamented bitterly the fall of Felagund their king, saying that a maiden had dared that which the sons

of Fëanor had not dared to do; but many perceived that it was treachery rather than fear that had

guided Celegorm and Curufin. Therefore the hearts of the people of Nargothrond were released

from their dominion, and turned again to the house of Finarfin; and they obeyed Orodreth. But he

would not suffer them to slay the brothers, as some desired, for the spilling of kindred blood by kin

would bind the cures of Mandos more closely upon them all. Yet neither bread nor rest would he

grant to Celegorm and Curufin within his realm, and he swore that there should be little love

between Nargothrond and the sons of Fëanor there after.

'Let it be so!' said Celegorm, and there was a light of menace in his eyes; but Curufin smiled.

Ten they took horse and rode away like fire, to find if they might their kindred in the east. But none

would go with them, not even those that were of their own people; for all perceived that the curse

lay heavily upon the brothers, and that evil followed them. In that time Celebrimbor the son of

Curufin repudiated the deeds of his father, and remained in Nargothrond; yet Huan followed still the

horse of Celegorm his master.

Northward they rode, for they intended in their haste to pass through Dimbar, and along the

north marches or Doriath, seeking the swiftest road to Himring, where Maedhros their brother

dwelt; and still they might hope with speed to traverse it, since it lay close to Doriath's borders,

shunning Nan Dungortheb and the distant menace of the Mountains of Terror.

Now it is told that Beren and Lúthien came in their wandering into the Forests of Brethil, and

drew near at last to the borders of Doriath. Then Beren took thought of his vow; and against his

heart he resolved, when Lúthien was come again within the safety of her own land, to set forth once

more. But she was not willing to be parted form him again, saying: 'You must choose, Beren,

between these two: to relinquish the quest and your oath and seek a life of wandering upon the face

of the earth; or to hold to your word and challenge the power of darkness upon its throne. But on

either road I shall go with you, and our doom shall be alike.'

Even as they spoke together of these things, walking without heed of aught else, Celegorm

and Curufin rode up, hastening through the forest; and the brothers espied them and knew them for

afar. Then Celegorm turned his horse, and spurred it upon Beren, purposing to ride him down; but

Curufin swerving stooped and lifted Lúthien to his saddle, for he was a strong and cunning

horseman. Then Beren sprang from before Celegorm full upon the speeding horse of Curufin that

had passed hi; and the Leap of Beren is renowned among that had passed him; and the Leap of

Beren is renowned among Men and Elves. He took Curufin by the throat from behind, and hurled

him backward, and they fell to the ground together. The horse reared and fell, but Lúthien was flung

aside, and lay upon the grass.

Then Beren throttled Curufin; but death was near him, for Celegorm rode upon him with a

spear. In that hour Huan forsook the service or Celegorm, and sprang upon him, so that his horse

swerved aside, and would not approach Beren because of the terror of the great hound. Celegorm

cursed both hound and horse, but Huan was unmoved. Then Lúthien rising forbade the slaying of

Curufin; but Beren despoiled him of his gear and weapons, and took his knife, sheathless by his

side; iron it would cleave as if it were green wood. Then Beren lifting Curufin flung him from him,

and bade him walk now back to his noble kinsfolk, who might teach him to turn his valour to

worthier use. 'Your horse,' he said, 'I keep for the service of Lúthien, and it may be accounted happy

to be free of such a master.'

Then Curufin cursed Beren under cloud and sky. 'Go hence,' he said, 'unto a swift and bitter

death.' Celegorm took him beside him on his horse, and the brothers made then as if to ride away;

and Beren turned away and took no heed of their words. But Curufin, being filled with shame and

malice, took the bow of Celegorm and shot back as they went; and the arrow was aimed at Lúthien.

Huan leaping caught it in his mouth; but Curufin shot again, and Beren sprang before Lúthien, and

the dart smote him in the breast.

It is told that Huan pursued the sons of Fëanor, and they fled in fear; and returning he brought

to Lúthien a herb out of the forest. With that leaf he staunched Beren's wound, and by her arts and

by her love she healed him; and thus at last they returned to Doriath. There Beren, being torn

between his oath and his love, and knowing Lúthien to be now safe, arose one morning before the

sun, and committed her to the care of Huan; then in great anguish he departed while she yet slept

upon the grass.

He rode northward again with all speed to the Pass of Sirion, and coming to the skirts of

Taur-nu-Fuin he looked out across the waste of Anfauglith and saw afar the peaks of Thangorodrim.

There he dismissed the horse of Curufin, and bade it leave now dread and servitude and run free

upon the green grass in the lands of Sirion. Then being now alone and upon the threshold of the

final peril he made the Song of Parting, in praise of Lúthien and the lights of heaven; for he

believed that he must now say farewell to both love and light. Of that song these words were part:

Farewell sweet earth and northern sky,

for ever blest, since here did lie

and here with lissom limbs did run

beneath the Moon, beneath the Sun,

Lúthien Tinúviel

more fair than mortal tongue can tell.

Though all to ruin fell the world

and were dissolved and backward hurled

unmade into the old abyss,

yet were its making good, for this-

the dusk, the dawn, the earth, the sea-

that Lúthien for a time should be.

And he sang aloud, caring not what ear should

overhear him, for he was desperate and looked

for no escape.

But Lúthien heard his song, and she sang in answer, as she came through the woods unlooked

for. For Huan, consenting once more to be her steed, had borne her swiftly hard upon Beren's trail.

Long he had pondered in his heart what counsel he could devise for the lightning of the peril of

these two whom he loved. He turned aside therefore at Sauron's isle, as they ran northward again,

and he took thence the ghastly wolf-hame of Draugluin, and the bat-fell of Thuringwëthil. She was

the messenger of Sauron, and was wont to fly in vampire's form to Angband; and her greatfingered

wings were barbed at each joint's end with and iron claw. Clad in these dreadful garments Huan and

Lúthien ran through Taur-nu-Fuin, and all things fled before them.

Beren seeing their approach was dismayed; and he wondered, for he had heard the voice of

Tinúviel, and he thought it now a phantom for his ensnaring. But they halted and cast aside their

disguise, and Lúthien ran towards him. Thus Beren and Lúthien met again between the desert and

the wood. For a while he was silent and was glad; but after a space he strove once more to dissuade

Lúthien from her journey.

'Thrice now I curse my oath to Thingol,' he said, 'and I would that he had slain me in

Menegroth, rather than I should bring you under the shadow of Morgoth.'

Then for the second time Huan spoke with words; and he counselled Beren, saying: 'From the

shadow of death you can no longer save Lúthien, for by her love she is now subject to it. You can

turn from your fate and lead her into exile, seeking peace in vain while your life lasts. But if you

will not deny your doom, then either Lúthien, being forsaken, must assuredly die alone, or she must

with you challenge the fate that lies before you--hopeless, yet not certain. Further counsel I cannot

give, nor may I go further on your road. But my heart forebodes that what you find at the Gate I

shall myself see. All else is dark to me; yet it may be that our three paths lead back to Doriath, and

we may meet before the end.'

Then Beren perceived that Lúthien could not be divided from the doom that lay upon them

both, and he sought no longer to dissuade her. By the counsel of Huan and the arts of Lúthien he

was arrayed now in the hame of Draugluin, and she in the winged fell of ThurIngwëthil. Beren

became in all things like a werewolf to look upon, save that in his eyes there shone a spirit grim

indeed but clean; and horror was in his glance as he

saw upon his flank a bat-like creature clinging

with creased wings. Then howling under the moon he leaped down the hill, and the bat wheeled and

flittered above him.

They passed through all perils, until they came with the dust of their long and weary road

upon them to the drear dale that lay before the Gate of Angband. Black chasms opened beside the

road, whence forms as of writhing serpents issued. On either hand the cliffs stood as embattled

walls, and upon them sat carrion fowl crying with fell voices. Before them was the impregnable

Gate, an arch wide and dark at the foot of the mountain; above it reared a thousand feet of

precipice.

There dismay took them, for at the gate was a guard of whom no tidings had yet gone forth.

Rumour of he knew not what designs abroad among the princes of the Elves had come to Morgoth,

and ever down the aisles of the forest was heard the baying of Huan, the great hound of war, whom

long ago the Valar unleashed. Then Morgoth recalled the doom of Huan, and he chose one from

among the whelps of the race of Draugluin; and he fed him with his own hand upon living flesh,

and put his power upon him. Swiftly the wolf grew, until he could creep into no den, but lay huge

and hungry before the feet of Morgoth. There the

fire and anguish of hell entered into him, and he

became filled with a devouring spirit, tormented, terrible, and strong. Carcharoth, the Red Maw, he

is named in the tales of those days, and Anfauglir, the Jaws of Thirst. And Morgoth set him to lie

unsleeping before the doors of Angband, lest Huan come.

Now Carcharoth espied them from afar, and he was filled with doubt; for news had long been

brought to Angband that Draugluin was dead. Therefore when they approached he denied them

entry, and bade them stand; and he drew near with menace, scenting something strange in the air

about them. But suddenly some power, descended from of old from divine race, possessed Lúthien,

and casting back her foul raiment she stood forth, small before the might of Carcharoth, but radiant

and terrible. Lifting up her hand she commanded him to sleep, saying: 'O woe-begotten spirit, fall

now into dark oblivion, and forget for a while the dreadful doom of life.' And Carcharoth was

felled, as though lightning had smitten him.

Then Beren and Lúthien went through the Gate, and down the labyrinthine stairs; and together

wrought the greatest deed that has been dared by Elves or Men. For they came to the seat of

Morgoth in his nethermost hall that was upheld by horror, lit by fire, and filled with weapons of

death and torment. There Beren slunk in wolf's form beneath his throne; but Lúthien was stripped of

her disguise by the will of Morgoth, and he bent his gaze upon her. She was not daunted by his

eyes; and she named her own name, and offered her service to sing before him, after the manner of

a minstrel. Then Morgoth looking upon her beauty conceived in his thought an evil lust, and a

design more dark than any that had yet come into his heart since he fled from Valinor. Thus he was

beguiled by his own malice, for he watched her, leaving her free for awhile, and taking secret

pleasure in his thought. Then suddenly she eluded his sight, and out of the shadows began a song of

such surpassing loveliness, and of such blinding power, that he listened perforce; and a blindness

came upon him, as his eyes roamed to and fro, seeking her.

All his court were cast down in slumber, and all the fires faded and were quenched; but the

Silmarils in the crown on Morgoth's head blazed forth suddenly with a radiance of white flame; and

the burden of that crown and of the jewels bowed down his head, as though the world were set upon

it, laden with a weight of care, of fear, and of desire, that even the will of Morgoth could not

support. Then Lúthien catching up her winged robe sprang into the air, and her voice came dropping

down like rain into pools, profound and dark. She

cast her cloak before his eyes, and set upon him a

dream, dark as the outer Void where once he walked alone.

Suddenly he fell, as a hill sliding in avalanche, and hurled like thunder from his throne lay

prone upon the floors of hell. The iron crown rolled echoing from his head. All things were still.

As a dead beast Beren lay upon the ground; but Lúthien touching him with her hand aroused

him, and he cast aside the wolf-hame. Then he drew forth the knife Angrist; and from the iron claws

that held it he cut a Silmaril.

As he closed it in his hand, the radiance welled through his living flesh, and his hand became

as a shining lamp; but the jewel suffered his touch and hurt him not. It came then into Beren's mind

that he would go beyond his vow, and bear out of Angband all three of the Jewels of Fëanor; but

such was not the doom of the Silmarils. The knife Angrist snapped, and a shard of the blade flying

smote the cheek of Morgoth. He groaned and stirred, and all the host of Angband moved in sleep.

Then terror fell upon Beren and Lúthien, and they fled, heedless and without disguise,

desiring only to see the light once more. They were neither hindered nor pursued, but the Gate was

held against their going out; for Carcharoth had arisen from sleep, and stood now in wrath upon the

threshold of Angband. Before they were aware of

him, he saw them, and sprang upon them as they

ran.

Lúthien was spent, and she had not time nor strength to quell the wolf. But Beren strode forth

before her, and in his right hand he held aloft the Silmaril. Carcharoth halted, and for a moment was

afraid. 'Get you gone, and fly!' cried Beren; 'for here is afire that shall consume you, and all evil

things.' And he thrust the Silmaril before the eyes of the wolf.

But Carcharoth looked upon that holy jewel and was not daunted, and the devouring spirit

within him awoke to sudden fire; and gaping he took suddenly the hand within his jaws, and he bit

it off at the wrist. Then swiftly all his inwards were filled with a flame of anguish, and the Silmaril

seared his accursed flesh. Howling he led before them, and the walls of the valley of the Gate

echoes with the clamour of his torment. So terrible did he become in his madness that all the

creatures of Morgoth that abode in that valley, or were upon any of the roads that led thither, fled

far away' for he slew all living things that stood in his path, and burst from the North with ruin upon

the world. Of all the terrors that came ever into Beleriand ere Angband's fall the madness of

Carcharoth was the most dreadful; for the power of the Silmaril was hidden within him.

Now Beren lay in a swoon within the perilous Gate,

and death drew nigh him for there was

venom on the fangs of the wolf. Lúthien with her lips drew out the venom, and she put forth her

failing power to staunch the hideous wound. But behind her in the depths of Angband the rumour

grew of great wrath aroused. The host of Morgoth were awakened.

Thus the quest of the Silmaril was like to have ended in ruin and despair; but in that hour

above the wall of the valley three mighty birds appeared, flying northward with wings swifter than

the wind. Thorondor was their leader, and with him were his mightiest vassals, wide-winged

Landroval, and Gwaihir the lord of storm. Among all birds and beasts the wandering and need of

Beren had been noised, and Huan himself had bidden all things watch, that they might bring him

aid. High above the realm of Morgoth Thorondor and his vassals soared, and seeing now the

madness of the Wolf and Beren's fall they came swiftly down, even as the powers of Angband were

released from the toils of sleep.

Then they lifted up Lúthien and Beren from the earth, and bore them aloft into the clouds.

Below them suddenly thunder rolled, lightnings leaped upward, and the mountains quaked. Fire and

smoke belched forth from Thangorodrim, and

flaming bolts were hurled far abroad, falling ruinous

upon the lands; and the Noldor in Hithlum trembled. But Thorondor took his way far above the

earth, seeking the high roads of heaven, where the sun daylong shines unveiled and the moon walks

amid the cloudless stars. Thus they passed swiftly over Dor-nu-Fauglith, and over Taur-nu-Fuin,

and came above the hidden valley of Tumladen. No cloud nor mist lay there, and looking down

Lúthien saw far below, as a white light starting from a green jewel, the radiance of Gondolin the fair

where Turgon dwelt. But she wept, for she thought that Beren would surely die, he spoke no word,

nor opened his eyes, and knew thereafter nothing of his flight. But it is said in song that her tears

falling from on high as she passed came like silver raindrops on the plain, and there a fountain

sprang to life: the Fountain of Tinuviel, Eithel Ninui, most healing water until it withered in the

flame. And at the last the eagles set them down upon the borders of Doriath; and they were come to

that same dell whence Beren had stolen in despair and left Lúthien asleep.

There the eagles laid her at Beren's side and returned to the peaks of Crissaegrim and their

high eyries; but Huan came to her, and together they tended Beren, even as before when she healed

him of the wound that Curufin gave to him. But this

wound was fell and poisonous. Long Beren lay,

and his spirit wandered upon the dark borders of death, knowing every an anguish that pursued him

from dream to dream. Then suddenly, when her hope was almost spent, he woke again, and looked

up, seeing leaves against the sky; and he heard beneath the leaves singing soft and slow beside him

Lúthien Tinúviel. And it was spring again.

Thereafter Beren was named Erchamion, which is the One-handed; and suffering was graven

in his face. But at last he was drawn back to life by the love of Lúthien, and he arose, and together

they walked in the woods once more. And they did not hasten from that place, for it seemed fair to

them. Lúthien indeed was willing to wander in the wild without returning, forgetting house and

people and all the glory of the Elf-kingdoms, and for a time Beren was content; but he could not for

long forget his oath to return to Menegroth, nor would he withhold Lúthien from Thingol for ever.

For he held by the law of Men, deeming it perilous to set at naught the will of the father, save at the

last need; and is seemed also to him unfit that one so royal and fair as Lúthien should live always in

the woods, as the rude hunters among Men, without home or honour or the fair things which are the

delight of the queens of the Eldalië. Therefore after a while he persuaded her, and their footsteps

forsook the houseless lands; and he passed into

Doriath, leading Lúthien home. So their doom

willed it.

Upon Doriath evil days had fallen. Grief and silence had come upon all its people when

Lúthien was lost. Long they had sought for her in vain. And it is told that in that time Daeron the

minstrel of Thingol strayed from the land, and was seen no more. He it was that made music for the

dance and song of Lúthien, before Beren came to Doriath; and he had loved her, and set all his

thought of her in his music. He became the greatest of all the minstrels of the Elves east of the Sea,

named even before Maglor son of Fëanor. But seeking for Lúthien in despair he wandered upon

strange paths, and passing over the mountains he came into the East of Middle-earth, where for

many ages he made lament beside dark waters for Lúthien, daughter of Thingol, most beautiful of

all living things.

In that time Thingol turned to Melian; but now she withheld her counsel from him, saying that

the doom that he had devised must work to its appointed end, and that he must wait now upon time.

But Thingol learned that Lúthien had journeyed far from Doriath, for messages came secretly from

Celegorm, as has been told, saying that Felagund

was dead, and Beren was dead, but Lúthien was in

Nargothrond, and that Celegorm would wed her. Then Thingol was wrathful, and he sent forth

spies, thinking to make war upon Nargothrond; and thus he learned that Lúthien was again fled, and

that Celegorm and Curufin were driven from Nargothrond. Then his counsel was in doubt, for he

had not the strength to assail the seven sons of Fëanor; but he sent messengers to Himring to

summon their aid in seeking for Lúthien, since Celegorm had not sent her to the house of her father,

nor had he kept her safely.

But in the north of his realm his messengers met with a peril sudden and unlooked for: the

onslaught of Carcharoth, the Wolf of Angband. In his madness he had run ravening from the north,

and passing at length over Taur-nu-Fuin upon its eastern side he came down from the sources of

Esgalduin like a destroying fire. Nothing hindered him, and the might of Melian upon the borders of

the land stayed him not; for fate drove him, and the power of the Silmaril that he bore to his

torment. Thus he burst into the inviolate woods of Doriath, and all fled away in fear. Alone of the

messengers Mablung, chief captain of the King, escaped, and he brought the dread tidings to

Thingol.

Even in that dark hour Beren and Lúthien returned,

hastening from the west, and the news of

their coming went before them like a sound of music borne by the wind into dark houses where men

sit sorrowful. They came at last to the gates of Menegroth, and a great host followed them. Then

Beren led Lúthien before the throne of Thingol her father; and he looked in wonder upon Beren,

whom he had thought dead; but he loved him not, because of the woes that he had brought upon

Doriath. But Beren knelt before him, and said: 'I return according to my word. I am come now to

claim my own.'

And Thingol answered: 'What of your quest, and of your vow?'

But Beren said: 'It is fulfilled. Even now a Silmaril is in my hand.'

Then Thingol said: 'Show it to me!'

And Beren put forth his left hand, slowly opening its fingers; but it was empty. Then he held

up his right arm; and from that hour he named himself Camlost, the Empty-handed.

Then Thingol's mood was softened; and Beren sat before his throne upon the left, and Lúthien

upon the right, and they told all the tale of the Quest, while all there listened and were filled with

amazement. And it seemed to Thingol that this Man was unlike all other mortal Men, and among

the great in Arda, and the love of Lúthien a thing

new and strange; and he perceived that their doom

might not be withstood by any power of the world. Therefore at the last he yielded his will, and

Beren took the hand of Lúthien before the throne of her father.

But now a shadow fell upon the joy of Doriath at the return of Lúthien the fair; for learning of

the cause of the madness of Carcharoth the people grew the more afraid, perceiving that his danger

was fraught with dreadful power because of the holy jewel, and hardly might be overthrown. And

Beren, hearing of the onslaught of the Wolf, understood that the Quest was not yet fulfilled.

Therefore, since daily Carcharoth drew nearer to Menegroth, they prepared the Hunting of the

Wolf; of all pursuits of beasts whereof tales tell the most perilous. To that chase went Huan the

Hound of Valinor, and Mablung of the Heavy Hand, and Beleg Strongbow, and Beren Erchamion,

and Thingol King of Doriath. They rode forth in the morning and passed over the River Esgalduin;

but Lúthien remained behind at the gates of Menegroth. A dark shadow fell upon her and it seemed

to her that the sun had sickened and turned black.

The hunters turned east and north, and following the course of the river they came at last upon

Carcharoth the Wolf in a dark valley, down the northern side whereof Esgalduin fell in a torrent

over steep falls. At the foot of the falls Carcharoth drank to ease his consuming thirst, and he

howled, and thus they were aware of him, But he, espying their approach, rushed not suddenly to

attack them. It may be that the devil's cunning of his heart awoke, being for a moment eased of his

pain by the sweet waters of Esgalduin; and even as they rode towards him he slunk aside into a

deep brake, and there lay hid. But they set a guard about all that place, and waited, and the shadows

grew long in the forest.

Beren stood beside Thingol, and suddenly they were aware that Huan had left their side. Then

a great baying awoke in the thicket; for Huan becoming impatient and desiring to look upon this

wolf had gone in alone to dislodge him. But Carcharoth avoided him, and bursting form the thorns

leaped suddenly upon Thingol. Swiftly Beren strode before him with a spear, but Carcharoth swept

it aside and felled him, biting at his breast. In that moment Huan leaped from the thicket upon the

back of the Wolf, and they fell together fighting bitterly; and no battle of wolf and hound has been

like to it, for in the baying of Huan was heard the voice of the horns of Oromë and the wrath of the

Valar, but in the howls of Carcharoth was the hate of Morgoth and malice crueller than teeth of

steel; and the rocks were rent by their clamour and fell from on high and choked the falls of

Esgalduin. There they fought to the death; but Thingol gave no heed, for he knelt by Beren, seeing

that he was sorely hurt.

Huan in that hour slew Carcharoth; but there in the woven woods of Doriath his own doom

long spoken was fulfilled, and he was wounded mortally, and the venom of Morgoth entered into

him. Then he came, and falling beside Beren spoke for the third time with words; and he bade

Beren farewell before he died. Beren spoke not, but laid his hand upon the head of the hound, and

so they parted.

Mablung and Beleg came hastening to the King's aid, but when they looked upon what was

done they cast aside their spears and wept. Then Mablung took a knife and ripped up the belly of

the Wolf; and within he was well nigh all consumed as with a fire, but the hand of Beren that held

the jewel was yet incorrupt. But when Mablung reached forth to touch it, the hand was no more,

and the Silmaril lay there unveiled, and the light of it filled the shadows of the forest all about hem.

Then quickly and in fear Mablung took it and set it in Beren's living hand; and Beren was aroused

by the touch of the Silmaril, and held it aloft, and bade Thingol receive it. 'Now is the Quest

achieved,' he said, 'and my doom full-wrought'; and

he spoke no more.

They bore back Beren Camlost son of Barahir upon a bier of branches with Huan the

wolfhound at his side; and night fell ere they returned to Menegroth. At the feet of Hírilorn the great

beech Lúthien met them walking slow, and some bore torches beside the bier. There she set her

arms about Beren, and kissed him bidding him await her beyond the Western Sea; and he looked

upon her eyes ere the spirit left him. But the starlight was quenched and darkness had fallen even

upon Lúthien Tinúviel. Thus ended the Quest of the Silmaril; but the Lay of Leithian, Release form

Bondage does not end.

For the spirit of Beren at her bidding tarried in the halls of Mandos, unwilling to leave the

world, until Lúthien came to say her last farewell upon the dim shores of the Outer Sea, whence

Men that die set out never to return. But the spirit of Lúthien fell down into darkness, and at the last it fled, and her body lay like a flower that is suddenly cut off and lies for a while unwithered on the

grass.

Then a winter, as it were the hoar age of mortal Men, fell upon Thingol. But Lúthien came to

the halls of Mandos, where are the appointed places of the Eldalië, beyond the mansions of the West

upon the confines of the world. There those that wait sit in the shadow of their thought. But her

beauty was more than their beauty, and her sorrow deeper than their sorrows; and she knelt before

Mandos and sang to him.

The song of Lúthien before Mandos was the song most fair that ever in words was woven, and

the song most sorrowful that ever the world shall ever hear. Unchanged, imperishable, it is sung still

in Valinor beyond the hearing of the world, and the listening the Valar grieved. For Lúthien wove

two themes of words, of the sorrow of the Eldar and the grief of Men, of the Two Kindreds that

were made by Ilúvatar to dwell in Arda, the Kingdom of Earth amid the innumerable stars. And as

she knelt before him her tears fell upon his feet like rain upon stones; and Mandos was moved to

pity, who never before was so moved, nor has been since.

Therefore he summoned Beren, and even as Lúthien had spoken in the hour of his death they

met again beyond the Western Sea. But Mandos had no power to withhold the spirits of Men that

were dead within the confines of the world, after their time of waiting; nor could he change the

fates of the Children of Ilúvatar. He went therefore to Manwë, Lord of the Valar, who governed the

world under the hand of Ilúvatar; and Manwë sought counsel in his inmost thought, where the will

of Ilúvatar was revealed.

These were the choices that he gave to Lúthien. Because of her labours and her sorrow, she

should be released from Mandos, and go to Valimar, there to dwell until the world's end among the

Valar, forgetting all griefs that her life had known. Thither Beren could not come. For it was not

permitted to the Valar to withhold Death from him, which is the gift of Ilúvatar to Men. But the

other choice was this: that she might return to Middle-earth, and take with her Beren, there to dwell

again, but without certitude of life or joy. Then she would become mortal, and subject to a second

death, even as he; and ere long she would leave the world for ever, and her beauty become only a

memory in song.

This doom she chose, forsaking the Blessed Realm, and putting aside all claim to kinship with

those that dwell there; that thus whatever grief might lie in wait, the fates of Beren and Lúthien

might be joined, and their paths lead together beyond the confines of the world. So it was that alone

of the Eldalië she has died indeed, and left the world long ago. Yet in her choice the Two Kindreds

have been joined; and she is the forerunner of many

in whom the Eldar see yet, thought all the

world is changed, the likeness of Lúthien the beloved, whom they have lost.

Chapter 20

Of the Fifth Battle: Nirnaeth

Arnoediad

It is said that Beren and Lúthien returned to the northern lands of Middle-earth, and dwelt together

for a time as living man and woman; and they took up again their mortal form in Doriath. Those

that saw them were both glad and fearful; and Lúthien went to Menegroth and healed the winter of

Thingol with the touch of her hand. But Melian looked in her eyes and read the doom that was

written there, and turned away; for she knew that a parting beyond the end of the world had come

between them, and no grief of loss has been heavier than the grief of Melian the Maia in that hour.

Then Beren and Lúthien went forth alone, fearing neither thirst nor hunger; and they passed beyond

the River Gelion into Ossiriand, and dwelt there in Tol Galen the green isle, in the midst of Adurant,

until all tidings of them ceased. The Eldar afterwards called that country Dor Firn-i-Guinar, the

Land of the Dead that Live; and there was born Dior Aranel the beautiful, who was after known as

Dior Eluchíl, which is Thingol's Heir. No mortal man spoke ever again with Beren son of Barahir;

and whether the second span of his life was brief or long is not known to Elves or Men, for none

saw Beren or Lúthien leave the world, or marked where at last their bodies lay.

In those days Maedhros son of Fëanor lifted up his heart, perceiving that Morgoth was not

unassailable; for the deeds of Beren and Lúthien were sung in many songs throughout Beleriand.

Yet Morgoth would destroy them all, one by one, if they could not again unite, and make new

league and common council; and he began those counsels for the raising of the fortunes of the Eldar

that are called the Union of Maedhros.

Yet the oath of Fëanor and the evil deeds that it had wrought did injury to the design of

Maedhros, and he had less aid than should have been. Orodreth would not march forth at the word

of any son of Fëanor, because of the deeds of Celegorm and Curufin; and the Elves of Nargothrond

trusted still to defend their hidden stronghold by secrecy and stealth. Thence came only a small

company, following Gwindor son of Guilin, a very valiant prince; and against the will of Orodreth

he went to the northern war, because he grieved for the loss of Gelmir his brother in the Dagor

Bragollach. They took the badge of the house of

Fingolfin, and marched beneath the banners of

Fingon; and they came never back, save one.

From Doriath came little help. For Maedhros and his brothers, being constrained by their

oath, had before sent to Thingol and reminded him with haughty words of their claim, summoning

him to yield the Silmaril, or become their enemy. Melian counselled him to surrender it; but the

words of the sons of Fëanor were proud and threatening, and Thingol was filled with anger,

thinking of the anguish of Lúthien and the blood of Beren whereby the jewel had been won, despite

the malice of Celegorm and Curufin. And every day that he looked upon the Silmaril the more he

desired to keep it for ever; for such was its power. Therefore he sent back the messengers with

scornful words. Maedhros made no answer, for he had now begun to devise the league and union of

the Elves; but Celegorm and Curufin vowed openly to slay Thingol and destroy his people, if they

came victorious from war, and the jewel were not surrendered of free will. Then Thingol fortified

the marches of his realm, and went not to war, nor any out of Doriath save Mablung and Beleg, who

were unwilling to have no part in these great deeds. To them Thingol gave leave to go, so long as

they served not the sons of Fëanor; and they joined themselves to the host of Fingon.

But Maedhros had the help of the Naugrim, both in

armed force and in great store of

weapons; and the smithies of Nogrod and Belegost were busy in those days. And he gathered

together again all his brothers and all the people who would follow them; and the Men of Bór and

Ulfang were marshalled and trained for war, and they summoned yet more of their kinsfolk out of

the East. Moreover in the west Fingon, ever the friend of Maedhros, took counsel with Himring,

and in Hithlum the Noldor and the Men of the house of Hador prepared for war. In the forest of

Brethil Halmir, lord of the People of Haleth, gathered his men, and they whetted their axes; but

Halmir died ere the war came, and Haldir his son ruled that people. And to Gondolin also the

tidings came, to Turgon, the hidden king.

But Maedhros made trial of his strength too soon, ere his plans were full-wrought; and though

the Orcs were driven out of all the northward regions of Beleriand, and even Dorthonion was freed

for a while, Morgoth was warned of the uprising of the Eldar and the Elf-friends, and took counsel

against them. Many spies and workers of treason he sent forth among them, as he was the better

able now to do, for the faithless Men of his secret

allegiance were yet deep in the secrets of the sons

of Fëanor.

At length Maedhros, having gathered all the strength that he could of Elves and Men and

Dwarves, resolved to assault Angband from east and west; and he purposed to march with banners

displayed in open force over Anfauglith. But when he had drawn forth, as he hoped, the armies of

Morgoth in answer, then Fingon should issue forth from the passes of Hithlum; and thus they

thought to take the might of Morgoth as between anvil and hammer, and break it to pieces. And the

signal for this was to be the firing of a great beacon in Dorthonion.

On the appointed day, on the morning of Midsummer, the trumpets of the Eldar greeted the

rising of the sun; and in the east was raised the standard of the sons of Fëanor, and in the west the

standard of Fingon, High King of the Noldor. Then Fingon looked out from the walls of Eithel

Sirion, and his host was arrayed in the valleys and the woods upon the east of Ered Wethrin, well

hid from the eyes of the Enemy; but he knew that it was very great. For there all the Noldor of

Hithlum were assembled, together with Elves of the Falas and Gwindor's company from

Nargothrond, and he had great strength of Men: upon the right were the host of Dor-lómin and all

the valour of Húrin and Huor his brother, and to

them had come Haldir of Brethil with many men of

the woods.

Then Fingon looked towards Thangorodrim, and there was a dark cloud about it, and a black

smoke went up; and he knew that the wrath of Morgoth was aroused, and that their challenge was

accepted. A shadow of doubt fell upon Fingon's heart; and he looked eastwards, seeking if he might

see with elven-sight the dust of Anfauglith rising beneath the hosts of Maedhros. He knew not that

Maedhros was hindered in his setting-forth by the guile of Uldor the accursed, who deceived him

with false warnings of assault from Angband.

But now a cry went up, passing up the wind from the south from vale to vale, and Elves and

Men lifted their voices in wonder and joy. For unsummoned and unlooked for Turgon had opened

the leaguer of Gondolin, and was come with an army ten thousand strong, with bright mail and long

swords and spears like a forest. Then when Fingon heard afar the great trumpet of Turgon his

brother, the shadow passed and his heart was uplifted, and he shouted aloud: ' *Utúlie'n aurë! Aiya*

Eldalië ar Atanatári, utúlie'n aurë! The day has come! Behold, people of the Eldar and Fathers of Men, the day has come!' And all those who heard his great voice echo in the hills answered crying:

' *Auta i lómë!* The night is passing!'

Now Morgoth, who knew much of what was done and designed by his enemies, chose his

hour, and trusting in his treacherous servants to hold back Maedhros and prevent the union of his

foes he sent a force seeming great (and yet but part of all that he had made ready) towards Hithlum;

and they were clad all in dun raiment and showed no naked steel, and thus were already far over the

sands of Anfauglith before their approach was seen.

Then the hearts of the Noldor grew hot, and their captains wished to assail their foes upon the

plain; but Húrin spoke against it, and bade them beware of the guile of Morgoth, whose strength

was always greater than it seemed, and his purpose other than he revealed. And though the signal of

the approach of Maedhros came not, and the host grew impatient, Húrin urged them still to await it,

and to let the Orcs break themselves in assault upon the hills.

But the Captain of Morgoth in the west had been commanded to draw out Fingon swiftly from

his hills by whatever means he could. He marched on therefore until the front of his battle was

drawn up before the stream of Sirion, from the walls of the fortress of Eithel Sirion to the inflowing

of Rivil at the Fen of Serech; and the outposts of Fingon could see the eyes of their enemies. But

there was no answer to his challenge, and the taunts of the Orcs faltered as they looked upon the

silent walls and the hidden threat of the hills. Then the Captain of Morgoth sent out riders with

tokens of parley, and they rode up before the outworks of the Barad Eithel. With them they brought

Gelmir son of Guilin, that lord of Nargothrond whom they had captured in the Bragollach; and they

had blinded him. Then the heralds of Angband showed him forth, crying: 'We have many more such

at home, but you must make haste if you would find them; for we shall deal with them all when we

return even so.' And they hewed off Gelmir's hands and feet, and his head last, within sight of the

Elves, and left him.

By ill chance, at that place in the outworks stood Gwindor of Nargothrond, the brother of

Gelmir. Now his wrath was kindled to madness, and he leapt forth on horseback, and many riders

with him; and they pursued the heralds and slew them, and drove on deep into the main host. And

seeing this all the host of the Noldor was set on fire, and Fingon put on his white helm and sounded

his trumpets, and all the host of Hithlum leapt forth from the hills in sudden onslaught. The light of

the drawing of the swords of the Noldor was like a fire in a field of reeds; and so fell and swift was

their onset that almost the designs of Morgoth went astray. Before the army that he sent westward

could be strengthened it was swept away, and the banners of Fingon passed over Anfauglith and

were raised before the walls of Angband. Ever in the forefront of that battle went Gwindor and the

Elves of Nargothrond, and even now they could not be restrained; and they burst through the Gate

and slew the guards upon the very stairs of Angband, and Morgoth trembled upon his deep throne,

hearing them beat upon his doors. But they were trapped there, and all were slain save Gwindor

only, whom they took alive; for Fingon could not come to their aid. By many secret doors in

Thangorodrim Morgoth had let issue forth his main host that he held in waiting, and Fingon was

beaten back with great loss from the walls.

Then in the plain of Anfauglith, on the fourth day of the war, there began Nirnaeth Arnoediad,

Unnumbered Tears, for no song or tale can contain all its grief. The host of Fingon retreated over

the sands, and Haldir lord of the Haladin was slain in the rearguard; with him fell most of the Men

of Brethil, and came never back to their woods. But on the fifth day as night fell, and they were still

far from Ered Wethrin, the Orcs surrounded the host of Hithlum, and they fought until day, pressed

ever closer. In the morning came hope, when the horns of Turgon were heard as he marched up with

the main host of Gondolin; for they had been stationed southward guarding the Pass of Sirion, and

Turgon restrained most of his people from the rash onslaught. Now he hastened to the aid of his

brother; and the Gondolindrim were strong and clad in mail, and their ranks shone like a river of

steel in the sun.

Now the phalanx of the guard of the King broke through the ranks of the Orcs, and Turgon

hewed his way to the side of his brother; and it is told that the meeting of Turgon with Húrin, who

stood beside Fingon, was glad in the midst of battle. Then hope was renewed in the hearts of the

Elves; and in that very time, at the third hour of morning, the trumpets of Maedhros were heard at

last coming up from the east, and the banners of the sons of Fëanor assailed the enemy in the rear.

Some have said that even then the Eldar might have won the day, had all their hosts proved faithful;

for the Orcs wavered, and their onslaught was stayed, and already some were turning to flight. But

even as the vanguard of Maedhros came upon the Orcs, Morgoth loosed his last strength, and

Angband was emptied. There came wolves, and wolfriders, and there came Balrogs, and dragons,

and Glaurung father of dragons. The strength and terror of the Great Worm were now great indeed,

and Elves and Men withered before him; and he came between the hosts of Maedhros and Fingon

and swept them apart.

Yet neither by wolf, nor by Balrog, nor by Dragon, would Morgoth have achieved his end, but

for the treachery of Men. In this hour the plots of Ulfang were revealed. Many of the Easterlings

turned and fled, their hearts being filled with lies and fear; but the sons of Ulfang went over

suddenly to Morgoth and drove in upon the rear of the sons of Fëanor, and in the confusion that

they wrought they came near to the standard of Maedhros. They reaped not the reward that Morgoth

promised them, for Maglor slew Uldor the accursed, the leader in treason, and the sons of Bór slew

Ulfast and Ulwarth ere they themselves were slain. But new strength of evil Men came up that

Uldor had summoned and kept hidden in the eastern hills, and the host of Maedhros was assailed

now on three sides, and it broke, and was scattered, and fled this way and that. Yet fate saved the

sons of Fëanor, and though all were wounded none were slain, for they drew together, and gathering

a remnant of the Noldor and the Naugrim about them they hewed a way out of the battle and

escaped far away towards Mount Dolmed in the east.

Last of all the eastern force to stand firm were the Dwarves of Belegost, and thus they won

renown. For the Naugrim withstood fire more hardily than either Elves or Men, and it was their

custom moreover to wear great masks in battle hideous to look upon; and those stood them in good

stead against the dragons. And but for them Glaurung and his brood would have withered all that

was left of the Noldor. But the Naugrim made a circle about him when he assailed them, and even

his mighty armour was not full proof against the blows of their great axes; and when in his rage

Glaurung turned and struck down Azaghâl, Lord of Belegost, and crawled over him, with his last

stroke Azaghâl drove a knife into his belly, and so wounded him that he fled the field, and the beasts

of Angband in dismay followed after him. Then the Dwarves raised up the body of Azaghâl and

bore it away; and with slow steps they walked behind singing a dirge in deep voices, as it were a

funeral pomp in their country, and gave no heed more to their foes; and none dared to stay them.

But now in the western battle Fingon and Turgon were assailed by a tide of foes thrice greater

than all the force that was left to them. Gothmog, Lord of Balrogs, high-captain of Angband, was

come; and he drove a dark wedge between the Elvenhosts, surrounding King Fingon, and thrusting

Turgon and Húrin aside towards the Fen of Serech. Then he turned upon Fingon. That was a grim

meeting. At last Fingon stood alone with his guard

dead about him; and he fought with Gothmog,

until another Balrog came behind and cast a thong of fire about him. Then Gothmog hewed him

with his black axe, and a white flame sprang up from the helm of Fingon as it was cloven. Thus fell

the High King of the Noldor; and they beat him into the dust with their maces, and his banner, blue

and silver, they trod into the mire of his blood.

The field was lost; but still Húrin and Huor and the remnant of the house of Hador stood firm

with Turgon of Gondolin, and the hosts of Morgoth could not yet win the Pass of Sirion. Then

Húrin spoke to Turgon, saying: 'Go now, lord, while time is! For in you lives the last hope of the

Eldar, and while Gondolin stands Morgoth shall still know fear in his heart.'

But Turgon answered: 'Not long now can Gondolin be hidden; and being discovered it must

fall.'

Then Huor spoke and said: 'Yet if it stands but a little while, then out of your house shall

come the hope of Elves and Men. This I say to you, lord, with the eyes of death: though we part

here for ever, and I shall not look on your white walls again, from you and from me a new star shall

arise. Farewell!'

And Maeglin, Turgon's sister-son, who stood by, heard these words, and did not forget them;

but he said nothing.

Then Turgon took the counsel of Húrin and Huor, and summoning all that remained of the

host of Gondolin and such of Fingon's people as could be gathered he retreated towards the Pass of

Sirion; and his captains Ecthelion and Glorfindel guarded the flanks to right and left, so that none of

the enemy should pass them by. But the Men of Dor-lómin held the rearguard, as Húrin and Huor

desired; for they did not wish in their hearts to leave the Northlands, and if they could not win back

to their homes, there they would stand to the end. Thus was the treachery of Uldor redressed; and of

all the deeds of war that the fathers of Men wrought in behalf of the Eldar, the last stand of the Men

of Dor-lómin is most renowned.

So it was that Turgon fought his way southward, until coming behind the guard of Húrin and

Huor he passed down Sirion and escaped; and he vanished into the mountains and was hidden from

the eyes of Morgoth. But the brothers drew the remnant of the Men of the house of Hador about

them, and foot by foot they withdrew, until they came behind the Fen of Serech, and had the stream

of Rivil before them. There they stood and gave way no more.

Then all the hosts of Angband swarmed against them, and they bridged the stream with their

dead, and encircled the remnant of Hithlum as a gathering tide about a rock. There as the sun

westered on the sixth day, and the shadow of Ered Wethrin grew dark, Huor fell pierced with a

venomed arrow in his eye, and all the valiant Men of Hador were slain about him in a heap; and the

Orcs hewed their heads and piled them as a mound of gold in the sunset.

Last of all Húrin stood alone. Then he cast aside his shield, and wielded an axe two-handed;

and it is sung that the axe smoked in the black blood of the troll-guard of Gothmog until it withered,

and each time that he slew Húrin cried: ' *Aurë entuluva!* Day shall come again!' Seventy times he uttered that cry; but they took him at last alive, by the command of Morgoth, for the Orcs grappled

him with their hands, which clung to him still though he hewed off their arms; and ever their

numbers were renewed, until at last he fell buried beneath them. Then Gothmog bound him and

dragged him to Angband with mockery.

Thus ended Nirnaeth Arnoediad, as the sun went down beyond the sea. Night fell in Hithlum,

and there came a great storm of wind out of the West.

Great was the triumph of Morgoth, and his design was accomplished in a manner after his

own heart; for Men took the lives of Men, and betrayed the Eldar, and fear and hatred were aroused

among those that should have been united against him. From that day the hearts of the Elves were

estranged from Men, save only those of the Three Houses of the Edain.

The realm of Fingon was no more; and the sons of Fëanor wandered as leaves before the

wind. Their arms were scattered, and their league broken; and they took to a wild and woodland life

beneath the feet of Ered Lindon, mingling with the Green-elves of Ossiriand, bereft of their power

and glory of old. In Brethil some few of the Haladin yet dwelt in the protection of their woods, and

Handir son of Haldir was their lord; but to Hithlum came back never one of Fingon's host, nor any

of the Men of Hador's house, nor any tidings of the battle and the fate of their lords. But Morgoth

sent thither the Easterlings that had served him, denying them the rich lands of Beleriand which

they coveted; and he shut them in Hithlum and forbade them to leave it. Such was the reward he

gave them for their treachery to Maedhros: to plunder and harass the old and the women and the

children of Hador's people. The remnant of the Eldar of Hithlum were taken to the mines of the

north and laboured there as thralls, save some that eluded him and escaped into the wilds and the

mountains.'

The Orcs and the wolves went freely through all the North, and came ever further southward

into Beleriand, even as far as Nantathren, the Land of Willows, and the borders of Ossiriand, and

none were safe in field or wild. Doriath indeed remained, and the halls of Nargothrond were hidden;

but Morgoth gave small heed to them, either because he knew little of them, or because their hour

was not yet come in the deep purposes of his malice. Many now fled to the Havens and took refuge

behind Círdan's walls, and the mariners passed up and down the coast and harried the enemy with

swift landings. But in the next year, ere the winter was come, Morgoth sent great strength over

Hithlum and Nevrast, and they came down the rivers Brithon and Nenning and ravaged all the

Falas, and besieged the walls of Brithombar and Eglarest. Smiths and miners and makers of fire

they brought with them, and they set up great engines; and valiantly though they were resisted they

broke the walls at last. Then the Havens were laid in ruin, and the tower of Barad Nimras cast

down; and the most part of Círdan's people were slain or enslaved. But some went aboard ship and

escaped by sea; and among them was Ereinion Gil-

galad, the son of Fingon, whom his father had sent to the Havens after the Dagor Bragollach. This remnant sailed with Círdan south to the Isle of Balar, and they made a refuge for all that could come thither; for they kept a foothold also at the Mouths of Sirion, and there many light and swift ships lay hid in the creeks and waters where the reeds were dense as a forest.

And when Turgon heard of this he sent again his messengers to Sirion's mouths, and besought the aid of Círdan the Shipwright. At the bidding of Turgon Círdan built seven swift ships, and they sailed out into the West; but no tidings of them came ever back to Balar, save of one, and the last. The mariners of that ship toiled long in the sea, and returning at last in despair they foundered in a great storm within sight of the coasts of Middle-earth; but one of them was saved by Ulmo from the wrath of Ossë, and the waves bore him up, and cast him ashore in Nevrast. His name was Voronwë; and he was one of those that Turgon sent forth as messengers from Gondolin.

Now the thought of Morgoth dwelt ever upon Turgon; for Turgon had escaped him, of all his foes that one whom he most desired to take or to destroy. And that thought troubled him, and marred his victory, for Turgon of the mighty house of Fingolfin was now by right King of all the

Noldor; and Morgoth feared and hated the house of Fingolfin, because they had the friendship of

Ulmo his foe, and because of the wounds that Fingolfin gave him with his sword. And most of all

his kin Morgoth feared Turgon; for of old in Valinor his eye had lighted upon him, and whenever he

drew near a shadow had fallen on his spirit, foreboding that in some time that yet lay hidden, from

Turgon ruin should come to him.

By the command of Morgoth the Orcs with great labour gathered all the bodies of those who

had fallen in the great battle, and all their harness and weapons, and piled them in a great mound in

the midst of Anfauglith; and it was like a hill that could be seen from afar. Haudh-en-Ndengin the

Elves named it, the Hill of Slain, and Haudh-en-Nirnaeth, the Hill of Tears. But grass came there

and grew again long and green upon that hill, alone in all the desert that Morgoth made; and no

creature of Morgoth trod thereafter upon the earth beneath which the swords of the Eldar and the

Edain crumbled into rust.

Chapter 21

Narn i Hîn Húrin

The Tale of the Children of Húrin

Narn i Hîn Húrin is the work of a Mannish poet, Dírhavel, who lived at the Havens of Sirion in the days of Eärendil, and there gathered all the tidings that he could of the House of Hador, whether among Men or Elves, remnants and fugitives of Dor-1ómin, of Nargothrond, of Gondolin, or of Doriath. Dírhavel is said to have come himself of the House of Hador, but this tale is dubious. This lay, longest of all the lays of Beleriand, was all that he ever made, but it was prized by the Eldar, for Dírhavel used the Grey-elven tongue, in which he had great skill. He used that mode of Elvish verse which was called Minlamed thent estent, and was of old proper to the narn (a tale that is told in verse, but to be spoken and not sung). Dírhavel perished in the raid of the Sons of Fëanor upon the Havens of Sirion.

The Childhood of Túrin

Hador Goldenhead was a lord of the Edain and well-beloved by the Eldar. He dwelt while his

days lasted under the lordship of Fingolfin, who gave to him wide lands in that region of Hithlum

which was called Dor-lómin. His daughter Glóredhel wedded Haldir son of Halmir, lord of the Men

of Brethil; and at the same feast his son Galdor the Tall wedded Hareth, the daughter of Halmir.

Galdor and Hareth had two sons, Húrin and Huor. Húrin was by three years the elder, but he

was shorter in stature than other men of his kin; in this he took after his mother's people, but in all

else he was like Hador his grandfather, fair of face and golden-haired, strong in body and fiery of

mood. But the fire in him burned steadily, and he

had great endurance of will. Of all Men of the

North he knew most of the counsels of the Noldor. Huor his brother was tall, the tallest of all the

Edain save his own son Tuor only, and a swift runner; but if the race were long and hard Húrin

would be the first home, for he ran as strongly at the end of the course as at the beginning. There

was great love between the brothers, and they were seldom apart in their youth.

Húrin wedded Morwen, the daughter of Baragund son of Bregolas of the House of Bëor; and

she was thus of close kin to Beren One-hand. Morwen was dark-haired and tall, and for the light of

her glance and the beauty of her face men called her Eledhwen, the Elven-fair; but she was

somewhat stern of mood and proud. The sorrows of the House of Bëor saddened her heart; for she

came as an exile to Dor-lómin from Dorthonion after the ruin of the Bragollach.

Túrin was the name of the eldest child of Húrin and Morwen, and he was born in that year in

which Beren came to Doriath and found Lúthien Tinúviel, Thingol's daughter. Morwen bore a

daughter also to Húrin, and she was named Urwen; but she was called Lalaith, which is Laughter,

by all that knew her in her short life.

Huor wedded Rían, the cousin of Morwen; she was the daughter of Belegund son of Bregolas.

By hard fate was she born into such days, for she was gentle of heart and loved neither hunting nor

war. Her love was given to trees and to the flowers of the wild, and she was a singer and a maker of

songs. Two months only had she been wedded to Huor when he went with his brother to the

Nirnaeth Arnoediad, and she never saw him again.

In the years after the Dagor Bragollach and the fall of Fingolfin the shadow of the fear of

Morgoth lenghtened. But in the four hundred and sixty-ninth year after the return of the Noldor to

Middle-earth there was a stirring of hope among Elves and Men; for the rumour ran among them of

the deeds of Beren and Lúthien, and the putting to shame of Morgoth even upon his throne in

Angband, and some said that Beren and Lúthien yet lived, or had returned from the Dead. In that

year also the great counsels of Maedhros were almost complete, and with the reviving strength of

the Eldar and the Edain the advance of Morgoth was stayed, and the Orcs were driven back from

Beleriand. Then some began to speak of victories to come, and of redressing the Battle of the

Bragollach, when Maedhros should lead forth the united hosts, and drive Morgoth underground,

and seal the Doors of Angband.

But the wiser were uneasy still, fearing that Maedhros revealed his growing strength too soon,

and that Morgoth would be given time enough to take counsel against him. "Ever will some new

evil be hatched in Angband beyond the guess of Elves and Men," they said. And in the autumn of

that year, to point their words, there came an ill wind from the North under leaden skies. The Evil

Breath it was called, for it was pestilent; and many sickened and died in the fall of the year in the

northern lands that bordered on the Anfauglith, and they were for the most part the children or the

rising youth in the houses of Men.

In that year Túrin son of Húrin was yet only five years old, and Urwen his sister was three in

the beginning of spring. Her hair was like the yellow lilies in the grass as she ran in the fields, and

her laughter was like the sound of the merry stream that came singing out of the hills past the walls

of her father's house. Nen Lalaith it was named, and after it all the people of the household called

the child Lalaith, and their hearts were glad while she was among them.

But Túrin was loved less than she. He was dark-haired as his mother, and promised to be like

her in mood also; for he was not merry, and spoke

little, though he learned to speak early and ever

seemed older than his years. Túrin was slow to forget injustice or mockery; but the fire of his father

was also in him, and he could be sudden and fierce. Yet he was quick to pity, and the hurts or

sadness of living things might move him to tears; and he was like his father in this also, for Morwen

was stern with others as with herself. He loved his mother, for her speech to him was forthright and

plain; but his father he saw little, for Húrin was often long away from home with the host of Fingon

that guarded Hithlum's eastern borders, and when he returned his quick speech, full of strange

words and jests and half-meanings, bewildered Túrin and made him uneasy. At that time all the

warmth of his heart was for Lalaith his sister; but he played with her seldom, and he liked better to

guard her unseen and to watch her going upon grass or under tree, as she sang such songs as the

children of the Edain made long ago when the tongue of the Elves was still fresh upon their lips.

"Fair as an Elf-child is Lalaith," said Húrin to Morwen; "but briefer, alas! And so fairer, maybe, or dearer." And Túrin hearing these words pondered them, but could not understand them.

For he had seen no Elf-children. None of the Eldar at that time dwelt in his father's lands, and once

only had he seen them, when King Fingon and many of his lords had ridden through Dor-lómin and

passed over the bridge of Nen Lalaith, glittering in silver and white.

But before the year was out the truth of his father's words was shown; for the Evil Breath

came to Dor-lómin, and Túrin took sick, and lay long in a fever and dark dream. And when he was

healed, for such was his fate and the strength of life that was in him, he asked for Lalaith. But his

nurse answered: "Speak no more of Lalaith, son of Húrin; but of your sister Urwen you must ask

tidings of your mother."

And when Morwen came to him, Túrin said to her: "I am no longer sick, and I wish to see

Urwen; but why must I not say Lalaith any more?"

"Because Urwen is dead, and laugher is stilled in this house," she answered. "But you live, son of Morwen; and so does the Enemy who has done this to us."

She did not seek to comfort him any more than herself: for she met her grief in silence and

coldness of heart. But Húrin mourned openly, and he took up his harp and would make a song of

lamentation; but he could not, and he broke his harp, and going out he lifted up his hand towards

the North, crying: "Marrer of Middle-earth, would that I might see thee face to face, and mar thee as my lord Fingolfin did!"

But Túrin wept bitterly at night alone, though to

Morwen he never again spoke the name of

his sister. To one friend only he turned at that time, and to him spoke of his sorrow and the

emptiness of the house. This friend was named Sador, a house-man in the service of Húrin; he was

lame, and of small account. He had been a woodman, and by ill-luck or the mishandling of his axe

he had hewn his right foot, and the footless leg had shrunken; and Túrin called him Labadal, which

is "Hopafoot," though the name did not displease Sador, for it was given in pity and not in scorn.

Sador worked in the outbuildings, to make or mend things of little worth that were needed in the

house, for he had some skill in the working of wood; and Túrin would fetch him what he lacked, to

spare his leg, and sometimes he would carry off secretly some tool or piece of timber that he found

unwatched, if he thought his friend might use it. Then Sador smiled, but bade him return the gifts to

their places; "Give with a free hand, but give only your own," he said. He rewarded as he could the kindness of the child, and carved for him the figures of men and beasts; but Túrin delighted most in

Sador's tales, for he had been a young man in the days of the Bragollach, and loved now to dwell

upon the short days of his full manhood before his maiming.

"That was a great battle, they say, son of Húrin. I

was called from my tasks in the wood in the

need of that year; but I was not in the Bragollach, or I might have got my hurt with more honour.

For we came too late, save to bear back the bier of the old lord, Hador, who fell in the guard of

King Fingolfin. I went for a soldier after that, and I was in Eithel Sirion, the great fort of the Elf-

kings, for many years; or so it seems now, and the dull years since have little to mark them. In

Eithel Sirion I was when the Black King assailed it, and Galdor your father's father was the captain

there in the King's stead. He was slain in that assault; and I saw your father take up his lordship and

his command, though but new-come to manhood. There was a fire in him that made the sword hot

in his hand, they said. Behind him we drove the Orcs into the sand; and they have not dared to come

within sight of the walls since that day. But alas! my love of battle was sated, for I had seen spilled

blood and wounds enough; and I got leave to come back to the woods that I yearned for. And there I

got my hurt; for a man that flies from his fear may find that he has only taken a short cut to meet it."

In this way Sador would speak to Túrin as he grew older; and Túrin began to ask many

questions that Sador found hard to answer, thinking that others nearer akin should have had the

teaching. And one day Túrin said to him: "Was Lalaith indeed like an Elf-child, as my father said?

And what did he mean, when he said that she was briefer?"

"Very like," said Sador; "for in their first youth the children of Men and Elves seem close akin. But the children of Men grow more swiftly, and their youth passes soon; such is our fate."

Then Túrin asked him: "What is fate?"

"As to the fate of men," said Sador, "you must ask those that are wiser than Labadal. But as all can see, we weary soon and die; and by mischance many meet death even sooner. But the Elves

do not weary, and they do not die save by great hurt. From wounds and griefs that would slay Men

they may be healed; and even when their bodies are marred they return again, some say. It is not so

with us."

"Then Lalaith will not come back?" said Túrin. "Where has she gone?"

"She will not come back," said Sador. "But where she has gone no man knows; or I do not."

"Has it always been so? Or do we suffer some curse of the wicked King, perhaps, like the Evil

Breath?"

"I do not know. A darkness lies behind us, and out of it few tales have come. The fathers of

our fathers may have had things to tell, but they did not tell them. Even their names are forgotten.

The Mountains stand between us and the life that they came from, flying from no man now knows

what."

"Were they afraid?" said Túrin.

"It may be," said Sador. "It may be that we fled from the fear of the Dark, only to find it here before us, and nowhere else to fly to but the Sea."

"We are not afraid any longer," said Túrin, "not all of us. My father is not afraid, and I will not be; or at least, as my mother, I will be afraid and not show it."

It seemed then to Sador that Túrin's eyes were not like the eyes of a child, and he thought:

"Grief is a hone to a hard mind." But aloud he said: "Son of Húrin and Morwen, how it will be with your heart Labadal cannot guess; but seldom and to few will you show what is in it."

Then Túrin said: "Perhaps it is better not to tell what you wish, if you cannot have it. But I

wish, Labadal, that I were one of the Eldar. Then Lalaith might come back, and I should be here,

even if she were long away. I shall go as a soldier with an Elf-king as soon as I am able, as you did,

Labadal."

"You may learn much of them," said Sador, and he sighed. "They are a fair folk and

wonderful, and they have a power over the hearts of Men. And yet I think sometimes that it might

have been better if we had never met them, but had walked in lowlier ways. For already they are

ancient in knowledge; and they are proud and enduring. In their light we are dimmed, or we burn

with too quick a flame, and the weight of our doom lies the heavier on us."

"But my father loves them," said Túrin, "and he is not happy without them. He says that we have learned nearly all that we know from them, and have been made a nobler people; and he says

that the Men that have lately come over the Mountains are hardly better than Orcs."

"That is true," answered Sador; "true at least of some of us. But the up-climbing is painful, and from high places it is easy to fall low."

At this time Túrin was almost eight years old, in the month of Gwaeron in the reckoning of

the Edain, in the year that cannot be forgotten. Already there were rumours among his elders of a

great mustering and gathering of arms, of which Túrin heard nothing; and Húrin, knowing her

courage and her guarded tongue, often spoke with Morwen of the designs of the Elven-kings, and of

what might befall, if they went well or ill. His heart was high with hope, and he had little fear for

the outcome of the battle; for it did not seem to him that any strength in Middle-earth could

overthrow the might and splendour of the Eldar. "They have seen the Light in the West," he said,

"and in the end Darkness must flee from their faces." Morwen did not gainsay him; for in Húrin's company the hopeful ever seemed the more likely. But there was knowledge of Elven-lore in her

kindred also, and to herself she said: "And yet did

they not leave the Light, and are they not now

shut out from it? It may be that the Lords of the West have put them out of their thought; and how

then can even the Elder Children overcome one of the Powers?" No shadow of such doubt seemed

to lie upon Húrin Thalion; yet one morning in the spring of that year he awoke as after unquiet

sleep, and a cloud lay on his brightness that day; and in the evening he said suddenly: "When I am

summoned, Morwen Eledhwen, I shall leave in your keeping the heir of the House of Hador. The

lives of Men are short, and in them there are many ill chances, even in time of peace."

"That has ever been so," she answered. "But what lies under your words?"

"Prudence, not doubt," said Húrin; yet he looked troubled. "But one who looks forward must see this: that things will not remain as they were. This will be a great throw, and one side must fall

lower than it now stands. If it be the Elven-kings that fall, then it must go evilly with the Edain; and we dwell nearest to the Enemy. But if things do go ill, I will not say to you: Do not be afraid! For

you fear what should be feared, and that only; and fear does not dismay you. But I say: Do not wait!

I shall return to you as I may, but do not wait! Go south as swiftly as you can; and I shall follow,

and I shall find you, though I have to search through all Beleriand."

"Beleriand is wide, and houseless for exiles," said

Morwen. "Whither should I flee, with few or with many?"

Then Húrin thought for a while in silence. "There is my mother's kin in Brethil," he said.

"That is some thirty leagues, as the eagle flies."

"If such an evil time should indeed come, what help would there be in Men?" said Morwen.

"The House of Bëor has fallen. If the great House of Hador falls, in what holes shall the little Folk of Haleth creep?"

"They are few and unlearned, but do not doubt their valour," said Húrin. "Where else is

hope?" "You do not speak of Gondolin," said Morwen. "No, for that name has never passed my lips," said Húrin. "Yet the word is true that you have heard: I have been there. But I tell you now truly, as I have told no other, and will not: I do not know where it stands."

"But you guess, and guess near, I think," said Morwen. "It may be so," said Húrin. "But unless Turgon himself released me from my oath, I could not tell that guess, even to you; and therefore

your search would be vain. But were I to speak, to my shame, you would at best but come at a shut

gate; for unless Turgon comes out to war (and of that no word has been heard, and it is not hoped)

no one will come in."

"Then if your kin are not hopeful, and your friends deny you," said Morwen, "I must take

counsel for myself; and to me now comes the thought of Doriath. Last of all defences will the

Girdle of Melian be broken, I think; and the House of Bëor will not be despised in Doriath. Am I

not now kin of the king? For Beren son of Barahir was grandson of Bregor, as was my father also."

"My heart does not lean to Thingol," said Húrin. "No help will come from him to King

Fingon; and I know not what shadow falls on my spirit when Doriath is named."

"At the name of Brethil my heart also is darkened," said Morwen.

Then suddenly Húrin laughed, and he said: "Here we sit debating things beyond our reach,

and shadows that come out of dream. Things will not go so ill; but if they do, then to your courage

and counsel all is committed. Do then what your heart bids you; but do it swiftly. And if we gain

our ends, then the Elven-kings are resolved to restore all the fiefs of Bëor's house to his heirs; and a high inheritance will come to our son."

That night Túrin half-woke, and it seemed to him that his father and mother stood beside his

bed, and looked down on him in the light of the candles that they held; but he could not see their

faces.

On the morning of Túrin's birthday Húrin gave his son a gift, an Elf-wrought knife, and the

hilt and the sheath were silver and black; and he said: "Heir of the House of Hador, here is a gift for

the day. But have a care! It is a bitter blade, and steel serves only those that can wield it. It will cut your hand as willingly as aught else." And setting Túrin on a table he kissed his son, and said: "You overtop me already, son of Morwen; soon you will be as high on your own feet. In that day many

may fear your blade."

Then Túrin ran from the room and went away alone, and in his heart there was a warmth like

the warmth of the sun upon the cold earth that sets growth astir. He repeated to himself his father's

words. Heir of the House of Hador; but other words came also to his mind: Give with a free hand,

but give of your own. And he went to Sador and cried: "Labadal, it is my birthday, the birthday of

the heir of the House of Hador! And I have brought you a gift to mark the day. Here is a knife, just

such as you need; it will cut anything that you wish, as fine as a hair.

Then Sador was troubled, for he knew well that Túrin had himself received the knife that day;

but men held it a grievous thing to refuse a free-given gift from any hand. He spoke then to him

gravely: "You come of a generous kin, Túrin son of Húrin. I have done nothing to equal your gift,

and I cannot hope to do better in the days that are left to me; but what I can do, I will." And when Sador drew the knife from the sheath he said: "This is a gift indeed: a blade of elven steel. Long

have I missed the feel of it."

Húrin soon marked that Túrin did not wear the knife, and he asked him whether his warning

had made him fear it. Then Túrin answered: "No; but I gave the knife to Sador the woodwright."

"Do you then scorn your father's gift?" said Morwen; and again Túrin answered: "No; but I love Sador, and I feel pity for him."

Then Húrin said: "All three gifts were your own to give, Túrin: love, pity, and the knife the

least."

"Yet I doubt if Sador deserves them," said Morwen. "He is self-maimed by his own want of

skill, and he is slow with his tasks, for he spends much time on trifles unbidden."

"Give him pity nonetheless," said Húrin. "An honest hand and a true heart may hew amiss;

and the harm may be harder to bear than the work of a foe."

"But you must wait now for another blade," said Morwen. "Thus the gift shall be a true gift and at your own cost."

Nonetheless Túrin saw that Sador was treated more kindly thereafter, and was set now to the

making of a great chair for the lord to sit on in his hall.

There came a bright morning in the month of Lothron when Túrin was roused by sudden

trumpets; and running to the doors he saw in the

court a great press of men on foot and on horse,

and all fully armed as for war. There also stood Húrin, and he spoke to the men and gave

commands; and Túrin learned that they were setting out that day for Barad Eithel. These were

Húrin's guards and household men; but all the men of his land were summoned. Some had gone

already with Huor his father's brother; and many others would join the Lord of Dor-lómin on the

road, and go behind his banner to the great muster of the King.

Then Morwen bade farewell to Húrin without tears; and she said: "I will guard what you leave

in my keeping, both what is and what shall be."

And Húrin answered her: "Farewell, Lady of Dor-lómin; we ride now with greater hope than

ever we have known before. Let us think that at this midwinter the feast shall be merrier than in all

our years yet, with a fearless spring to follow after!" Then he lifted Túrin to his shoulder, and cried to his men: "Let the heir of the House of Hador see the light of your swords!" And the sun glittered on fifty blades as they leaped forth, and the court rang with the battle-cry of the Edain of the North:

Lacho calad! Drego morn! Flame Light! Flee Night!

Then at last Húrin sprang into his saddle, and his golden banner was unfurled, and the

trumpets sang again in the morning; and thus Húrin Thalion rode away to the Nirnaeth Arnoediad.

But Morwen and Túrin stood still by the doors, until

far away they heard the faint call of a

single horn on the wind: Húrin had passed over the shoulder of the hill, beyond which be could see

his house no more.

The Words of Húrin and Morgoth

Many songs are sung and many tales are told by the Elves of the Nirnaeth Arnoediad, the

Battle of Unnumbered Tears, in which Fingon fell and the flower of the Eldar withered. If all were

retold a man's life would not suffice for the hearing; but now is to be told only of what befell Húrin

son of Galdor, Lord of Dor-lómin, when beside the stream of Rivil he was taken at last alive by the

command of Morgoth, and carried off to Angband.

Húrin was brought before Morgoth, for Morgoth knew by his arts and his spies that Húrin had

the friendship of the King of Gondolin; and he sought to daunt him with his eyes. But Húrin could

not yet be daunted, and be defied Morgoth. Therefore Morgoth had him chained and set in slow

torment; but after a while he came to him, and offered him his choice to go free whither he would,

or to receive power and rank as the greatest of Morgoth's captains, if he would but reveal where

Turgon had his stronghold, and aught else that he knew of the King's counsels. But Húrin the

Steadfast mocked him saying: "Blind you are Morgoth Bauglir, and blind shall ever be, seeing

only

the dark. You know not what rules the hearts of Men, and if you knew you could not give it. But a

fool is he who accepts what Morgoth offers. You will take first the price and then withhold the

promise; and I should get only death, if I told you what you ask."

Then Morgoth laughed, and he said: "Death you may yet crave from me as a boon." Then he

took Húrin to the Haudh-en-Nirnaeth, and it was then new-built and the reek of death was upon it;

and Morgoth set Húrin upon its top and bade him look west towards Hithlum, and think of his wife

and his son and other kin. "For they dwell now in my realm," said Morgoth, "and they are at my mercy."

"You have none," answered Húrin. "But you will not come at Turgon through them; for they

do not know his secrets."

Then wrath mastered Morgoth, and he said: "Yet I may come at you, and all your accursed

house; and you shall be broken on my will, though you all were made of steel." And he took up a

long sword that lay there and broke it before the eyes of Húrin, and a splinter wounded his face; but

Húrin did not blench. Then Morgoth stretching out his long arm towards Dor-lómin cursed Húrin

and Morwen and their offspring, saying: "Behold! The shadow of my thought shall lie upon them

wherever they go, and my hate shall pursue them to the ends of the world."

But Húrin said: "You speak in vain. For you cannot see them, nor govern them from afar: not

while you keep this shape, and desire still to be a King visible upon earth."

Then Morgoth turned upon Húrin, and he said; "Fool, little among Men, and they are the least

of all that speak! Have you seen the Valar, or measured the power of Manwë and Varda? Do you

know the reach of their thought? Or do you think, perhaps, that their thought is upon you, and that

they may shield from afar?"

"I know not," said Húrin. "Yet so it might be, if they willed. For the Elder King shall not be dethroned while Arda endures."

"You say it," said Morgoth. "I am the Elder King: Melkor, first and mightiest of all the Valar, who was before the world, and made it. The shadow of my purpose lies upon Arda, and all that is in

it bends slowly and surely to my will. But upon all whom you love my thought shall weigh as a

cloud of Doom, and it shall bring them down into darkness and despair. Wherever they go, evil

shall arise. Whenever they speak, their words shall bring ill counsel. Whatsoever they do shall turn

against them. They shall die without hope, cursing both life and death."

But Húrin answered: "Do you forget to whom you speak? Such things you spoke long ago to

our fathers; but we escaped from your shadow. And now we have knowledge of you, for we have

looked on the faces that have seen the Light, and heard the voices that have spoken with Manwe.

Before Arda you were, but others also; and you did not make it. Neither are you the most mighty;

for you have spent your strength upon yourself and wasted it in your own emptiness. No more are

you now than an escaped thrall of the Valar, and their chain still awaits you."

"You have learned the lessons of your masters by rote," said Morgoth. "But such childish lore will not help you, now they are all fled away."

"This last then I will say to you, thrall Morgoth," said Húrin, "and it comes not from the lore of the Eldar, but is put into my heart in this hour. You are not the Lord of Men, and shall not be,

though all Arda and Menel fall in your dominion. Beyond the Circles of the World you shall not

pursue those who refuse you."

"Beyond the Circles of the World I will not pursue them," said Morgoth. "For beyond the

Circles of the World there is Nothing. But within them they shall not escape me, until they enter

into Nothing."

"You lie," said Húrin.

"You shall see and you shall confess that I do not lie," said Morgoth. And taking Húrin back

to Angband he set him in a chair of stone upon a high place of Thangorodrim, from which he could

see afar the land of Hithlum in the west and the lands of Beleriand in the south. There he was bound

by the power of Morgoth; and Morgoth standing beside him cursed him again and set his power

upon him, so that he could not move from that place, nor die, until Morgoth should release him.

"Sit now there," said Morgoth, "and look out upon the lands where evil and despair shall

come upon those whom you have delivered to me. For you have dared to mock me, and have

questioned the power of Melkor, Master of the fates of Arda. Therefore with my eyes you shall see,

and with my ears you shall hear, and nothing shall be hidden from you."

The Departure of Túrin

To Brethil three men only found their way back at last through Taur-nu-Fuin, an evil road; and

when Glóredhel Hador's daughter learned of the fall of Haldir she grieved and died.

To Dor-lómin no tidings came. Rían wife of Huor fled into the wild distraught; but she was

aided by the Grey-elves of he hills of Mithrim, and when her child, Tuor, was born they fostered

him. But Rían went to the Haudh-en-Nirnaeth, and

laid herself down there, and died.

Morwen Eledhwen remained in Hithlum, silent in grief, her son Túrin was only in his ninth

year, and she was again with child. Her days were evil. The Easterlings came into the land in great

numbers, and they dealt cruelly with the people of Hador, and robbed them of all that they

possessed and enslaved them. All the people of Húrin's homelands that could work or serve any

purpose they took away, even young girls and boys, and the old they killed or drove out to starve.

But they dared not yet lay hands on the Lady of Dor-lómin, or thrust her from her house; for the

word ran among them that she was perilous, and a witch who had dealings with the white-fiends:

for so they named the Elves, hating them, but fearing them more. For this reason they also feared

and avoided the mountains, in which many of the Eldar had taken refuge, especially in the south of

the land; and after plundering and harrying the Easterlings drew back northwards. For Húrin's house

stood in the south-east of Dor-lómin, and the mountains were near; Nen Lalaith indeed came down

from a spring under the shadow of Amon Darthir; over whose shoulder there was a steep pass. By

this the hardy could cross Ered Wethrin and come down by the wells of Glithui into Beleriand. But

this was not known to the Easterlings, nor to

Morgoth yet; for all that country, while the House of

Fingolfin stood, was secure from him, and none of his servants had ever come there. He trusted that

Ered Wethrin was a wall insurmountable, both against escape from the north and against assault

from the south; and there was indeed no other pass, for the unwinged, between Serech and far

westward where Dor-lómin marched with Nevrast.

Thus it came to pass that after the first inroads Morwen was let be, though there were men

that lurked in the woods about, and it was perilous to stir far abroad. There still remained under

Morwen's shelter Sador the woodwright and a few old men and women, and Túrin, whom she kept

close within the garth. But the homestead of Húrin soon fell into decay, and though Morwen

laboured hard she was poor, and would have gone hungry but for the help that was sent to her

secretly by Aerin, Húrin's kinswoman; for a certain Brodda, one of the Easterlings, had taken her by

force to be his wife. Alms were bitter to Morwen; but she took this aid for the sake of Túrin and her

unborn child, and because, as she said, it came of her own. For it was this Brodda who had seized

the people, the goods, and the cattle of Húrin's homelands, and carried them off to his own

dwellings. He was a bold man, but of small account among his own people before they came to

Hithlum; and so, seeking wealth, he was ready to hold lands that others of his sort did not covet.

Morwen he had seen once, when he rode to her house on a foray; but a great dread of her had seized

him. He thought that he had looked in the fell eyes of a white-fiend, and he was filled with a mortal

fear lest some evil should overtake him; and he did not ransack her house, nor discover Túrin, else

the life of the heir of the true lord would have been short.

Brodda made thralls of the Strawheads, as he named the people of Hador, and set them to

build him a wooden hall in the land to be northward of Húrin's house; and within a stockade his

slaves were herded like cattle in a byre, but ill guarded. Among them some could still be found

uncowed and ready to help the Lady of Dor-lómin, even at their peril; and from them came secretly

tidings of the land to Morwen, though there was little hope in the news they brought. But Brodda

took Aerin as a wife and not a slave, for there were few women amongst his own following, and

none to compare with the daughters of the Edain; and be hoped to make himself a lordship in that

country, and have an heir to hold it after him.

Of what had happened and of what might happen

in the days to come Morwen said little to

Túrin; and he feared to break her silence with questions. When the Easterlings first came into Dor-

lómin he said to his mother: "When will my father come back, to cast out these ugly thieves? Why

does he not come?"

Morwen answered: "I do not know. It may be that he was slain, or that he is held captive; or

again it may be that he was driven far away, and cannot yet return through the foes that surround

us."

"Then I think that he is dead," said Túrin, and before his mother he restrained his tears; "for no one could keep him from coming back to help us, if he were alive."

"I do not think that either of those things are true, my son," said Morwen.

As the time lengthened the heart of Morwen grew darker with fear for her son Túrin, heir of

Dor-lómin and Ladros; for she could see no hope for him better than to become a slave of the

Easterling men, before he was much older. Therefore she remembered her words with Húrin, and

her thought turned again to Doriath; and she resolved at last to send Túrin away in secret, if she

could, and to beg King Thingol to harbour him. And as she sat and pondered how this might be

done, she heard clearly in her thought the voice of Húrin saying to her: Go swiftly! Do not wait for

me! But the birth of her child was drawing near, and the road would be hard and perilous; the more

that went the less hope of escape. And her heart still cheated her with hope unadmitted; her inmost

thought foreboded that Húrin was not dead, and she listened for his footfall in the sleepless watches

of the night, or would wake thinking that she had heard in the courtyard the neigh of Arroch his

horse. Moreover though she was willing that her son should be fostered in the halls of another, after

the manner of that time, she would not yet humble her pride to be an alms-guest, not even of a king.

Therefore the voice of Húrin, or the memory of his voice was denied, and the first strand of the fate

of Túrin was woven.

Autumn of the Year of Lamentation was drawing on before Morwen came to this resolve, and

then she was in haste; for the time for journeying was short, but she dreaded that Túrin would be

taken, if she waited over winter. Easterlings were prowling round the garth and spying on the house.

Therefore she said suddenly to Túrin: "Your father does not come. So you must go, and go soon. It

is as he would wish."

"Go?" cried Túrin. "Whither shall we go? Over the Mountains?" "Yes," said Morwen, "over the Mountains, away south. South - that way some hope may lie. But I did not say we, my son. You

must go, but I must stay."

"I cannot go alone!" said Túrin. "I will not leave you. Why should we not go together?"

"I cannot go," said Morwen. "But you will not go alone. I shall send Gethron with you, and Grithnir too, perhaps." "Will you not send Labadal?" said Túrin. "No, for Sador is lame," said Morwen, "and it will be a hard road. And since you are my son and the days are grim, I will not

speak softly: you may die on that road. The year is getting late. But if you stay, you will come to a

worse end: to be a thrall. If you wish to be a man, when you come to a man's age, you will do as I

bid, bravely."

"But I shall leave you only with Sador, and blind Ragnir, and the old women," said Túrin.

"Did not my father say that I am the heir of Hador? The heir should stay in Hador's house to defend it. Now I wish that I still had my knife!"

"The heir should stay, but he cannot," said Morwen. "But he may return one day. Now take

heart! I will follow you, if things grow worse; if I can."

"But how will you find me, lost in the wild?" said Túrin; and suddenly his heart failed him,

and he wept openly.

"If you wail, other things will find you first," said Morwen. "But I know whither you are going, and if you come there, and if you remain there, there I will find you, if I can. For I am

sending you to King Thingol in Doriath. Would you not rather be a king's guest than a thrall?"

"I do not know," said Túrin. "I do not know what a thrall is."

"I am sending you away so that you need not learn it," Morwen answered. Then she set Túrin

before her and looked into his eyes, as if she were trying to read some riddle there. "It is hard,

Túrin, my son," she said at length. "Not hard for you only. It is heavy on me in evil days to judge what is best to do. But I do as I think right; for why else should I part with the thing most dear that

is left to me?"

They spoke no more of this together, and Túrin was grieved and bewildered. In the morning

he went to find Sador, who had been hewing sticks for firing, of which they had little, for they dared

not stray out in the woods; and now he leant on his crutch and looked at the great chair of Húrin,

which had been thrust unfinished in a corner. "It must go," he said, "for only bare needs can be served in these days."

"Do not break it yet," said Túrin. "Maybe he will come home, and then it will please him to see what you have done for him while he was away."

"False hopes are more dangerous than fears," said Sador, "and they will not keep us warm this winter." He fingered the carving on the chair, and sighed. "I wasted my time," he said, "though the hours seemed pleasant. But all such things are short-lived; and the joy in the making is their only

true end, I guess. And now I might as well give you back your gift."

Túrin put out his hand, and quickly withdrew it. "A man does not take back his gifts," he said.

"But if it is my own, may I not give it as I will?" said Sador.

"Yes," said Túrin, "to any man but me. But why should you wish to give it?"

"I have no hope of using it for worthy tasks," Sador said. "There will be no work for Labadal in days to come but thrall-work."

"What is a thrall?" said Túrin.

"A man who was a man but is treated as a beast," Sador answered. "Fed only to keep alive, kept alive only to toil, toiling only for fear of pain or death. And from these robbers he may get pain

or death just for their sport. I hear that they pick some of the fleet-footed and hunt them with

hounds. They have learned quicker from the Orcs than we learnt from the Fair Folk."

"Now I understand things better," said Túrin.

"It is a shame that you should have to understand such things so soon," said Sador; then

seeing the strange look on Túrin's face: "What do you understand now?"

"Why my mother is sending me away," said Túrin, and tears filled his eyes.

"Ah!" said Sador, and he muttered to himself: "But why so long delayed?" Then turning to Túrin he said: "That does not seem news for tears to me. But

you should not speak your mother's

counsels aloud to Labadal, or to any one. All walls and fences have ears these days, ears that do not

grow on fair heads."

"But I must speak with someone!" said Túrin. "I have always told things to you. I do not want to leave you, Labadal. I do not want to leave this house or my mother."

"But if you do not," said Sador, "soon there will be an end of the House of Hador for ever, as you must understand now. Labadal does not want you to go; but Sador servant of Húrin will be

happier when Húrin's son is out of the reach of the Easterlings. Well, well, it cannot be helped: we

must say farewell. Now will you not take my knife as a parting gift?"

"No!" said Túrin. "I am going to the Elves, to the King of Doriath, my mother says. There I may get other things like it. But I shall not be able to send you any gifts, Labadal. I shall be far

away and all alone." Then Túrin wept; but Sador said to him: "Hey now! Where is Húrin's son? For I heard him say, not long ago: I shall go as a soldier with an Elf-king, as soon as I am able."

Then Túrin stayed his tears, and he said: "Very well: if those were the words of the son of

Húrin, he must keep them, and go. But whenever I say that I will do this or that, it looks very

different when the time comes. Now I am unwilling. I must take care not to say such things again."

"It would be best indeed," said Sador. "So most men

teach, and few men learn. Let the unseen days be. Today is more than enough."

Now Túrin was made ready for the journey, and he bade farewell to his mother, and departed

in secret with his two companions. But when they bade Túrin turn and look back upon the house of

his father, then the anguish of parting smote him like a sword, and he cried: "Morwen, Morwen,

when shall I see you again?" But Morwen standing on her threshold heard the echo of that cry in the wooded hills, and she clutched the post of the door so that her fingers were torn. This was the first

of the sorrows of Túrin.

* * *

Early in the year after Túrin was gone Morwen gave birth to her child, and she named her

Nienor, which is Mourning; but Túrin was already far away when she was born. Long and evil was

his road, for the power of Morgoth was ranging far abroad; but he had as guides Gethron and

Grithnir, who had been young in the days of Hador, and though they were now aged they were

valiant, and they knew well the lands, for they had journeyed often through Beleriand in former

times. Thus by fate and courage they passed over the Shadowy Mountains, and coming down into

the Vale of Sirion they passed into the Forest of Brethil; and at last, weary and haggard, they

reached the confines of Doriath. But there they became bewildered, and were enmeshed in the

mazes of the Queen, and wandered lost amid the pathless trees, until all their food was spent. There

they came near to death, for winter came cold from the North; but not so light was Túrin's doom.

Even as they lay in despair they heard a horn sounded. Beleg the Strongbow was hunting in that

region, for he dwelt ever upon the marches of Doriath, and he was the greatest woodsman of those

days. He heard their cries and came to them, and when he had given them food and drink he learned

their names and whence they came, and he was filled with wonder and pity. And he looked with

liking upon Túrin, for he had the beauty of his mother and the eyes of his father, and he was sturdy

and strong.

"What boon would you have of King Thingol?" said Beleg to the boy.

"I would be one of his knights, to ride against Morgoth, and avenge my father," said Túrin.

"That may well be, when the years have increased you," said Beleg. "For though you are yet small you have the makings of a valiant man, worthy to be a son of Húrin the Steadfast, if that were

possible." For the name of Húrin was held in honour in all the lands of the Elves. Therefore Beleg

gladly became the guide of the wanderers, and he led them to a lodge where he dwelt at that time

with other hunters, and there they were housed while a messenger went to Menegroth. And when

word came back that Thingol and Melian would receive the son of Húrin and his guardians, Beleg

led them by secret ways into the Hidden Kingdom.

Thus Túrin came to the great bridge over the Esgalduin, and passed the gates of Thingol's

halls; and as a child he gazed upon the marvels of Menegroth, which no mortal Man before had

seen, save Beren only. Then Gethron spoke the message of Morwen before Thingol and Melian; and

Thingol received them kindly, and set Túrin upon his knee in honour of Húrin, mightiest of Men,

and of Beren his kinsman. And those that saw this marvelled, for it was a sign that Thingol took

Túrin as his foster-son; and that was not at that time done by kings, nor ever again by Elf-lord to a

Man. Then Thingol said to him: "Here, son of Húrin, shall your home be; and in all your life you

shall be held as my son, Man though you be. Wisdom shall be given you beyond the measure of

mortal Men, and the weapons of the Elves shall be set in your hands. Perhaps the time may come

when you shall regain the lands of your father in Hithlum; but dwell now here in love."

Thus began the sojourn of Túrin in Doriath. With him for a while remained Gethron and

Grithnir his guardians, though they yearned to return again to their lady in Dor-lómin. Then age and

sickness came upon Grithnir, and he stayed beside Túrin until he died; but Gethron departed, and

Thingol sent with him an escort to guide him and guard him, and they brought words from Thingol

to Morwen. They came at last to Húrin's house, and when Morwen learned that Túrin was received

with honour in the halls of Thingol her grief was lightened; and the Elves brought also rich gifts

from Melian, and a message bidding her return with Thingol's folk to Doriath. For Melian was wise

and foresighted, and she hoped thus to avert the evil that was prepared in the thought of Morgoth.

But Morwen would not depart from her house, for her heart was yet unchanged and her pride still

high; moreover Nienor was a babe in arms. Therefore she dismissed the Elves of Doriath with her

thanks, and gave them in gift the last small things of gold that remained to her, concealing her

poverty; and she bade them take back to Thingol the Helm of Hador. But Túrin watched ever for the

return of Thingol's messengers; and when they came back alone he fled into the woods and wept,

for he knew of Melian's bidding and he had hoped that Morwen would come. This was the second

sorrow of Túrin.

When the messengers spoke Morwen's answer, Melian was moved with pity, perceiving her

mind; and she saw that the fate which she foreboded could not lightly be set aside.

The Helm of Hador was given into Thingol's hands. That helm was made of grey steel

adorned with gold, and on it were graven runes of victory. A power was in it that guarded any who

wore it from wound or death, for the sword that hewed it was broken, and the dart that smote it

sprang aside. It was wrought by Telchar, the smith of Nogrod, whose works were renowned. It had a

visor (after the manner of those that the Dwarves used in their forges for the shielding of their eyes), and the face of one that wore it struck fear into the hearts of all beholders, but was itself guarded

from dart and fire. Upon its crest was set in defiance a gilded image of the head of Glaurung the

dragon; for it had been made soon after he first issued from the gates Morgoth. Often Hador, and

Galdor after him, had borne it in war; and the hearts of the host of Hithlum were uplifted when they

saw it towering high amid the battle, and they cried: "Of more worth is the Dragon of Dor-lómin

than the gold-worm of Angband!"

But in truth this helm had not been made for Men, but for Azaghâl Lord of Belegost, he who

was slain by Glaurung in the Year of Lamentation. It

was given by Azaghâl to Maedhros, as

guerdon for the saving of his life and treasure, when Azaghâl was waylaid by Orcs upon the Dwarf-

road in East Beleriand. Maedhros afterwards sent it as a gift to Fingon, with whom he often

exchanged tokens of friendship, remembering how Fingon had driven Glaurung back to Angband.

But in all Hithlum no head and shoulders were found stout enough to bear the dwarf-helm with

ease, save those of Hador and his son Galdor. Fingon therefore gave it to Hador, when he received

the lordship of Dor-lómin. By ill-fortune Galdor did not wear it when he defended Eithel Sirion, for

the assault was sudden, and he ran barehead to the walls, and an orc-arrow pierced his eye. But

Húrin did not wear the Dragon-helm with ease, and in any case he would not use it, for he said: "I

would rather look on my foes with my true face." Nonetheless he accounted the helm among the

greatest heirlooms of his house.

Now Thingol had in Menegroth deep armouries filled with great wealth of weapons: metal

wrought like fishes' mail and shining like water in the moon; swords and axes, shields an helms,

wrought by Telchar himself or by his master Gamil Zirak the old, or by elven-wrights more skilful

still. For some things he had received in gift that came out of Valinor and were wrought by Fëanor

in his mastery, than whom no craftsman was

greater in all the days of the world. Yet Thingol

handled the Helm of Hador as though his hoard were scanty, and he spoke courteous words, saying:

"Proud were the head that bore this helm, which the sires of Húrin bore."

Then a thought came to him, and he summoned Túrin, and told him that Morwen had sent to

her son a mighty thing, the heirloom of his fathers. "Take now the Dragonhead of the North," he said, "and when the time comes wear it well." But Túrin was yet too young to lift the helm, and he heeded it not because of the sorrow of his heart.

Túrin in Doriath

In the years of his childhood in the kingdom of Doriath Túrin was watched over by Melian,

though he saw her seldom. But there was a maiden named Nellas, who lived in the woods; and at

Melian's bidding she would follow Túrin if he strayed in the forest, and often she met him there, as

it were by chance. From Nellas Túrin learned much concerning the ways and the wild things of

Doriath, and she taught him to speak the Sindarin tongue after the manner of the ancient realm,

older, and more courteous, and richer in beautiful words. Thus for a little while his mood was

lightened, until he fell again under shadow, and

that friendship passed like a morning of spring. For Nellas did not go to Menegroth, and was unwilling ever to walk under roofs of stone; so that as Túrin's boyhood passed and he turned his thoughts to the deeds of men, he saw her less and less often, and at last called for her no more. But she watched over him still, though now she remained hidden.

Nine years Túrin dwelt in the halls of Menegroth. His heart and thought turned ever to his own kin, and at times he had tidings of them for his comfort. For Thingol sent messengers to Morwen as often as he might, and she sent back words for her son; thus Túrin heard that his sister Nienor grew in beauty, a flower in the grey North, and that Morwen's plight was eased. And Túrin grew in stature until he became tall among Men, and his strength and hardihood were renowned in the realm of Thingol. In those years he learned much lore, hearing eagerly thee histories of ancient days; and he became thoughtful, and sparing in speech. Often Beleg Strongbow came to Menegroth to seek him, and led him far afield, teaching him woodcraft and archery and (which he loved best) the handling of swords; but in crafts of making he had less skill, for he was slow to learn his own strength, and often marred what he made with some sudden stroke. In other matters also it seemed that fortune was unfriendly to him, so that often

what he designed went awry, and what he desired

he did not gain; neither did he win friendship easily, for he was not merry, and laughed seldom, and

a shadow lay on his youth. Nonetheless he was held in love and esteem by those who knew him

well, and he had honour as the fosterling of the King.

Yet there was one that begrudged him this, and ever the more as Túrin drew nearer to

manhood: Saeros, son of Ithilbor was his name. He was of the Nandor, being one of those who took

refuge in Doriath after the fall of their lord Denethor upon Amon Ereb, in the first battle of

Beleriand. These Elves dwelt for the most part in Arthórien, between Aros and Celon in the east of

Doriath, wandering at times over Celon into the wild lands beyond; and they were no friends to the

Edain since their passage through Ossiriand and settlement in Estolad. But Saeros dwelt mostly in

Menegroth, and won the esteem of the king; and he was proud, dealing haughtily with those whom

he deemed of lesser state and worth than himself. He became a friend of Daeron the minstrel, for he

also was skilled in song; and he had no love for Men, and least of all for any kinsman of Beren

Erchamion. "Is it not strange," said he, "that this land should be opened to yet another of this unhappy race? Did not the other do harm enough in Doriath?" Therefore he looked askance on

Túrin and on all that he did, saying what ill he could of it; but his words were cunning and his

malice veiled. If he met with Túrin alone, he spoke haughtily to him and showed plain his

contempt; and Túrin grew weary of him, though for long he returned ill words with silence, for

Saeros was great among the people of Doriath and a counsellor of the King. But the silence of Túrin

displeased Saeros as much as his words.

In the year that Túrin was seventeen years old, his grief was renewed; for all tidings from his

home ceased at that time. The power of Morgoth had grown yearly, and all Hithlum was now under

his shadow. Doubtless he knew much of the doings of Húrin's kin, and had not molested them for a

while, so that his design might be fulfilled; but now in pursuit of this purpose he set a close watch

upon all the passes of the Shadowy Mountains, so that none might come out of Hithlum nor enter it,

save at great peril, and the Orcs swarmed about the sources of Narog and Teiglin and the upper

waters of Sirion. Thus there came a time when the messengers of Thingol did not return, and he

would send no more. He was ever loath to let any stray beyond the guarded borders, and in nothing

had he shown greater good will to Húrin and his kin than in sending his people on the dangerous

roads to Morwen in Dor-lómin.

Now Túrin grew heavy-hearted, not knowing what new evil was afoot, and fearing that an ill

fate had befallen Morwen and Nienor; and for many days he sat silent, brooding on the downfall of

the House of Hador and the Men of the North. Then he rose up and went to seek Thingol; and he

found him sitting with Melian under Hírilorn, the great beech of Menegroth.

Thingol looked on Túrin in wonder, seeing suddenly before him in the place of his fosterling a

Man and a stranger, tall, dark-haired, looking at him with deep eyes in a white face. Then Túrin

asked Thingol for mail, sword, and shield, and he reclaimed now the Dragon-helm of Dor-lómin;

and the king granted him what he sought, saying: "I will appoint you a place among my knights of

the sword; for the sword will ever be your weapon. With them you may make trial of war upon the

marches, if that is your desire."

But Túrin said: "Beyond the marches of Doriath my heart urges me; I long rather for assault

upon the Enemy, than for defence of the borderlands."

"Then you must go alone," said Thingol. "The part of my people in the war with Angband I

rule according to my wisdom, Túrin son of Húrin. No force of the arms of Doriath will I send out at

this time; nor in any time that I can yet foresee."

"Yet you are free to go as you will, son of Morwen," said Melian. "The Girdle of Melian does not hinder the going of those that passed in with our leave."

"Unless wise counsel will restrain you," said Thingol.

"What is your counsel, lord?" said Túrin.

"A Man you seem in stature," Thingol answered, "but nonetheless you have not come to the

fullness of your manhood that shall be. When that time comes, then, maybe, you can remember

your kin; but there is little hope that one Man alone can do more against the Dark Lord than to aid

the Elf-lords in their defence, as long as that may last."

Then Túrin said: "Beren my kinsman did more."

"Beren, and Lúthien," said Melian. "But you are over-bold to speak so to the father of

Lúthien. Not so high is your destiny, I think, Túrin son of Morwen, though your fate is twined with

that of the Elven-folk, for good or for ill. Beware of yourself, lest it be ill." Then after a silence she spoke to him again, saying: "Go now, fosterson; and heed the counsel of the king. Yet I do not think that you will long abide with us in Doriath after the coming of manhood. If in days to come you

remember the words of Melian, it will be for your good: fear both the heat and the cold of your

heart."

Then Túrin bowed before them, and took his leave. And soon after he put on the Dragon-

helm, and took arms, and went away to the north-marches, and was joined to the elven-warriors

who there waged unceasing war upon the Orcs and all servants and creatures of Morgoth. Thus

while yet scarcely out of his boyhood his strength and courage were proved; and remembering the

wrongs of his kin he was ever forward in deeds of daring, and he received many wounds by spear or

arrow or the crooked blades of the Orcs. But his doom delivered him from death; and word ran

through the woods, and was heard far beyond Doriath, that the Dragon-helm of Dor-lómin was seen

again. Then many wondered, saying: "Can the spirit of Hador or of Galdor the Tall return from

death; or has Húrin of Hithlum escaped indeed from the pits of Angband?"

One only was mightier in arms among the march-wardens of Thingol at that time than Túrin,

and that was Beleg Cúthalion; and Beleg and Túrin were companions in every peril, and walked far

and wide in the wild woods together.

Thus three years passed, and in that time Túrin came seldom to Thingol's halls; and he cared

no longer for his looks or his attire, but his hair was unkempt, and his mail covered with a grey

cloak stained with the weather. But it chanced in the third summer, when Túrin was twenty years

old, that desiring rest and needing smithwork for

the repair of his arms he came unlocked for to

Menegroth in the evening; and he went into the hall. Thingol was not there, for he was abroad in the

greenwood with Melian, as was his delight at times in the high summer. Túrin went to a seat

without heed, for he was wayworn, and filled with thought; and by ill-luck he set himself at a board

among the elders of the realm, and in that very place where Saeros was accustomed to sit. Saeros,

entering late, was angered, believing that Túrin had done this in pride, and with intent to affront

him; and his anger was not lessened to find that Túrin was not rebuked by those that sat there, but

welcomed among them.

For a while therefore Saeros feigned to be of like mind, and took another seat, facing Túrin

across the board. "Seldom does the march-warden favour us with his company," he said; "and I gladly yield my accustomed seat for the chance of speech with him." And much else he said to

Túrin, questioning him concerning the news from the borders, and his deeds in the wild; but though

his words seemed fair, the mockery in his voice could not be mistaken. Then Túrin became weary,

and he looked about him, and knew the bitterness of exile; and for all the light and laughter of the

Elven-halls his thought turned to Beleg and their

life in the woods, and thence far away, to Morwen

in Dor-lómin in the house of his father; and he frowned, because of the darkness of his thoughts,

and made no answer to Saeros. At this, believing the frown aimed at himself, Saeros restrained his

anger no longer; and he took out a golden comb, and cast it on the board before Túrin, saying:

"Doubtless, Man of Hithlum, you came in haste to this table, and may be excused your ragged

cloak; but you have no need to leave your head untended as a thicket of brambles. And perhaps if

your ears were uncovered you would hear better what is said to you."

Túrin said nothing, but turned his eyes upon Saeros, and there was a glint in their darkness.

But Saeros did not heed the warning, and returned the gaze with scorn, saying for all to hear: "If the Men of Hithlum are so wild and fell, of what sort are the women of that land? Do they run like deer

clad only in their hair?"

Then Túrin took up a drinking-vessel and cast it in Saeros' face, and he fell backward with

great hurt; and Túrin drew his sword and would have run at him, but Mablung the Hunter, who sat

at his side, restrained him. Then Saeros rising spat blood upon the board, and spoke from a broken

mouth: "How long shall we harbour this woodwose? Who rules here tonight? The king's law is

heavy upon those who hurt his lieges in the hall;

and for those who draw blades there outlawry is

the least doom. Outside the hall I could answer you, Woodwose!"

But when Túrin saw the blood upon the table his mood became cold; and releasing himself

from Mablung's grasp he left the hall without a word.

Then Mablung said to Saeros: "What ails you tonight? For this evil I hold you to blame; and it

may be that the King's law will judge a broken mouth a just return for your taunting."

"If the cub has a grievance, let him bring it to the King's judgement," answered Saeros. "But the drawing of swords here is not to be excused for any such cause. Outside the hall, if the

woodwose draws on me, I shall kill him."

"That seems to me less certain," said Mablung; "but if either be slain it will be an evil deed, more fit for Angband than Doriath, and more evil will come of it. Indeed I think that some shadow

of the North has reached out to touch us tonight. Take heed, Saeros son of lthilbor, lest you do the

will of Morgoth in your pride, and remember that you are of the Eldar."

"I do not forget it," said Saeros; but he did not abate his wrath, and through the night his

malice grew, nursing his injury. In the morning, when Túrin left Menegroth to return to the north-

marches, Saeros waylaid him, running out upon him from behind with drawn sword and shield on

arm. But Túrin, trained in the wild to wariness, saw him from the corner of his eye, and leaping

aside he drew swiftly and turned upon his foe. "Morwen!" he cried, "now your mocker shall pay for his scorn!" And he clove Saeros' shield, and then they fought together with swift blades. But Túrin had been long in a hard school, and had grown as agile as any Elf, but stronger. He soon had the

mastery, and wounding Saeros' sword-arm he had him at his mercy. Then he set his foot on the

sword that Saeros had let fall. "Saeros," he said, "there is a long race before you, and clothes will be

a hindrance; hair must suffice." And suddenly throwing him to the ground he stripped him, and

Saeros felt Túrin's great strength, and was afraid. But Túrin let him up, and then "Run!" he cried.

"Run! And unless you go as swift as the deer I shall prick you on from behind." And Saeros fled into the wood, crying wildly for help; but Túrin came after him like a hound and however he ran, or

swerved, still the sword was behind him to egg him on.

The cries of Saeros brought many others to the chase, and they followed after, but only the

swiftest could keep up with the runners. Mablung was in the forefront of these, and he was troubled

in mind, for though the taunting bad seemed evil to him, "malice that wakes in the morning is the

mirth of Morgoth ere night"; and it was held

moreover a grievous thing to put any of the Elven-folk to shame, self-willed, without the matter being brought to judgement. None knew at that time that

Túrin had been assailed first by Saeros, who would have slain him.

"Hold, hold, Túrin!" he cried. "This is Orc-work in the woods!" But Túrin called back: "Orc-work in the woods for Orc-words in the hall!" and sprang again after Saeros; and he, despairing of

aid and thinking his death close behind, ran wildly on, until be came suddenly to a brink where a

stream that fed Esgalduin flowed in a deep cleft through high rocks, and it was wide for a deer-leap.

There Saeros in his great fear attempted the leap; but he failed of his footing on the far side and fell back with a cry, and was broken on a great stone in the water. So he ended his life in Doriath; and

long would Mandos hold him.

Túrin looked down on his body lying in the stream, and he thought: "Unhappy fool! From

here I would have let him walk back to Menegroth. Now he has laid a guilt upon me undeserved."

And he turned and looked darkly on Mablung and his companions, who now came up and stood

near him on the brink. Then after a silence Mablung said: "Alas! But come back now with us, Túrin,

for the King must judge these deeds."

But Túrin said: "If the King were just, he would judge me guiltless. But was not this one of

his counsellors? Why should a just king choose a

heart of malice for his friend? I abjure his law and

his judgement."

"Your words are unwise," said Mablung, though in his heart he felt pity for Túrin. "You shall not turn runagate. I bid you return with me, as a friend. And there are other witnesses. When the

King learns the truth you may hope for his pardon."

But Túrin was weary of the Elven-halls, and he feared lest he held captive; and he said to

Mablung: "I refuse your bidding. I will not seek King Thingol's pardon for nothing; and I will go

now where his doom cannot find me. You have but two choices: To let me go free, or to slay me, if

that would fit your law. For you are too few to take me alive."

They saw in his eyes that this was true, and they let him pass; and Mablung said: "One death

is enough."

"I did not will it, but I do not mourn it," said Túrin. "May Mandos judge him justly; and if ever he return to the lands of living, may he prove wiser. Farewell!"

"Fare free!" said Mablung; "for that is your wish. But well I do not hope for, if you go in this way. A shadow is on your heart. When we meet again, may it be no darker."

To that Túrin made no answer, but left them, and went swiftly away, none knew whither.

It is told that when Túrin did not return to the

north-marches of Doriath and no tidings could

be heard of him, Beleg Strongbow came himself to Menegroth to seek him; and with heavy heart he

gathered news of Túrin's deeds and fight. Soon afterwards Thingol and Melian came back to their

halls, for the summer was waning; and when the King heard report of what had passed he sat upon

his throne in the great hall of Menegroth, and about him were all the lords and counsellors of

Doriath.

Then all was searched and told, even to the parting words of Túrin; and at the last Thingol

sighed, and he said: "Alas! How has this shadow stolen into my realm? Saeros I accounted faithful

and wise; but if he lived he would feel my anger, for his taunting was evil, and I hold him to blame

for all that chanced in the hall. So far Túrin has my pardon. But the shaming of Saeros and the

hounding of him to his death were wrongs greater than the offence, and these deeds I cannot pass

over. They show a hard heart, and proud." Then Thingol fell silent, but at last he spoke again in

sadness. "This is an ungrateful fosterson, and a Man too proud for his state. How shall I harbour one who scorns me and my law, or pardon one who will not repent? Therefore I will banish Túrin son of

Húrin from the kingdom of Doriath. If he seeks entry he shall be brought to judgement before me;

and until he sues for pardon at my feet he is my son no longer. If any here accounts this unjust, let

him speak."

Then there was silence in the hall, and Thingol lifted up his hand to pronounce his doom. But

at that moment Beleg entered in haste, and cried: "Lord, may I yet speak?"

"You come late," said Thingol. "Were you not bidden with the others?"

"Truly, lord," answered Beleg, "but I was delayed; I sought for one whom I knew. Now I

bring at last a witness who should be heard, ere your doom falls."

"All were summoned who had aught to tell," said the King. "What can he tell now of more

weight than those to whom I have listened?"

"You shall judge when you have heard," said Beleg. "Grant this to me, if I have ever deserved your grace."

"To you I grant it," said Thingol. Then Beleg went out, and led in by the hand the maiden

Nellas, who dwelt in the woods, and came never into Menegroth; and she was afraid, both for the

great pillared hall and the roof of stone, and for the company of many eyes that watched her. And

when Thingol bade her speak, she said; "Lord, I was sitting in a tree;" but then she faltered in awe of the King, and could say no more.

At that the King smiled, and said: "Others have done

this also, but have felt no need to tell me

of it."

"Others indeed," said she, taking courage from his smile. "Even Lúthien! And of her I was thinking that morning, and of Beren the Man."

To that Thingol said nothing, and he smiled no longer, but waited until Nellas should speak

again.

"For Túrin reminded me of Beren," she said at last. "They are akin, I am told, and their

kinship can be seen by some: by some that look close."

Then Thingol grew impatient. "That may be," he said. "But Túrin son of Húrin is gone in

scorn of me, and you will see him no more to read his kindred. For now I will speak my

judgement."

"Lord King!" she cried then. "Bear with me, and let me speak first. I sat in a tree to look on Túrin as he went away; and I saw Saeros come out from the wood with sword and shield, and

spring on Túrin at unawares."

At that there was a murmur in the hall; and the King lifted his hand, saying: "You bring graver

news to my ear than seemed likely. Take heed now to all that you say; for this is a court of doom."

"So Beleg has told me," she answered, "and only for that have I dared to come here, so that Túrin shall not be ill judged. He is valiant, but he is merciful.

They fought, lord, these two, until

Túrin had bereft Saeros of both shield and sword; but he did not slay him. Therefore I do not

believe that he willed his death in the end. If Saeros were put to shame, it was shame that he had

earned."

"Judgement is mine," said Thingol. "But what you have told shall govern it." Then he questioned Nellas closely; and at last he turned to Mablung, saying: "It is strange to me that Túrin said nothing of this to you."

"Yet he did not," said Mablung. "And had he spoken of it, otherwise would my words have

been to him at parting."

"And otherwise shall my doom now be," said Thingol. "Hear me! Such fault as can be found

in Túrin I now pardon, holding him wronged and provoked. And since it was indeed, as he said, one

of my council who so misused him, he shall not seek for this pardon, but I will send it to him,

wherever he may be found; and I will recall him in honour to my halls."

But when the doom was pronounced, suddenly Nellas wept. "Where can he be found?" she

said. "He has left our land, and the world is wide."

"He shall be sought," said Thingol. Then he rose, and Beleg led Nellas forth from Menegroth;

and he said to her: "Do not weep; for if Túrin lives or walks still abroad, I shall find him, though all others fail."

On the next day Beleg came before Thingol and Melian, and the King said to him: "Counsel

me, Beleg; for I am grieved. I took Húrin's son as my son, and so he shall remain, unless Húrin

himself should return out of the shadows to claim his own. I would not have any say that Túrin was

driven forth unjustly into the wild, and gladly would I welcome him back; for I loved him well."

And Beleg answered: "I will seek Túrin until I find him, and I will bring him back to

Menegroth, if I can; for I love him also." Then he departed; and far across Beleriand he sought in

vain for tidings of Túrin, through many perils; and that winter passed away, and the spring after.

Túrin among the Outlaws

Now the tale turns again to Túrin. He, believing himself an outlaw whom the king would

pursue, did not return to Beleg on the north-marches of Doriath, but went away westward, and

passing secretly out of the Guarded Realm came into the woodlands south of Teiglin. There before

the Nirnaeth many Men had dwelt in scattered homesteads; they were of Haleth's folk for the most

part, but owned no lord, and they lived both by hunting and by husbandry, keeping swine in the

mast-lands, and tilling clearings in the forest which were fenced from the wild. But most were now

destroyed, or had fled into Brethil, and all that region lay under the fear of Orcs, and of outlaws. For in that time of ruin houseless and desperate Men went astray: remnants of battle and defeat, and

lands laid waste; and some were Men driven into the wild for evil deeds. They hunted and gathered

such food as they could; but in winter when hunger drove them they were to be feared as wolves,

and Gaurwaith, the Wolf-men, they were called by those who still defended their homes. Some fifty

of these Men had joined in one band, wandering in the woods beyond the western marches of

Doriath; and they were hated scarcely less than Orcs, for there were among them outcasts hard of

heart, bearing a grudge against their own kind. The grimmest among them was one named Andróg,

hunted from Dor-lómin for the slaying of a woman; and others also came from that land: old

Algund, the oldest of the fellowship, who had fled from the Nirnaeth, and Forweg, as he named

himself, the captain of the band, a man with fair hair and unsteady glittering eyes, big and bold, but

far fallen from the ways of the Edain of the people of Hador. They were become very wary, and

they set scouts or a watch about them, whether moving or at rest; and thus they were quickly aware

of Túrin when he strayed into their haunts. They trailed him, and they drew a ring about him; and

suddenly, as he came out into a glade beside a stream, he found himself within a circle of men with

bent bows and drawn swords.

Then Túrin halted, but he showed no fear. "Who are you?" he said. "I thought that only Orcs waylaid Men; but I see that I am mistaken."

"You may rue the mistake," said Forweg, "for these are our haunts, and we do not allow other Men to walk in them. We take their lives as forfeit, unless they can ransom them."

Then Túrin laughed. "You will get no ransom from me," he said, "an outcast and an outlaw.

You may search when I am dead, but it will cost you dearly to prove my words true."

Nonetheless his death seemed near, for many arrows were notched to the string, waiting for

the word of the captain; and none of his enemies stood within reach of a leap with drawn sword.

But Túrin, seeing some stones at the stream's edge before his feet, stooped suddenly; and in that

instant one of the men, angered by his words, let fly a shaft. But it passed over Túrin, and he

springing up cast a stone at the bowman with great force and true aim; and he fell to the ground

with broken skull.

"I might be of more service to you alive, in the place of that luckless man," said Túrin; and

turning to Forweg he said: "If you are the captain here, you should not allow your men to shoot

without command."

"I do not," said Forweg; "but he has been rebuked swiftly enough. I will take you in his stead, if you will heed my words better."

Then two of the outlaws cried out against him; and one was a friend of the fallen man. Ulrad

was his name. "A strange way to gain entry to a fellowship," he said: "the slaying of one of the best men."

"Not unchallenged," said Túrin. "But come then! I will endure you both together, with

weapons or with strength alone; and then you shall see if I am fit to replace one of your best men."

Then he strode towards them; but Ulrad gave back and would not fight. The other threw down his

bow, and looked Túrin up and down; and this man was Andróg of Dor-lómin.

"I am not your match," he said at length, shaking his head. "There is none here, I think. You may join us, for my part. But there is a strange look about you; you are a dangerous man. What is

your name?"

"Neithan, the Wronged, I call myself," said Túrin, and Neithan he was afterwards called by

the outlaws; but though he told them that he had suffered injustice (and to any who claimed the like

he ever lent too ready an ear), no more would he reveal concerning his life or his home. Yet they

saw that he had fallen from some high state, and that though he had nothing but his arms, those

were made by Elven-smiths. He soon won their praise, for he was strong and valiant, and had more

skill in the woods than they, and they trusted him, for he was not greedy, and took little thought for

himself; but they feared him, because of his sudden angers, which they seldom understood. To

Doriath Túrin could not, or in pride would not, return; to Nargothrond since the fall of Felagund

none were admitted. To the lesser folk of Haleth in Brethil he did not deign to go; and to Dor-lómin

he did not dare, for it was closely beset, and one man alone could not hope at that time, as he

thought, to come through the passes of the Mountains of Shadow. Therefore Túrin abode with the

outlaws, since the company of any men made the hardship of the wild more easy to endure; and

because he wished to live and could not be ever at strife with them, he did little to restrain their evil deeds. Yet at times pity and shame would wake in him, and then he was perilous in his anger. In this

way he lived to that year's end, and through the need and hunger of winter, until Stirring came and

then a fair spring.

Now in the woods south of Teiglin, as has been told, there were still some homesteads of

Men, hardy and wary, though now few in number. Though they loved them not at all and pitied

them little, they would in bitter winter put out such food as they could well spare where the

Gaurwaith might find it; and so they hoped to avoid the banded attack of the famished. But they

earned less gratitude so from the outlaws than from beasts and birds, and they were saved rather by

their dogs and their fences. For each homestead had great hedges about its cleared land, and about

the houses was a ditch and a stockade; and there were paths from stead to stead, and men could

summon help and need by horn-calls.

But when spring was come it was perilous for the Gaurwaith to linger so near to the houses of

the Woodmen, who might gather and hunt them down; and Túrin wondered therefore that Forweg

did not lead them away. There was more food and game, and less peril, away South where no Men

remained. Then one day Túrin missed Forweg, and also Andróg his friend; and he asked where they

were, but his companions laughed.

"Away on business of their own, I guess," said Ulrad. "They will be back before long, and then we shall move. In haste, maybe; for we shall be lucky if they do not bring the hive-bees after

them."

The sun shone and the young leaves were green; and Túrin was irked by the squalid camp of

the outlaws, and he wandered away alone far into the forest. Against his will he remembered the

Hidden Kingdom, and he seemed to hear the names of the flowers of Doriath as echoes of an old

tongue almost forgotten. But on a sudden he heard cries, and from a hazel-thicket a young woman

ran out; her clothes were rent by thorns, and she was in great fear, and stumbling she fell gasping to

the ground. Then Túrin springing towards the thicket with drawn sword hewed down a man that

burst from the hazels in pursuit; and he saw only in the very stroke that it was Forweg.

But as he stood looking down in amaze at the blood upon the grass, Andróg came out, and

halted also astounded. "Evil work, Neithan!" he cried, and drew his sword; but Túrin's mood ran cold, and he said to Andróg: "Where are the Orcs, then? Have you outrun them to help her?"

"Orcs?" said Andróg. "Fool! You call yourself an outlaw. Outlaws know no law but their

needs. Look to your own, Neithan, and leave us to mind ours."

"I will do so," said Túrin. "But today our paths have crossed. You will leave the woman to me, or you will join Forweg."

Andróg laughed. "If that is the way of it, have your will," he said. "I make no claim to match you, alone; but our fellows may take this slaying ill."

Then the woman rose to her feet and laid her hand on Túrin's arm. She looked at the blood

and she looked at Túrin, and there was delight in her eyes. "Kill him, lord!" she said. "Kill him too!

And then come with me. If you bring their heads, Larnach my father will not be displeased. For two

'wolf-heads' he has rewarded men well." But Túrin said to Andróg: "Is it far to her home?" "A mile or so," he answered, "in a fenced homestead yonder. She was straying outside."

"Go then quickly," said Túrin, turning back to the woman. "Tell your father to keep you better.

But I will not cut off the heads of my fellows to buy his favour, or aught else."

Then he put up his sword. "Come!" he said to Andróg. "We will return. But if you wish to

bury your captain, you must do so yourself. Make haste, for a hue and cry may be raised. Bring his

weapons!"

Then Túrin went on his way without more words, and Andróg watched him go, and he

frowned as one pondering a riddle.

When Túrin came back to the camp of the outlaws he found them restless and ill at ease; for

they had strayed too long already in one place, near to homesteads well-guarded, and they

murmured against Forweg. "He runs hazards to our cost," they said; "and others may have to pay for his pleasures."

"Then choose a new captain!" said Túrin, standing before them. "Forweg can lead you no

longer; for he is dead."

"How do you know that?" said Ulrad. "Did you seek honey from the same hive? Did the bees

sting him?"

"No," said Túrin. "One sting was enough. I slew him. But I spared Andróg, and he will soon return." Then he told all that was done, rebuking those that did such deeds; and while he yet spoke Andróg returned bearing Forweg's weapons. "See Neithan!" he cried. "No alarm has been raised.

Maybe she hopes to meet you again."

"If you jest with me," said Túrin, "I shall regret that I grudged her your head. Now tell your tale, and be brief."

Then Andróg told truly enough all that had befallen. "What business Neithan had there I now

wonder," he said. "Not ours it seems. For when I came up, he had already slain Forweg. The woman liked that well, and offered to go with him, begging our heads as a bride-price. But he did not want

her, and sped her off; so what grudge he had against the captain I cannot guess. He left my head on

my shoulders, for which I am grateful though much puzzled."

"Then I deny your claim to come of the People of Hador," said Túrin. "To Uldor the Accursed you belong rather, and should seek service with Angband. But hear me now!" he cried to them all.

"These choices I give you. You must take me as your captain in Forweg's place, or else let me go. I

will govern this fellowship now, or leave it. But if you wish to kill me, set to! I will fight you all

until I am dead - or you."

Then many men seized their weapons, but Andróg cried out: "Nay! The head that he spared is

not witless. If we fight, more than one will die needlessly, before we kill the best man among us."

Then he laughed. "As it was when he joined us, so it is again. He kills to make room. If it proved

well before, so may it again; and he may lead us to better fortune than prowling about other men's

middens."

And old Algund said: "The best among us. Time was when we would have done the same, if

we dared; but we have forgotten much. He may bring us home in the end."

At that the thought came to Túrin that from this small band he might rise to build himself a

free lordship of his own. But he looked at Algund and Andróg, and he said: "Home, do you say?

Tall and cold stand the Mountains of Shadow between them. Behind them are the people of Uldor,

and about them the legions of Angband. If such things do not daunt you, seven times seven men,

then I may lead you homewards. But how far before we die?"

All were silent. Then Túrin spoke again. "Do you take me to be your captain? Then I will lead

you first away into the wild far from the homes of Men. There we may find better fortune or not;

but at the least we shall earn less hatred of our own kind."

Then all those that were of the People of Hador gathered to him, and took him as their

captain; and the others with less good will agreed. And at once he led them away out of that

country.

Many messengers had been sent out by Thingol to seek Túrin within Doriath and in the lands

near its borders; but in the year of his flight they searched for him in vain, for none knew or could

guess that he was with the outlaws and enemies of Men. When winter came on they returned to the

king, save Beleg only. After all others had departed still he went on alone. But in Dimbar and along

the north-marches of Doriath things had gone ill. The Dragon-helm was seen there in battle no

longer, and the Strongbow also was missed; and the servants of Morgoth were heartened and

increased ever in numbers and in daring. Winter came and passed, and with Spring their assault was

renewed: Dimbar was overrun, and the Men of Brethil were afraid, for evil roamed now upon all

their borders, save in the south.

It was now almost a year since Túrin had fled, and still Beleg sought for him, with ever

lessening hope. He passed northwards in his wanderings to the Crossings of Teiglin, and there,

hearing ill news of a new inroad of Orcs out of Taur-nu-Fuin, he turned back, and came as it

chanced to the homes of the Woodmen soon after Túrin had left that region. There he heard a

strange tale that went among them. A tall and lordly Man, or an Elf-warrior, some said, had

appeared in the woods, and had slain one of the

Gaurwaith, and rescued the daughter of Larnach

whom they were pursuing. "Very proud he was," said Larnach's daughter to Beleg, "with bright eyes that scarcely deigned to look at me. Yet he called the Wolf-men his fellows, and would not slay

another that stood by, and knew his name. Neithan, he called him."

"Can you read this riddle?" asked Larnach of the Elf. "I can, alas," said Beleg. "The Man that you tell of is one whom I seek." No more of Túrin did he tell the Woodmen; but he warned them of

evil gathering northwards. "Soon the Orcs will come ravening in this country in strength too great

for you to withstand," he said. "This year at last you must give up your freedom or your lives. Go to Brethil while there is time!"

Then Beleg went on his way in haste, and sought for the lairs of the outlaws, and such signs

as might show him whither they had gone. These he soon found; but Túrin was now several days

ahead, and moved swiftly, fearing the pursuit of the Woodmen. And he used all the arts that he knew

to defeat or mislead any that tried to follow them. Seldom did they remain two nights in one camp,

and they left little trace of their going or staying. So it was that even Beleg hunted them in vain. Led by signs that he could read, or by the rumour of the passing of Men among the wild things with

whom he could speak, he came often near, but always their lair was deserted when he came to it; for

they kept a watch about them by day and night, and at any rumour approach they were swiftly up

and away. "Alas!" he cried. "To well did I teach this child of Men craft in wood and field! An Elvish band almost one might think this to be." But they for their part became aware that they were trailed by some tireless pursuer, whom they could not see, and yet could not shake off; and they grew

uneasy.

Not long afterwards, as Beleg had feared, the Orcs came across the Brithiach, and being

resisted with all the force that he could muster by Handir of Brethil they passed south over the

Crossings of Teiglin in search of plunder. Many of the Woodmen had taken Beleg's counsel and sent

their women and children to ask for refuge in Brethil. These and their escort escaped, passing over

the Crossings in time; but the armed men that came behind were met by the Orcs, and the men were

worsted. A few fought their way through and came to Brethil, but many were slain or captured; and

the Orcs passed on to the homesteads, and sacked them and burned them. Then at once they turned

back westwards, seeking the Road, for they wished now to return North as swiftly as they could

with their booty and their captives.

But the scouts of the outlaws were soon aware of them; and though they cared little enough

for the captives, the plunder of the Woodmen aroused their greed. To Túrin it seemed perilous to

reveal themselves to the Orcs, until their numbers were known; but the outlaws would not heed

him, for they had need of many things in the wild, and already some began to regret his leading.

Therefore taking one Orleg as his only companion Túrin went forth to spy upon the Orcs; and

giving command of the band to Andróg he charged him to lie close and well hid while they were

gone.

Now the Orc-host was far greater than the band of the outlaws, but they were in lands to

which Orcs had seldom dared to come, and they knew also that beyond the Road lay the Talath

Dirnen, the Guarded Plain, upon which the scouts and spies of Nargothrond kept watch; and fearing

danger they were wary, and their scouts went creeping through the trees on either side of the

marching lines. Thus it was that Túrin and Orleg were discovered, for three scouts stumbled upon

them as they lay hid; and though they slew two the third escaped, crying as he ran: Golug! Golug!

Now that was a name which they had for the Noldor. At once the forest was filled with Orcs,

scattering silently and hunting far and wide. Then Túrin, seeing that there was small hope of escape,

thought at least to deceive them and to lead them away from the hiding-place of his men; and

perceiving from the cry of Golug! that they feared the spies of Nargothrond, he fled with Orleg

westward. The pursuit came swiftly after them, until turn and dodge as they would they were driven

at last out of the forest; and then they were espied, and as they sought to cross the Road Orleg was

shot down by many arrows. But Túrin was saved by his elven-mail, and escaped alone into the

wilds beyond; and by speed and craft he eluded his enemies, fleeing far into lands that were strange

to him. Then the Orcs, fearing that the Elves of Nargothrond might be aroused, slew their captives

and made haste away into the North.

Now when three days had passed, and yet Túrin and Orleg did not return, some of the outlaws

wished to depart from the cave where they lay hid; but Andróg spoke against it. And while they

were in the midst of this debate, suddenly a grey figure stood before them. Beleg had found them at

last. He came forward with no weapon in his hands, and held the palms turned towards them; but

they leapt up in fear, and Andróg coming behind cast a noose over him, and drew it so that it

pinioned his arms.

"If you do not wish for guests, you should keep better watch," said Beleg. "Why do you

welcome me thus? I come as a friend, and seek only a friend. Neithan I hear that you call him."

"He is not here," said Ulrad. "But unless you have long spied on us, how know you that

name?"

"He has long spied on us," said Andróg. "This is the shadow that had dogged us. Now perhaps we shall learn his true purpose." Then he bade them tie Beleg to a tree outside the cave; and when

he was hard bound hand and foot they questioned him. But to all their questions Beleg would give

one answer only: "A friend I have been to this Neithan since I first met him in the woods, and he

was then but a child. I seek him only in love, and to bring him good tidings."

"Let us slay him, and be rid of his spying," and Andróg in wrath; and he looked on the great

bow of Beleg and coveted it for he was an archer. But some of better heart spoke against him, and

Algund said to him: "The captain may return yet; and then you will rue it, if he learns that he has been robbed at once of a friend and of good tidings."

"I do not believe the tale of this Elf," said Andróg. "He is a spy of the King of Doriath. But if he has indeed any tidings, he shall tell them to us; and we shall judge if they give us reason to let

him live."

"I shall wait for your captain," said Beleg.

"You shall stand there until you speak," said

Andróg. Then at the egging of Andróg they left

Beleg tied to the tree without food or water, and they sat near eating and drinking; but he said no

more to them. When two days and nights had passed in this way they became angry and fearful, and

were eager to be gone; and most were now ready to slay the Elf. As night drew down they were all

gathered about him, and Ulrad brought a brand from the little fire that was lit in the cave mouth.

But at that moment Túrin returned. Coming silently, as was his custom, he stood in the shadows

beyond the ring of men, and he saw the haggard face of Beleg in the light of the brand.

Then he was stricken as with a shaft, and as if at the sudden melting of a frost tears long

unshed filled his eyes. He sprang out and ran to the tree. "Beleg! Beleg!" he cried. "How have you come hither? And why do you stand so?" At once he cut the bonds from his friend, and Beleg fell

forward into his arms.

When Túrin heard all that the men would tell, he was angry and grieved; but at first he gave

heed only to Beleg. While he tended him with what skill he had, he thought of his life in the woods,

and his anger turned upon himself. For often strangers had been slain, when caught near the lairs of

the outlaws, or waylaid by them, and he had not hindered it; and often he himself had spoken ill of

King Thingol and of the Grey-elves, so that he must share the blame, if they were treated as foes.

Then with bitterness he turned to the men. "You were cruel," he said, "and cruel without need.

Never until now have we tormented a prisoner; but to such Orc-work such a life as we lead has

brought us. Lawless and fruitless all our deeds have been, serving only ourselves, and feeding hate

in our hearts."

But Andróg said: "Whom shall we serve, if not ourselves? Whom shall we love, when all hate

us?"

"At least my hands shall not again be raised against Elves or Men," said Túrin. "Angband has servants enough. If others will not take this vow with me, I will walk alone."

Then Beleg opened his eyes and raised his head. "Not alone!" he said. "Now at last I can tell my tidings. You are no outlaw, and Neithan is a name unfit. Such fault as was found in you is

pardoned. For a year you have been sought, to recall you honour and to the service of the king. The

Dragon-helm has been missed too long."

But Túrin showed no joy in this news, and sat long in silence; for at Beleg's words a shadow

fell upon him again. "Let this night pass," he said at length. "Then I will choose. However it goes, we must leave this lair tomorrow; for not all who seek us wish us well."

"Nay, none," said Andróg, and he cast an evil look at Beleg.

In the morning Beleg, being swiftly healed of his pains, after the manner of the Elven-folk of

old, spoke to Túrin apart.

"I looked for more joy at my tidings," he said. "Surely you will return now to Doriath?" And he begged Túrin to do this in all ways that he could; but the more he urged it, the more Túrin hung

back. Nonetheless he questioned Beleg closely concerning the judgement of Thingol. Then Beleg

told him all that he knew, and at the last Túrin said: "Then Mablung proved my friend, as he once

seemed?"

"The friend of truth, rather," said Beleg, "and that was best, in the end. But why, Túrin, did you not speak to him of Saeros' assault upon you? All otherwise might things have gone. And," he

said, looking at the men sprawled near the mouth of the cave, "you might have held your helm still

high, and not fallen to this."

"That may be, if fall you call it," said Túrin. "That may be. But so it went; and words stuck in my throat. There was reproof in his eyes, without question asked of me, for a deed I had not done.

My Man's heart was proud, as the Elf-king said. And so it still is, Beleg Cúthalion. Not yet will it

suffer me to go back to Menegroth and bear looks of

pity and pardon, as for a wayward boy

amended. I should give pardon, not receive it. And I am a boy no longer, but a man, according to

my kind; and a hard man by my fate."

Then Beleg was troubled. "What will you do, then?" he asked.

"Fare free," said Túrin. "That wish Mablung gave me at our parting. The grace of Thingol will not stretch to receive these companions of my fall, I think; but I will not part with them now, if they

do not wish to part with me. I love them in my way, even the worst a little. They are of my own

kind, and there is some good in each that might grow. I think that they will stand by me."

"You see with other eyes than mine," said Beleg. "If you mean to wean them from evil, they will fail you. I doubt them and one most of all."

"How shall an Elf judge of Men?" said Túrin.

"As he judges all deeds, by whomsoever done," answered Beleg, but he said no more, and did

not speak of Andróg's malice, to which his evil handling had been chiefly due; for perceiving

Túrin's mood he feared to be disbelieved and to hurt their old friendship, driving Túrin back to his

evil ways.

"Fare free, you say, Túrin, my friend," he said. "What is your meaning?"

"I would lead my own men, and make war in my own way," Túrin answered. "But in this at

least my heart is changed. I repent every stroke save those dealt against the Enemy of Men and

Elves. And above all else I would have you beside me. Stay with me!"

"If I stayed beside you, love would lead me, not wisdom," said Beleg. "My heart warns me

that we should return to Doriath."

"Nonetheless, I will not go there," said Túrin.

Then Beleg strove once more to persuade him to return to the service of King Thingol, saying

that there was great need it his strength and valour on the north-marches of Doriath, and he spoke to

him of the new inroads of the Orcs, coming down into Dimbar out of Taur-nu-Fuin by the Pass of

Anach. But all his words were of no avail, and at last he said: "A hard man you have called

yourself, Túrin. Hard you are, and stubborn. Now the turn is mine. If you wish indeed to have the

Strongbow beside you, look for me in Dimbar; for thither I shall return."

Then Túrin sat in silence, and strove with his pride, which would not let him turn back; and he

brooded on the years that lay behind him. But coming suddenly out of his thought he said to Beleg:

"The Elf-maiden whom you named: I owe her well for her timely witness; yet I cannot recall her.

Why did she watch my ways?"

Then Beleg looked strangely at him. "Why indeed?"

he said. "Túrin, have you lived always

with your heart and half your mind far away? You walked with Nellas in the woods of Doriath;

when you were a boy."

"That was long ago," said Túrin. "Or so my childhood now seems, and a mist is over it-save only the memory of my father's house in Dor-lómin. But why should I have walked with an Elf-maiden?"

"To learn what she could teach, maybe," said Beleg. "Alas, child of Men! There are other

griefs in Middle-earth than yours, and wounds made by no weapons. Indeed, I begin to think that

Elves and Men should not meet or meddle."

Túrin said nothing, but looked long in Beleg's face, as if he would read in it the riddle of his

words. But Nellas of Doriath never saw him again, and his shadow passed from her.

On the next day Beleg set out, and Túrin went with him a bowshot from the camp; but he said

nothing. 'Is it farewell, then, son of Húrin?' said Beleg. Then Túrin looked out westward, and he

saw far off the great height of Amon Rûdh; and unwitting of what lay before him he answered: 'You

have said, seek me in Dimbar. But I say, seek for me on Amon Rûdh! Else, this is our last farewell.'

Then they parted, in friendship, yet in sadness.

Now Beleg returned to the Thousand Caves, and

coming before Thingol and Melian he told

them of all that had befallen, save only of his evil handling by Túrin's companions. Then Thingol

sighed, and he said:

'What more would Túrin have me do?'

'Give me leave, lord,' said Beleg, 'and I will guard him and guide him as I may; then no man

shall say that elven-words are lightly spoken. Nor would I wish to see so great a good run to

nothing in the wild.'

Then Thingol gave Beleg leave to do as he would; and he said: 'Beleg Cúthalion! For many

deeds you have earned my thanks; but not the least is the finding of my fosterson. At this parting

ask for any gift, and I will not deny it to you.'

'I ask then for a sword of worth,' said Beleg; 'for the Orcs come now too thick and close for a

bow only, and such blade as I have is no match for their armour.'

'Choose from all that I have,' said Thingol, 'save only Aranrúth, my own.'

Then Beleg chose Anglachel; and that was a sword of great worth, and it was so named

because it was made of iron that fell from heaven as a blazing star; it would cleave all earth-delved

iron. One other sword only in Middle-earth was like to it. That sword does not enter into this tale,

though it was made of the same ore by the same

smith; and that smith was Eöl the Dark Elf, who

took Aredhel Turgon's sister to wife. He gave Anglachel to Thingol as fee, which he begrudged, for

leave to dwell in Nan Elmoth; but its mate Anguirel he kept, until it was stolen from him by

Maeglin, his son.

But as Thingol turned the hilt of Anglachel towards Beleg, Melian looked at the blade; and

she said: 'There is malice in this sword. The dark heart of the smith still dwells in it. It will not love the hand it serves; neither will it abide with you long.'

'Nonetheless I will wield it while I may,' said Beleg.

'Another gift I will give to you, Cúthalion,' said Melian, 'that shall be your help in the wild,

and the help also of those whom you choose.' And she gave him store of *lembas*, the waybread of

the Elves, wrapped in leaves of silver, and the threads that bound it were sealed at the knots with the

seal of the Queen, a wafer of white wax shaped as a single flower of Telperion; for according to the

customs of the Eldalië the keeping and giving of *lembas* belonged to the Queen alone. In nothing

did Melian show greater favour to Túrin than in this gift; for the Eldar had never before allowed

Men to use this waybread, and seldom did so again.

Then Beleg departed with these gifts from

Menegroth and went back to the north marches,

where he had his lodges, and many friends. Then in Dimbar the Orcs were driven back, and

Anglachel rejoiced to be unsheathed; but when the winter came, and war was stilled, suddenly his

companions missed Beleg, and he returned to them no more.

Of Mîm the Dwarf

After the departure of Beleg (and that was in the second summer after the flight of Túrin from

Doriath) things went ill for the outlaws. There were rains out of season, and Orcs in greater

numbers than before came down from the North and along the old south road over Teiglin,

troubling all the woods on the west borders of Doriath. There was little safety or rest, and the

company were more often hunted than hunters.

One night as they lay lurking in the fireless dark, Túrin looked on his life, and it seemed to

him that it might well be bettered. "I must find some secure refuge," he thought, "and make

provision against winter and hunger"; and the next day he led his men away, further than they had

yet come from the Teiglin and the marches of Doriath. After three days' journeying they halted at

the western edge of the woods of Sirion's Vale.

There the land was drier and more bare, as it began

to climb up into the moorlands.

Soon after, it chanced that as the grey light of a day of rain was failing Túrin and his men

were sheltering in a holly-thicket; and beyond it was a treeless space, in which there were many

great stones, leaning or tumbled together. All was still, save for the drip of rain from the leaves.

Suddenly a watchman gave a call, and leaping up they saw three hooded shapes, grey-clad, going

stealthily among the stones. They were burdened each with a great sack, but they went swiftly for

all that.

Túrin cried out to them to halt, and the men ran out on them like hounds; but they held on

their way, and though Andróg shot arrows after them two vanished in the dusk. One lagged I

behind, being slower or more heavily burdened; and he was I soon seized and thrown down, and

held by many hands, though he struggled and bit like a beast. But Túrin came up, and rebuked his

men. "What have you there?" he said. "What need to be so fierce? It is old and small. What harm is in it?"

"It bites," said Andróg, showing his hand that bled. "It is an Orc, or of Orc-kin. Kill it!"

"It deserved no less, for cheating our hope," said another, who had taken the sack. "There is nothing here but roots and small stones."

"Nay," said Túrin, "it is bearded. It is only a Dwarf, I

guess. Let him up, and speak."

So it was that Mîm came in to the Tale of the Children of Húrin. For he stumbled up on his

knees before Túrin's feet and begged for his life. "I am old," he said, "and poor. Only a Dwarf, as you say, and not an Orc. Mîm is my name. Do not let them slay me, lord, for no cause, as would the

Orcs."

Then Túrin pitied him in his heart, but he said: "Poor you seem, Mîm, though that is strange

in a Dwarf; but we are poorer, I think: houseless and friendless Men. If I said that we do not spare

for pity's sake only, being in great need, what would you offer for ransom?"

"I do not know what you desire, lord," said Mîm warily. "At this time, little enough!" said Túrin, looking about him bitterly with rain in his eyes. "A safe place to sleep in out of the I damp woods. Doubtless you have such for yourself."

"I have," said Mîm; "but I cannot give it in ransom. I am too old to live under the sky."

"You need grow no older," said Andróg, stepping up with a knife in his unharmed hand. "I can spare you that."

"Lord!" cried Mîm then in great fear. "If I lose my life, you will lose the dwelling; for you will not find it without Mîm. I cannot give it, but I will share it. There is more room in it than once

there was: so many have gone for ever," and he began to weep.

"Your life is spared, Mîm," said Túrin. "Till we come

to his lair, at least," said Andróg. But Túrin turned upon him, and said: "If Mîm brings us to his home without trickery, and it is good,

then his life is ransomed; and he shall not be slain by any man who follows me. So I swear."

Then Mîm clasped Túrin about his knees, saying: "Mîm will be your friend, lord. At first I

thought you were an Elf, by your speech and your voice; but if you are a Man, that is better. Mîm

does not love Elves."

"Where is this house of yours?" said Andróg. "It must be good indeed if Andróg is to share it with a Dwarf. For Andróg does not like Dwarves. His people brought few good tales of that race out

of the East."

"Judge my home when you see it," said Mîm. "But you will need light on the way, you

stumbling Men. I will return in good time and lead you."

"No, no!" said Andróg. "You will not allow this, surely captain? You would never see the old rascal again."

"It is growing dark," said Túrin. "Let him leave us some pledge. Shall we keep your sack and its load, Mîm?" But at this the Dwarf fell on his knees again in great trouble. "If Mîm did not mean to return, he would not return for an old sack of roots," he said. "I will come back. Let me go!" "I will not," said Túrin. "If you will not part with your sack, you must stay with it. A night under the leaves will make you

pity us in your turn, maybe." But he marked, and others also, that Mîm set

more value on his load than it seemed worth to the eye.

They led the old Dwarf away to their dismal camp, and as he went he muttered in a strange

tongue that seemed harsh with ancient hatred; but when they put bonds on his legs he went

suddenly quiet. And those who were on the watch saw him sitting on through the night silent and

still as stone, save for his sleepless eyes that glinted as they roved in the dark.

Before morning the rain ceased, and a wind stirred in the trees. Dawn came more brightly

than for many days, and light airs from the South opened the sky, pale and clear about the rising of

the sun. Mîm sat on without moving, and he seemed as if dead; for now the heavy lids of his eyes

were closed, and the morning-light showed him withered and shrunken with age. Túrin stood and

looked down on him. "There is light enough now," he said.

Then Mîm opened his eyes and pointed to his bonds; and when he was released he spoke

fiercely. "Learn this, fools!" he said. "Do not put bonds on a Dwarf! He will not forgive it. I do not wish to die, but for what you have done my heart is hot. I repent my promise."

"But I do not," said Túrin. "You will lead me to your home. Till then we will not speak of death. That is

my will." He looked steadfastly in the eyes of the Dwarf, and Mîm could not endure

it; few indeed could challenge the eyes of Túrin in set will or in wrath. Soon he turned away his

head, and rose. "Follow me, lord!" he said.

"Good!" said Túrin. "But now I will add this: I understand your pride. You may die, but you shall not be set in bonds again."

Then Mîm led them back to the place where he had been captured, and he pointed westward.

"There is my home!" he said. "You have often seen it, I guess, for it is tall. Sharbhund we called it, before the Elves changed all the names." Then they saw that he was pointing to Amon Rűdh, the

Bald Hill, whose bare head watched over many leagues of the wild.

"We have seen it, but never nearer," said Andróg. "For what safe lair can be there, or water, or any other thing that we need? I guessed that there was some trick. Do men hide on a bill-top?"

"Long sight may be safer than lurking," said Túrin. "Amon Rűdh gazes far and wide. Well,

Mîm, I will come and see what you have to show. How long will it take us, stumbling Men, to come

thither?" "All this day until dusk," Mîm answered.

The company set westward, and Túrin went at the head with Mîm at his side. They walked

warily when they left the woods, but all the land was empty and quiet. They passed over the

tumbled stones, and began to climb; for Amon Rűdh

stood upon the eastern edge of the high

moorlands that rose between the vales of Sirion and Narog, and even above the stony heath at its

base its crown was reared up a thousand feet and more. Upon the eastern side a broken land climbed

slowly up to the high ridges among knots of birch and rowan, and ancient thorn-trees rooted in

rock. About the lower slopes of Amon Rűdh there grew thickets of aeglos; but its steep grey head

was bare, save for the red seregon that mantled the stone.

As the afternoon was waning the outlaws drew near to the roots of the hill. They came now

from the north, for so Mîm had led them, and the light of the westering sun fell upon the crown of

Amon Rűdh, and the seregon was all in flower.

"See! There is blood on the hill-top," said Andróg.

"Not yet," said Túrin.

* * *

The sun was sinking and the light was failing in the hollows. The hill now loomed up before

them and above them, and they wondered what need there could be of a guide to so plain a mark.

But as Mîm led them on, and they began to climb

the last steep slopes, they perceived that he was

following some path by secret signs or old custom. Now his course wound to and fro, and if they

looked aside they saw that at either hand dark dells and chines opened, or the land ran down into

wastes of great stones, with falls and holes masked by bramble and thorn. There without a guide

they might have laboured and clambered for days to find a way.

At length they came to steeper but smoother ground. They passed under the shadows of

ancient rowan-trees into aisles of long-legged aeglos: a gloom filled with a sweet scent. 15 Then

suddenly there was a rock-wall before them, flat-faced and sheer, towering high above them in the

dusk.

"Is this the door of your house?" said Túrin. "Dwarves love stone, it is said." He drew close to Mîm, lest he should play them some trick at the last.

"Not the door of the house, but the gate of the garth," said Mîm. Then he turned to the right

along the cliff-foot, and after twenty paces halted suddenly; and Túrin saw that by the work of

hands or of weather there was a cleft so shaped that two faces of the wall overlapped, and an

opening ran back to the left between them. Its entrance was shrouded by long-trailing plants rooted

in crevices above, but within there was a steep stony path going upwards in the dark. Water trickled

down it, and it was dank. One by one they filed up. At the top the path turned right and south again,

and brought them through a thicket of thorns out upon a green flat, through which it ran on into the

shadows. They had come to Mîm's house, Bar-en-Nibin-noeg, which only ancient tales in Doriath

and Nargothrond remembered, and no Men had seen. But night was falling, and the east was starlit,

and they could not yet see how this strange place was shaped.

Amon Rűdh had a crown: a great mass like a steep cap of stone with a bare flattened top.

Upon its north side there stood out from it a shelf, level and almost square, which could not be seen

from below; for behind it stood the hill-crown like a wall, and west and east from its brink sheer

cliffs fell. Only from the north, as they had come, could it be reached with ease by those who knew

the way. From the cleft a path led, and passed soon into a little grove of dwarfed birches growing

about a clear pool in a rock-hewn basin. This pool was fed by a spring at the foot of the wall behind,

and through a runnel it spilled like a white thread over the western brink of the shelf. Behind the

screen of the trees near the spring, between two tall buttresses of rock there was a cave. No more

than a shallow grot it looked, with a low broken arch; but further in it had been deepened and bored

far under the hill by the slow hands of the Petty-dwarves, in the long years that they had dwelt

there, untroubled by the Grey-elves of the woods.

Through the deep dusk Mîm led them past the pool, where now the faint stars were mirrored

among the shadows of the birch-boughs. At the mouth of the cave he turned and bowed to Túrin.

"Enter," he said, "Bar-en-Danwedh, the House of Ransom; for so it shall be called."

"That may be," said Túrin. "I will look first." Then he went in with Mîm, and the others, seeing him unafraid, followed behind, even Andróg, who most misdoubted the Dwarf. They were

soon in a black dark; but Mîm clapped his hands, and a little light appeared, coming round a corner:

from a passage at the back of the outer grot there stepped another Dwarf bearing a small torch.

"Ha! I missed him, as I feared!" said Andróg. But Mîm spoke quickly with the other in their

own harsh tongue, and seeming troubled or angered by what he heard, he darted into the passage

and disappeared. Then Andróg was all for going forward. "Attack first!" he said. "There may be a hive of them; but they are small."

"Three only, I guess," said Túrin; and he led the way, while behind him the outlaws groped

along the passage by the feel of the rough walls. Many times it bent this way and that at sharp

angles; but at last a faint light gleamed ahead, and they came into a small but lofty hall, dim-lit by

lamps hanging down out of the roof-shadow upon fine chains. Mîm was not there, but his voice

could be heard, and led by it Túrin came to the door of a chamber opening at the back of the hall.

Looking in, he saw Mîm kneeling on the floor. Beside him stood silent the Dwarf with the torch;

but on a stone couch by the further wall there lay another. "Khîm, Khîm, Khîm!" the old Dwarf

wailed, tearing at his beard.

"Not all your shafts went wild," said Túrin to Andróg. "But this may prove an ill hit. You lose shaft too lightly; but you may not live long enough to learn wisdom." Then entering softly Túrin

stood behind Mîm, and spoke to him. "What is the trouble, Mîm?' " he said. "I have some healing arts. Can I give you aid?"

Mîm turned his head, and there was a red light in his eyes. "Not unless you can turn back

time, and then cut off the cruel hands of your men," he answered. "This is my son, pierced by an arrow. Now he is beyond speech. He died at sunset. Your bonds held me from healing him."

Again pity long hardened welled in Túrin's heart as water from rock. "Alas!" he said. "I would recall that shaft, if I could. Now Bar-en-Danwedh, House of Ransom, shall this be called in truth.

For whether we dwell here or no, I will hold myself

in your debt; and if ever I come to any wealth, I

will pay you a ransom of heavy gold for your son, in token of sorrow, though it gladden your heart

no more."

Then Mîm rose, and looked long at Túrin. "I hear you," he said. "You speak like a Dwarf-lord of old; and at that I marvel. Now my heart is cooled, though it is not glad. My own ransom I will

pay, therefore: you may dwell here, if you will. But this I will add: he that loosed the shaft shall

break his bow and his arrows and lay them at my son's feet; and he shall never take arrow nor bear

bow again. If he does, he shall die by it. That curse I lay on him."

Andróg was afraid when he heard of this curse; and though he did so with great grudge, he

broke his bow and his arrows and laid them at the dead Dwarf's feet. But as he came out from the

chamber, he glanced evilly at Mîm, and muttered: "The curse of a Dwarf never dies, they say; but a

Man's too may come home. May he die with a dart in his throat!"

That night they lay in the hall and slept uneasily for the wailing of Mîm and of Ibun, his other

son. When that ceased they could not tell; but when they woke at last the Dwarves were gone, and

the chamber was closed by a stone. The day was fair again, and in the morning sun the outlaws

washed in the pool and prepared such food as they

had; and as they ate Mîm stood before them.

He bowed to Túrin. "He is gone, and all is done," he said. "He lies with his fathers. Now we turn to such life as is left, though the days before us may be short. Does Mîm's home please you? Is

the ransom paid and accepted?" "It is," said Túrin. "Then all is yours, to order your dwelling here as you will, save this: the chamber that is closed, none shall open it but me."

"We hear you," said Túrin. "But as for our life here, we are secure, or so it seems; but still we must have food, and other things. How shall we go out; or still more, how shall we return?"

To their disquiet Mîm laughed in his throat. "Do you fear that you have followed a spider to

the heart of his web?" he said. "Mîm does not eat Men! And a spider could ill deal with thirty wasps at a time. See, you are armed, and I stand here bare. No, we must share, you and I: house, food, and

fire, an maybe other winnings. The house, I think, you will guard and keep secret for your own

good, even when you know the ways in and out. You will learn them in time. But in the meanwhile

Mîm must guide you, or Ibun his son."

To this Túrin agreed, and he thanked Mîm, and most of his men were glad; for under the sun

of morning, while summer was yet high, it seemed a fair place to dwell in. Andróg alone was ill-

content. "The sooner we are masters of our goings and comings the better," he said. "Never before have we taken a prisoner with a grievance to and fro on our ventures."

That day they rested, and cleaned their arms and mended their gear; for they had food to last

for a day or two yet, and Mîm added to what they had. Three great cooking-pots he lent to them,

and firing also; and he brought out a sack. "Rubbish," he said. "Not worth the stealing. Only wild roots."

But when they were cooked these roots proved good to eat, somewhat like bread; and the

outlaws were glad of them, for they had long lacked bread save when they could steal it. "Wild

Elves know them not; Grey-elves have not found them; the proud ones from over the Sea are too

proud to delve," said Mîm.

"What is their name?" said Túrin. Mîm looked at him sidelong. "They have no name, save in the Dwarf-tongue, which we do not teach," he said. "And we not teach Men to find them, for Men are greedy and thriftless, and would not spare till all the plants had perished; whereas now they pass

them by as they go blundering in the wild. No more will you learn of me; but you may have enough

of my bounty, as long as you speak fair and do not spy or steal." Then again he laughed in his

throat. "They are of great worth." he said. "More than gold in the hungry winter, for they may be hoarded like the nuts of a squirrel, and already we were building our store from the first that are

ripe. But you are fools, if you think that I would not

be parted from one small load even for the

saving of my life."

"1 hear you," said Ulrad, who had looked in the sack when Mîm was taken. "Yet you would

not be parted, and your words only make me wonder the more." Mîm turned and looked at him

darkly. "You are one of the fools that spring would not mourn if you perished in winter," he said. "I had spoken my word, and so must have returned, willing or not, with sack or without, let a lawless

and faithless man think what he will! But I like not to be parted from my own by force of the

wicked, be it no more than a shoe-thong. Do I not remember that your hands were among those that

put bonds on me, and so held me that I did not speak again with my son? Ever when I deal out the

earth-bread from my store you shall be counted out, and if you eat it, you shall eat by the bounty of

your fellows, not of me."

Then Mîm went away; but Ulrad, who had quailed under his anger, spoke to his back: "High

words! Nonetheless the old rogue had other things in his sack, of like shape but harder and heavier.

Maybe there are other things beside earth-bread in the wild which Elves have not found and Men

must not know!"

"That may be," said Túrin. "Nonetheless the Dwarf spoke the truth in one point at least,

calling you a fool. Why must you speak your

thoughts? Silence, if fair words stick in your throat,

would serve all our ends better."

The day passed in peace, and none of the outlaws desired to go abroad. Túrin paced much

upon the green sward of the shelf, from brink to brink; and he looked out east, and west, and north,

and wondered to find how far were the views in the clear air. Northward he looked, and descried the

Forest of Brethil climbing green about Amon Obel in its midst, and thither his eyes were drawn ever

and again, he knew not why; for his heart was set rather to the northwest, where league upon league

away on the skirts of the sky it seemed to him that he could glimpse the Mountains of Shadow, the

walls of his home. But at evening, Túrin looked west into the sunset, as the sun rode down red into

the hazes above the distant coasts, and the Vale of Narog lay deep in the shadows between.

So began the abiding of Túrin son of Húrin in the halls of Mîm, in Bar-en-Danwedh, the

House of Ransom.

* * *

For a long while the life of the outlaws went well to their liking. Food was not scarce, and

they had good shelter, warm and dry, with room enough and to spare; for they found that the caves

could have housed a hundred or more at need.

There was another smaller hall further in. It had a

hearth at one side, above which a smoke-shaft ran up through the rock to a vent cunningly hidden in

a crevice on the hillside. There were also many other chambers, opening out of the halls or the

passage between them, some for dwelling, some for works or for stores. In storage Mîm had more

arts than they, and he had many vessels and chests of stone and wood that looked to be of great age.

But most of the chambers were now empty: in the armouries hung axes and other gear rusted and

dusty, shelves and aumbries were bare; and the smithies were idle. Save one: a small room that led

out of the inner hall and had a hearth which shared the smoke-vent of the hearth in the hall. There

Mîm would work a times, but would not allow others to be with him.

During the rest of that year they went on no more raids, and if they stirred abroad for hunting

or gathering of food they went for the most part in small parties. But for a long while they found it

hard to retrace their road, and beside Túrin not more than six of his men became ever sure of the

way. Nonetheless, seeing that those skilled in such things could come to their lair without Mîm's

help, they set a watch by day and night near to the cleft in the north-wall. From the south they

expected no enemies, nor was there fear of any climbing Amon Rűdh from that quarter; but by day

there was at most times a watchman set on the top of the crown, who could look far all about. Steep

as were the sides of the crown, the summit could be reached, for to the east of the cave-mouth rough

steps had been hewn leading up to slopes where men could clamber unaided.

So the year wore on without hurt or alarm. But as the days drew in, and the pool became grey

and cold and the birches bare, and great rains returned, they had to pass more time in shelter. Then

they soon grew weary of the dark under hill, or the dim halflight of the halls; and to most it seemed

that life would be better if it were not shared with Mîm. Too often he would appear out of some

shadowy corner or doorway when they thought him elsewhere; and when Mîm was near unease fell

on their talk. They took to speaking one to another ever in whispers.

Yet, and strange it seemed to them, with Túrin it went otherwise; and he became ever more

friendly with the old Dwarf, and listened more and more to his counsels. In the winter that followed

he would sit for long hours with Mîm, listening to his lore and the tales of his life; nor did Túrin

rebuke him if he spoke ill of the Eldar. Mîm seemed well pleased, and showed much favour to Túrin

in return; him only would he admit to his smithy at

times, and there they would talk softly together.

Less pleased were the Men; and Andróg looked on with a jealous eye.

For Mîm came of Dwarves that were banished in ancient days from the great Dwarf-cities of

the east, and long before the return of Morgoth they wandered westward into Beleriand; but they

became diminished in stature and in smith-craft, and they took to lives of stealth, walking with

bowed shoulders and furtive steps. Before the Dwarves of Nogrod and Belegost came west over the

mountains the Elves of Beleriand knew not what these others were, and they hunted them, and slew

them; but afterwards they let them alone, and they were called Noegyth Nibin, the Petty-Dwarves,

in the Sindarin tongue. They loved none but themselves, and if they feared and hated the Orcs, they

hated the Eldar no less, and the Exiles most of all; for the Noldor, they said, had stolen their lands

and their homes. Long ere King Finrod Felagund came over the Sea, the caves of Nargothrond were

discovered by them, and by them its delving was begun; and beneath the crown of Amon Rûdh, the

Bald Hill, the slow hands of the Petty-Dwarves had bored and deepened the caves through the long

years that they dwelt there, untroubled by the Grey-elves of the woods. But now at last they had

dwindled and died out of Middle-earth, all save

Mîm and his two sons; and Mîm was old even in the reckoning of Dwarves, old and forgotten. And in his halls the smithies were idle, and the axes rusted, and their name was remembered only in ancient tales of Doriath and Nargothrond.

When the year drew on to midwinter, snow came down from the north heavier than they had known it in the river-vales, and Amon Rûdh was covered deep; and they said that the winters worsened in Beleriand as the power of Angband grew. Then only the hardiest dared stir abroad; and some fell sick, and all were pinched with hunger. At this time, as it later appeard, Andróg, seeking for Mîm's secret store of food, became lost in the caves, and found a hidden stair that led out on to the flat summit of Amon Rűdh, but he revealed it to no one.

But in the dim dusk of a winter's day there appeared suddenly among them a man, as it seemed, of great bulk and girth, cloaked and hooded in white; and he walked up to the fire without a word. And when men sprang up in fear, he laughed, and threw back his hood, and beneath his wide cloak he bore a great pack; and in the light of the fire Túrin looked again on the face of Beleg Cúthalion.

Thus Beleg returned once more to Túrin, and their meeting was glad; and with him he brought

out of Dimbar the Dragon-helm of Dor-lómin, thinking that it might lift Túrin's thought again above

his life in the wilderness as the leader of a petty company. Those that were hurt or sick he tended,

and he wanted to give to them the *lembas* of Melian.

He brought out the packet, and the silver leaves of it were red in the firelight; but when Túrin

saw the seal his eyes darkened. "What have you there?" he said.

"The greatest gift that one who loves you still has to give," answered Beleg. "Here is *lembas*, the waybread of the Eldar, that no Man yet has tasted."

"The Helm of my fathers I take," said Túrin, "with good will for your keeping; but I will not receive gifts out of Doriath."

"Then send back your sword and your arms," said Beleg. "Send back also the teaching and

fostering of your youth. And let your men die in the desert to please your mood. Nonetheless, this

way-bread was a gift not to you but to me, and I may do with it as I will. Eat it not, if it sticks in

your throat; but others here may be more hungry and less proud."

Then Túrin was abashed, and in that matter overcame his pride. But he still would not return

to Doriath; and Beleg yielding to his love against his wisdom remained with him, and did not

depart, and in that time he laboured much for the good of Túrin's company.

And so the sick were quickly healed, for though the Grey-elves were less in skill and

knowledge than the Exiles from Valinor, in the ways of the life of Middle-earth they had a wisdom

beyond the reach of Men. And because Beleg was strong and enduring, farsighted in mind as in eye,

he came to be held in honour among the outlaws; but the hatred of Mîm for the Elf that had come

into Bar-en-Danwedh grew ever greater, and he sat with Ibun his son in the deepest shadows of his

house, speaking to none. But Túrin paid now little heed to the Dwarf; and when winter passed, and

spring came, they had sterner work to do.

Who knows now the counsels of Morgoth? Who can measure the reach of his thought, who

had been Melkor, mighty among the Ainur of the Great Song, and sat now, a dark lord upon a dark

throne in the North, weighing in his malice all the tidings that came to him, and perceiving more of

the deeds and purposes of his enemies than even the wisest of them feared, save only Melian the

Queen? To her often the thought of Morgoth reached out, and there was foiled.

And now again the might of Angband was moved; and as the long fingers of a groping hand

the forerunners of his armies probed the ways into Beleriand. Through Anach they came, and

Dimbar was taken, and all the north marches of Doriath. Down the ancient road they came that led

through the long defile of Sirion, past the isle where Minas Tirith of Finrod had stood, and so

through the land between Malduin and Sirion, and on through the eaves of Brethil to the Crossings

of Teiglin. Thence the road went on into the Guarded Plain; but the Orcs did not go far upon it, as

yet, for there dwelt now in the wild a terror that was hidden, and upon the red hill were watchful

eyes of which they had not been warned. For Túrin put on again the Helm of Hador; and far and

wide in Beleriand the whisper went, under wood and over stream and through the passes of the

hills, saying that the Helm and Bow that had fallen in Dimbar had arisen again beyond hope. Then

many who went leaderless, dispossessed but undaunted, took heart again, and came to seek the Two

Captains. Dor-Cúarthol, the Land of Bow and Helm, was in that time named all the region between

Teiglin and the west march of Doriath; and Túrin named himself anew, Gorthol, the Dread Helm,

and his heart was high again.

Túrin received gladly all who came to him, but by the counsel of Beleg he admitted no

newcomer to his refuge upon Amon Rűdh (and that was now named Echad i Sedryn, Camp of the

Faithful); the way thither only those of the Old

Company knew and no others were admitted. But

other guarded camps and forts were established round about: in the forest eastward, or in the

highlands, or in the southward fens, from Methed-en-glad ("the End of the Wood") to Bar-erib some

leagues south of Amon Rűdh; and from all these places men could see the summit of Amon Rűdh,

and by signals receive tidings and commands.

Once in that time, when Túrin and Beleg sat in the stronghold of Echad i Sedryn together,

Túrin said to Beleg:

"Why are you sad, and thoughtful? Does not all go well, since you returned to me? Has not

my purpose proved good?"

"All is well now," said Beleg. "Our enemies are still surprised, and afraid. And still good days lie before us; for a while."

"And what then?"

"Winter. And after that another year, for those who live to see it."

"And what then?"

"The wrath of Angband. We have burned the finger tips of the Black Hand - no more. It will

not withdraw."

"But is not the wrath of Angband our purpose and delight?" said Túrin. "What else would you have me

do?"

"You know full well," said Beleg. "But of that road you have forbidden me to speak. But hear me now. The lord of a great host has many needs. He must have a secure refuge; and he must have

wealth, and many whose work is not in war. With numbers comes the need of food, more than the

wild will furnish; and there comes the passing of secrecy. Amon Rűdh is a good place for a few - it

has eyes and ears. But it stands alone, and is seen far off; and no great force is needed to surround

it."

"Nonetheless, I will be the captain of my own host," said Túrin; "and if I fall, then I fall. Here I stand in the path of Morgoth, and while I so stand he cannot use the southward road. For that in

Nargothrond there should be some thanks; and even help with needful things."

In this way, before the summer had passed, the following of Túrin was swelled to a great

force; and the power of Angband was thrown back. Word of this came even to Nargothrond, and

many there grew restless, saying that if an Outlaw could do such hurt to the Enemy, what might not

the Lord of Narog do. But Orodreth would not change his counsels. In all things he followed

Thingol, with whom be exchanged messengers by secret ways; and he was a wise lord, according to

the wisdom of those who considered first their own people, and how long they might preserve their

life and wealth against the lust of the North. Therefore he allowed none of his people to go to Túrin,

and he sent messengers to say to him that in all that he might do or devise in his war he should not

set foot in the land of Nargothrond, nor drive Orcs thither. But help other than in arms he offered to

the Two Captains, should they have need (and in this, it is thought, he was moved by Thingol and

Melian).

Also in Menegroth, and even in the hidden realm of Gondolin, the fame of the deeds of the

Two Captains was heard; and in Angband also they were known. Then Morgoth laughed, for now

by the Dragon-helm was Húrin's son revealed to him again; and ere long Amon Rûdh was ringed

with spies.

In the waning of the year Mîm the Dwarf and Ibun his son went out from Bar-en-Danwedh to

gather roots in the wild for their winter store; and they were taken captive by Orcs. Then for a

second time Mîm promised to guide his enemies by the secret paths to his home on Amon Rûdh;

but yet he sought to delay the fulfilment of his promise, and demanded that Gorthol should not be

slain. Then the Orc-captain laughed, and he said to Mîm: “Assuredly Túrin son of Húrin shall not

be slain.”

Thus was Bar-en-Danwedh betrayed, for the Orcs

came upon it by night at unawares, guided

by Mîm. There many of Túrin's company were slain as they slept; but Andróg then revealed to

Túrin the inner stair, and some fleeing by it came out upon the hill-top, and there they fought until

they fell, and their blood flowed out upon the seregon that mantled the stone. There Andróg have

fought more valiantly than any, but he fell at last mortally wounded by an arrow; and thus the curse

of Mîm was fulfilled. But a net was cast over Túrin as he fought, and he was enmeshed in it, and

overcome, and led away.

And at length when all was silent again Mîm crept out of the shadows of his house; and as the

sun rose over the mists of Sirion he stood beside the dead men on the hill-top. But he perceived that

not all those that lay there were dead; for by one his gaze was returned, and he looked in the eyes of

Beleg the Elf. Then with hatred long-stored Mîm stepped up to Beleg, and drew forth the sword

Anglachel that lay beneath the body of one that had fallen beside him; but Beleg stumbling up

seized back the sword and thrust it at the Dwarf, and Mîm in terror fled wailing from the hill-top.

And Beleg cried after him: 'The vengeance of the house of Hador will find you yet!'

Now Beleg was sorely wounded, but he was mighty

among the Elves of Middle-earth, and he

was moreover a master of healing. Therefore he did not die, and slowly his strength returned; and

he sought in vain among the dead for Túrin, to bury him. But he found him not; and then he knew

that Húrin's son was yet alive, and taken to Angband. But while he was searching for him, he found

in his chamber the Dragon-helm; it was left there in the confusion of the first attack, and not found

by the Orcs hastening to return to Angband.

With little hope Beleg departed from Amon Rûdh and taking the Dragon-helm with him he set

out northward, towards the Crossings of Teiglin, following in the track of the Orcs; and he crossed

over the Brithiach and journeyed through Dimbar towards the Pass of Anach. And now he was not

far behind them, for he went without sleeping, whereas they had tarried on their road, hunting in the

lands and fearing no pursuit as they came northward; and not even in the dreadful woods of Taur-

nu-Fuin did he swerve from the trail, for the skill of Beleg was greater than any that have been in

Middle-earth. But as he passed by night through that evil land he came upon one lying asleep at the

foot of a great dead tree; and Beleg staying his steps beside the sleeper saw that it was an Elf. Then

he spoke to him, and gave him lembas, and asked

him what fate had brought him to that terrible

place; and he named himself Gwindor, son of Guilin.

Grieving Beleg looked upon him; for Gwindor was now but a bent and fearful shadow of his

former shape and mood, when in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad that lord of Nargothrond rode with rash

courage to the very doors of Angband, and there was taken. For few of the Noldor whom Morgoth

captured were put to death, because of their skill in forging and in mining for metals and gems; and

Gwindor was not slain, but put to labour in the mines of the North. By secret tunnels known only to

themselves the mining Elves might sometimes escape; and thus it came to pass that Beleg found

him, spent and bewildered in the mazes of Taur-nu-Fuin.'

And Gwindor told him that as he lay and lurked among the trees he saw a great company of

Orcs passing northwards, and wolves went with them; and among them was a Man, whose hands

were chained, and they drove him onward with whips. 'Very tall he was', said Gwindor, 'as tall as

are the Men from the misty hills of Hithlum.' Then Beleg told him of his own errand in Taur-nu-

Fuin; and Gwindor sought to dissuade him from his quest, saying that he would but join Túrin in the

anguish that awaited him. But Beleg would not abandon Túrin, and despairing himself he aroused

hope again in Gwindor's heart; and together they went on, following the Orcs until they came out of

the forest on the high slopes that ran down to the barren dunes of Anfauglith. There within sight of

the peaks of Thangorodrim the Orcs made their encampment in a bare dell as the light of day was

failing, and setting wolf-sentinels all about they fell to carousing. A great storm rode up out of the

west, and lightning glittered on the Shadowy Mountains far away, as Beleg and Gwindor crept

towards the dell.

When all in the camp were sleeping Beleg took his bow, and in the darkness shot the wolf-

sentinels, one by one and silently. Then in great peril they entered in, and they found Túrin fettered

hand and foot and tied to a withered tree; and all about him knives that had been cast at him were

embedded in the trunk, and he was senseless in a sleep of great weariness. But Beleg and Gwindor

cut the bonds that held him, and lifting him they carried him out of the dell; yet they could bear him

no further than to a thicket of thorn-trees a little way above. There they laid him down; and now the

storm drew very near. Beleg drew his sword Anglachel, and with it he cut the fetters that bound

Túrin; but fate was that day more strong, for the blade slipped as he cut the shackles, and Túrin's

foot was pricked. Then he was aroused into a sudden wakefulness of rage and fear, and seeing one

bending over him with naked blade he leapt up with a great cry, believing that Orcs were come

again to torment him; and grappling with him in the darkness he seized Anglachel, and slew Beleg

Cúthalion thinking him a foe.

But as he stood, finding himself free, and ready to sell his life dearly against imagined foes,

there came a great flash of lightning above them; and in its light he looked down on Beleg's face.

Then Túrin stood stone-still and silent, staring on that dreadful death, knowing what he had done;

and so terrible was his face, lit by the lightning that flickered all about them, that Gwindor cowered

down upon the ground and dared not raise his eyes.'

But now in the dell beneath the Orcs were aroused, and all the camp was in a tumult; for they

feared the thunder that came out of the west, believing that it was sent against them by the great

Enemies beyond the Sea. Then a wind arose, and great rains fell, and torrents swept down from the

heights of Taur-nu-Fuin; and though Gwindor cried out to Túrin, warning him of their utmost peril,

he made no answer, but sat unmoving and unweeping in the tempest beside the body of Beleg

Cúthalion.

When morning came the storm was passed away

eastward over Lothlann, and the sun of

autumn rose hot and bright; but believing that Túrin would have fled far away from that place and

all trace of his flight be washed away, the Orcs departed in haste without longer search, and far off

Gwindor saw them marching away over the steaming sands of Anfauglith. Thus it came to pass that

they returned to Morgoth empty-handed, and left behind them the son of Húrin, who sat crazed and

unwitting on the slopes of Taur-nu-Fuin, bearing a burden heavier than their bonds.

Then Gwindor roused Túrin to aid him in the burial of Beleg, and he rose as one that walked

in sleep; and together they laid Beleg in a shallow grave, and placed beside him Belthronding his

great bow, that was made of black yew-wood. But the dread sword Anglachel Gwindor took, saying

that it were better that it should take vengeance on the servants of Morgoth than lie useless in the

earth; and he took also the Dragon-helm, and the lembas of Melian to strengthen them in the wild.

Thus ended Beleg Strongbow, truest of friends, greatest in skill of all that harboured in the

woods of Beleriand in the Elder Days, at the hand of him whom he most loved; and that grief was

graven on the face of Túrin and never faded. But courage and strength were renewed in the Elf of

Nargothrond, and departing from Taur-nu-Fuin he led Túrin far away. Never once as they wandered

together on long and grievous paths did Túrin speak, and he walked as one without wish or purpose,

while the year waned and winter drew on over the northern lands. But Gwindor was ever beside

him to guard him and guide him; and thus they passed westward over Sirion and came at length to

Eithel Ivrin, the springs whence Narog rose beneath the Mountains of Shadow. There Gwindor

spoke to Túrin, saying: 'Awake, Túrin son of Húrin Thalion! On Ivrin's lake is endless laughter. She

is fed from crystal fountains unfailing, and guarded from defilement by Ulmo, Lord of Waters, who

wrought her beauty in ancient days.' Then Túrin knelt and drank from that water; and suddenly he

cast himself down, and his tears were unloosed at last, and he was healed of his madness.

There he made a song for Beleg, and he named it *Laer Cú Beleg*, the Song of the Great Bow,

singing it aloud heedless of peril. And Gwindor gave the sword Anglachel into his hands, and Túrin

knew that it was heavy and strong and had great power; but its blade was black and dull and its

edges blunt. Then Gwindor said: 'This is a strange blade, and unlike any that I have seen in Middle-

earth. It mourns for Beleg even as you do. But be comforted; for I return to Nargothrond of the

house of Finarfin, and you shall come with me, and be healed and renewed.'

'Who are you?' said Túrin.

'A wandering Elf, a thrall escaped, whom Beleg met and comforted,' said Gwindor. 'Yet once I

was Gwindor son of Guilin, a lord of Nargothrond, until I went to the Nirnaeth Arnoediad, and was

enslaved in Angband.'

'Then have you seen Húrin son of Galdor, the warrior of Dor-lómin?' said Túrin.

'I have not seen him,' said Gwindor. 'But rumour of him runs through Angband that he still

defies Morgoth; and Morgoth has laid a curse upon him and all his kin.'

'That I do believe,' said Túrin.

And now they arose, and departing from Eithel Ivrin they journeyed southward along the

banks of Narog, until they were taken by scouts of the Elves and brought as prisoners to the hidden

stronghold. Thus did Túrin come to Nargothrond.

At first his own people did not know Gwindor, who went out young and strong, and returned

now seeming as one of the aged among mortal Men, because of his torments and his labours; but

Finduilas daughter of Orodreth the King knew him and welcomed him, for she had loved him

before the Nirnaeth, and so greatly did Gwindor love her beauty that he named her Faelivrin, which

is the gleam of the sun on the pools of Ivrin. For

Gwindor's sake Túrin was admitted with him into Nargothrond, and he dwelt there in honour. But when Gwindor would tell his name, Túrin checked him, saying: 'I am Agarwaen the son of Úmarth (which is the Bloodstained, son of Ill-fate), a hunter in the woods'; and the Elves of Nargothrond questioned him no more.

Finduilas the daughter of Orodreth was golden-haired after the manner of the house of Finarfin, and Túrin began to take pleasure in the sight of her and in her company; for she reminded him of his kindred and the women of Dor-lómin in his father's house. At first he met her only when Gwindor was by; but after a while she sought him out, and they met at times alone, though it seemed to be chance. Then she would question him about the Edain, of whom she had seen few and seldom, and about his country and his kin.

Then Túrin spoke freely to her concerning these things, though he did not name the land of his birth nor any of his kindred; and on a time he said to her: "I had a sister, Lalaith, or so I named her; and of her you put me in mind. But Lalaith was a child, a yellow flower in the green grass of spring; and had she lived she would now, maybe, have become dimmed with grief. But you are queenly, and as a golden tree; I would I had a sister so fair."

"But you are kingly," said she, "even as the lords of the people of Fingolfin; I would I had a brother so

valiant. And I do not think that Agarwaen is your true name, nor is it fit for you,

Adanedhel. I call you Thurin, the Secret."

At this Túrin started, but he said: "That is not my name; and I am not a king, for our kings are

of the Eldar, as I am not."

In the time that followed Túrin grew high in favour with Orodreth, and well-nigh all hearts

were turned to him in Nargothrond. For he was young, and only now reached his full manhood; and

he was in truth the son of Morwen Eledhwen to look upon: dark-haired and pale-skinned, with grey

eyes, and his face more beautiful than any other among mortal Men, in the Elder Days. His speech

and bearing were that of the ancient kingdom of Doriath, and even among the Elves he might be

taken for one from the great houses of the Noldor; therefore many called him Adanedhel, the Elf-

Man. The sword Anglachel was forged anew for him by cunning smiths of Nargothrond, and though

ever black its edges shone with pale fire; and he named it Gurthang, Iron of Death. So great was his

prowess and skill in warfare on the confines of the Guarded Plain that he himself became known as

Mormegil, the Black Sword; and the Elves said: “The Mormegil cannot be slain, save by

mischance, or an evil arrow from afar.” Therefore they gave him dwarf-mail, to guard him, and his

enemies fled before his face. But Túrin would not

wear the Dragon-helm again, lest it reveal him.

Then the heart of Finduilas was turned from Gwindor and against her will her love was given

to Túrin; but Túrin did not perceive what had befallen. And being torn in heart Finduilas became

sorrowful; and she grew wan and silent.

But Gwindor sat in dark thought; and on a time he spoke to Finduilas, saying: 'Daughter of

the house of Finarfin, let no grief lie between us; for though Morgoth has laid my life in ruin, you

still I love. Go whither love leads you; yet beware! It is not fitting that the Elder Children of

Ilúvatar should wed with the Younger; nor is it wise, for they are brief, and soon pass, to leave us in

widowhood while the world lasts. Neither will fate suffer it, unless it be once or twice only, for

some high cause of doom that we do not perceive. But this Man is not Beren. A doom indeed lies on

him, as seeing eyes may well read in him, but a dark doom. Enter not into it! And if you will, your

love shall betray you to bitterness and death. For hearken to me! Though he be indeed *agarwaen*

son of *úmarth*, his right name is Túrin son of Húrin, whom Morgoth holds in Angband, and whose

kin he has cursed. Doubt not the power of Morgoth

Bauglir! Is it not written in me?”

"Your eyes are dimmed, Gwindor," she said. "You do not see or understand what is here come to pass. Must I now be put to double shame to reveal the truth to you? For I love you, Gwindor, and

I am ashamed that I love you not more, but have taken a love even greater, from which I cannot

escape. I did not seek it, and long I put it aside. But I have pity for your hurts, have pity on mine.

Túrin loves me not; nor will."

"You say this," said Gwindor, "to take the blame from him whom you love. Why does he seek you out, and sit long with you, and come ever more glad away?"

"Because he also needs solace," said Finduilas, "and is bereaved of his kin. You both have your needs. But what of Finduilas? Now is it not enough that I must confess myself to you unloved,

but that you should say that I speak so to deceive?"

"Nay, a woman is not easily deceived in such a case," said Gwindor. "Nor will you find many who will deny that they are loved, if that is true."

"If any of us three be faithless, it is I: but not in will. But what of your doom and rumours of

Angband? What of death and destruction? The Adanedhel is mighty in the tale of the World, and his

stature shall reach yet to Morgoth in some far day to come.""He is proud," said Gwindor.

"But also he is merciful," said Finduilas. "He is not yet awake, but still pity can ever pierce his heart,

and he will never deny it. Pity maybe shall be ever the only entry. But he does not pity

me. He holds me in awe, as were I both his mother and a queen!"

Maybe Finduilas spoke truly, seeing with the keen eyes of the Eldar. And now Túrin, not

knowing what had passed between Gwindor and Finduilas, was ever gentler towards her as she

seemed more sad. But on a time Finduilas said to him: "Thurin Adanedhel, why did you hide your

name from me? Had I known who you were I should not have honoured you less, but I should

better have understood your grief."

"What do you mean?" he said. "Whom do you make me?"

"Túrin son of Húrin Thalion, captain of the North."

Now when Túrin learnt from Finduilas of what had passed, he was wrathful, and he said to

Gwindor: 'In love I hold you for rescue and safe-keeping. But now you have done ill to me, friend,

to betray my right name, and call my doom upon me, from which I would lie hid.'

But Gwindor answered: 'The doom lies in yourself, not in your name.'

When it became known to Orodreth that the Mormegil was in truth the son of Húrin Thalion

he gave him great honour, and Túrin became mighty among the people of Nargothrond. But he had

no liking for their manner of warfare, of ambush and stealth and secret arrow, and he yearned for

brave strokes and battle in the open; and his counsels weighed with the King ever the longer the

more. In those days the Elves of Nargothrond forsook their secrecy and went openly to battle, and

great store of weapons were made; and by the counsel of Túrin the Noldor built a mighty bridge

over the Narog from the Doors of Felagund, for the swifter passage of their arms. Then the servants

of Angband were driven out of all the land between Narog and Sirion eastward, and westward to the

Nenning and the desolate Falas.

Gwindor spoke ever against Túrin in the council of the King, saying that he had been in

Angband, and knew somewhat of the might of Morgoth, and of his designs. "Petty victories will

prove profitless at the last," he said; "for thus Morgoth learns where the boldest of his enemies are to be found, and gathers strength great enough to destroy them. All the might of the Elves and the

Edain united sufficed only to contain him, and to gain the peace of a siege; long indeed, but only so

long as Morgoth bided his time before he broke the leaguer; and never again can such a union be

made. In secrecy only lies now any hope; until the Valar come."

"The Valar!" said Túrin. "They have forsaken you,

and they hold Men in scorn. What use to look westward across the endless Sea? There is but one Vala with whom we have to do, and that is

Morgoth; and if in the end we cannot overcome him, at the least we can hurt him and hinder him.

For victory is victory, however small, nor is its worth only in what follows from it. But it is

expedient also; for if you do nothing to halt him, all Beleriand will fall beneath his shadow before

many years are passed, and then one by one he will smoke you out of your earths. And what then?

A pitiable remnant will fly south and west, to cower on the shores of the Sea, caught between

Morgoth and Ossë. Better then to win a time of glory, though it be shortlived; for the end will be no

worse. You speak of secrecy, and say that therein lies the only hope; but could you ambush and

waylay every scout and spy of Morgoth to the last and least, so that none come ever back with

tidings to Angband, yet from that he would learn that you lived and guess where. And this also I

say: though mortal Men have little life beside the span of the Elves, they would rather spend it in

battle than fly or submit. The defiance of Húrin Thalion is a great deed; and though Morgoth slay

the doer he cannot make the deed not to have been. Even the Lords of the West will honour it; and

is it not written into the history of Arda, which neither Morgoth nor Manwë can unwrite?"

"You speak of high things," Gwindor answered, "and

plain it is that you have lived among the Eldar. But a darkness is on you if you set Morgoth and Manwë together, or speak of the Valar as the

foes of Elves or Men; for the Valar scorn nothing, and least of all the Children of Ilúvatar. Nor do

you know all the hopes of the Eldar. It is a prophecy among us that one day a messenger from

Middle-earth will come through the shadows to Valinor, and Manwë will hear, and Mandos relent.

For that time shall we not attempt to preserve the seed of the Noldor, and of the Edain also? And

Círdan dwells now in the South, and there is building of ships; but what know you of ships, or of

the Sea? You think of yourself and of your own glory, and bid us each do likewise; but we must

think of others beside ourselves, for not all can fight and fall, and those we must keep from war and

ruin while we can."

"Then send them to your ships, while there is yet time," said Túrin.

"They will not be parted from us," said Gwindor, "even could Círdan sustain them. We must abide together as long as we may, and not court death."

"All this I have answered," said Túrin. "Valiant defence of the borders and hard blows ere the enemy gathers: in that course lies the best hope of your long abiding together. And do those that you

speak of love such skulkers in the woods, hunting always like a wolf, better than one who puts on

his helm and figured shield, and drives away the

foe, be they far greater than all his host? At least

the women of the Edain do not. They did not hold back the men from the Nirnaeth Arnoediad."

"But they suffered greater woe than if that field had not been fought," said Gwindor.

But Gwindor fell into dishonour and none heeded him, for his strength was small and he was

no longer forward in arms. Now Túrin marked that Gwindor's friendship grew cooler towards him;

and he wondered also that whereas at first the woe and horror of Angband had begun to be lifted

from him, now he seemed to slip back into care and sorrow. And he thought, it may be that he is

grieved that I oppose his counsels, and have overcome him; I would it were not so. For he loved

Gwindor as his guide and healer, and was filled with pity for him. But in those days the radiance of

Finduilas also became dimmed, her footsteps slow and her face grave; and Túrin perceiving this

surmised that the words of Gwindor had set fear in her heart of what might come to pass.

In truth Finduilas was torn in mind. For she honoured Gwindor and pitied him, and wished

not to add one tear to his suffering; but against her will her love for Túrin grew day by day, and she

thought of Beren and Lúthien. But Túrin was not like Beren! He did not scorn her, and was glad in

her company; yet she knew that he had no love of the kind she wished. His mind and heart were

elsewhere, by rivers in springs long past.

Then Túrin spoke to Finduilas, and said: "Do not let the words of Gwindor affright you. He

has suffered in the darkness of Angband; and it is hard for one so valiant to be thus crippled and

backward perforce. He needs all solace, and a longer time for healing."

"I know it well," she said.

"But we will win that time for him!" said Túrin. "Nargothrond shall stand! Never again will Morgoth the Craven come forth from Angband, and all his reliance must be on his servants; thus

says Melian of Doriath. They are the fingers of his hands; and we will smite them, and cut them off,

till he draws back his claws. Nargothrond shall stand!"

"Perhaps," said Finduilas. "It shall stand, if you can achieve it. But have a care, Adanedhel; my heart is heavy when you go out to battle, lest Nargothrond be bereaved."

And afterwards Túrin sought out Gwindor, and said to him: "Gwindor, dear friend, you are

falling back into sadness; do not so! For your healing will come in the houses of your kin, and in

the light of Finduilas."

Then Gwindor stared at Túrin, but he said nothing, and his face was clouded.

"Why do you look upon me so?" said Túrin. "Often

your eyes have gazed strangely at me of

late. How have I grieved you? I have opposed your counsels; but a man must speak as he sees, nor

hide the truth that he believes, for any private cause. I would that we were one in mind; for to you I

owe a great debt, and I shall not forget it."

"Will you not?" said Gwindor. "Nonetheless your deeds and your counsels have changed my

home and my kin. Your shadow lies upon them. Why should I be glad, who have lost all to you?"

But Túrin did not understand these words, and did but guess that Gwindor begrudged him his

place in the heart and counsels of the King.

Thus Nargothrond was revealed to the wrath and hatred of Morgoth; but still at Túrin's prayer

his true name was not spoken, and though the fame of his deeds came into Doriath and to the ears of

Thingol, rumour spoke only of the Black Sword of Nargothrond.

* * *

In that time of respite and hope, when because of the deeds of the Mormegil the power of

Morgoth was stemmed west of Sirion, Morwen fled at last from Dor-lómin with Nienor her

daughter, and adventured the long journey to

Thingol's halls. There new grief awaited her, for she found Túrin gone, and to Doriath there had come no tidings since the Dragon-helm had vanished from the lands west of Sirion; but Morwen remained in Doriath with Nienor as guests of Thingol and Melian, and were treated with honour.

Now it came to pass, when four hundred and ninety-five years had passed since the rising of the Moon, in the spring of the year, there came to Nargothrond two Elves, and they named themselves Gelmir and Arminas of the people of Finarfin, and said that they had an errand to the Lord of Nargothrond. They were brought before Túrin; but Gelmir said: "It is to Orodreth, Finarfin's son, that we would speak,"

And when Orodreth came, Gelmir said to him: "Lord, we were of Angrod's people, and we have wandered far since the Dagor Bragollach; but of late we have dwelt among Círdan's following by the Mouths of Sirion. And on a day he called us, and bade us go to you; for Ulmo himself, the Lord of Waters, had appeared to him and warned him of great peril that draws near to Nargothrond."

But Orodreth was wary, and he answered: "Why then do you come hither out of the North? Or perhaps you had other errands also?"

Then Arminas said: "Lord, ever since the Nirnaeth I

have sought for the hidden kingdom of

Turgon, and I have found it not; and in this search I fear now that I have delayed our errand hither

over long. For Círdan sent us along the coast by ship, for secrecy and speed, and we were put

ashore in Drengist. But among the sea-folk were some that came south in past years as messengers

from Turgon, and it seemed to me from their guarded speech that maybe Turgon dwells still in the

North, and not in the South, as most believe. But we have found neither sign nor rumour of what we

sought."

"Why do you seek Turgon?" said Orodreth.

"Because it is said that his kingdom shall stand longest against Morgoth," answered Arminas.

And those words seemed to Orodreth ill-omened, and he was displeased.

"Then tarry not in Nargothrond," he said; "for here you will hear no news of Turgon. And I need none to teach me that Nargothrond stands in peril."

"Be not angered, lord," said Gelmir, "if we answer your questions with truth. And our

wandering from the straight path hither has not been fruitless, for we have passed beyond the reach

of your furthest scouts; we have traversed Dor-lómin and all the lands under the eaves of Ered

Wethrin, and we have explored the Pass of Sirion, spying out the ways of the Enemy. There is a

great gathering of Orcs and evil creatures in those regions, and a host is mustering about Sauron's

Isle."

"I know it," said Túrin. "Your news is stale. If the message of Círdan was to any purpose, it should have come sooner."

"At least, lord, you shall hear the message now," said Gelmir to Orodreth. "Hear then the words of the Lord of Waters! Thus he spoke to Círdan the Shipwright: "The Evil of the North has

defiled the springs of Sirion, and my power withdraws from the fingers of the flowing waters. But a

worse thing is yet to come forth. Say therefore to the Lord of Nargothrond: Shut the doors of the

fortress and go not abroad. Cast the stones of your pride into the loud river, that the creeping evil

may not find the gate.'"

These words seemed dark to Orodreth, and he turned as he ever did to Túrin for counsel. But

Túrin mistrusted the messengers, and he said in scorn: "What does Círdan know of our wars, who

dwell nigh to the Enemy? Let the mariner look to his ships! But if in truth the Lord of Waters would

send us counsel, let him speak more plainly. For otherwise it will seem better in our case to muster

our strength, and go boldly to meet our foes, ere they come too nigh."

Then Gelmir bowed before Orodreth, and said: "I have spoken as I was bidden, lord"; and he

turned away. But Arminas said to Túrin: "Are you indeed of the House of Hador, as I have heard

said?"

"Here I am named Agarwaen, the Black Sword of Nargothrond," said Túrin. "You deal much,

it seems, in guarded speech, friend Arminas; and it is well that Turgon's secret is hid from you, or

soon it would be heard in Angband. A man's name is his own, and should the son of Húrin learn that

you have betrayed him when he would be hid, then may Morgoth take you and burn out your

tongue!"

Then Arminas was dismayed by the black wrath of Túrin; but Gelmir said: "He shall not be

betrayed by us, Agarwaen. Are we not in council behind closed doors, where speech may be

plainer? And Arminas asked this thing, I deem, because it is known to all that dwell by the Sea that

Ulmo has great love for the House of Hador, and some say that Húrin and Huor his brother came

once into the Hidden Realm."

"If that were so, then he would speak of it to none, neither the great nor the less, and least of

all to his son in childhood," answered Túrin. "Therefore I do not believe that Arminas asked this of me in hope to learn aught of Turgon. I mistrust such messengers of mischief."

"Save your mistrust!" said Arminas in anger. "Gelmir mistakes me. I asked because I doubted what here seems believed; for little indeed do you resemble

the kin of Hador, whatever your name."

"And what do you know of them?" said Túrin.

"Húrin I have seen," answered Arminas, "and his fathers before him. And in the wastes of

Dor-lómin I met with Tuor, son of Huor, Húrin's brother; and he is like his fathers, as you are not."

"That may be," said Túrin, "though of Tuor I have heard no word ere now. But if my head be dark and not golden, of that I am not ashamed. For I am not the first of sons in the likeness of his

mother; and I come through Morwen Eledhwen of the House of Bëor and the kindred of Beren

Camlost."

"I spoke not of the difference between the black and the gold," said Arminas. "But others of the House of Hador bear themselves otherwise, and Tuor among them. For they use courtesy, and

they listen to good counsel, holding the Lords of the West in awe. But you, it seems, will take

counsel with your own wisdom, or with your sword only; and you speak haughtily. And I say to

you, Agarwaen Mormegil, that if you do so, other shall be your doom than one of the Houses of

Hador and Bëor might look for."

"Other it has ever been," answered Túrin. "And if, as it seems, I must bear the hate of

Morgoth because of the valour of my father shall I also endure the taunts and ill-boding of a

runagate, though he claim the kinship of kings? I counsel you: get you back to the safe shores of the

Sea."

Then Gelmir and Arminas departed, and went back to the South: but despite Túrin's taunts

they would gladly have awaited battle beside their kin, and they went only because Círdan had

bidden them under the command of Ulmo to bring back word to him of Nargothrond and of the

speeding of their errand there. And Orodreth was much troubled by the words of the messengers;

but all the more fell became the mood of Túrin, and he would by no means listen to their counsels,

and least of all would he suffer the great bridge to be cast down. For so much at least of the words

of Ulmo were read aright.

Soon afterwards Handir Lord of Brethil was slain, for the Orcs invaded his land, and Handir

gave them battle; but the Men of Brethil were worsted, and driven back into their woods. And in the

autumn of the year, biding his hour, Morgoth loosed upon the people of Narog the great host that he

had long prepared; and Glaurung the Úrulóki passed over Anfauglith, and came thence into the

north vales of Sirion and there did great evil. Under the shadows of Ered Wethrin he defiled the

Eithel Ivrin, and thence he passed into the realm of Nargothrond, and burned the Talath Dirnen, the

Guarded Plain, between Narog and Teiglin.

Then the warriors of Nargothrond went forth, and tall and terrible on that day looked Túrin,

and the heart of the host was upheld, as he rode on the right hand of Orodreth; and he wore his

Dragon-helm. But greater far was the host of Morgoth than any scouts had told, and none but Túrin

defended by the Dragon-helm could withstand the approach of Glaurung; and the Elves were driven

back and pressed by the Orcs into the field of Tumhalad, between Ginglith and Narog, and there

they were penned. On that day all the pride and host of Nargothrond withered away; and Orodreth

was slain in the forefront of the battle, and Gwindor son of Guilin was wounded to the death.

But for fear of his Helm and his sword all foes avoided Túrin, and thus it was that he came off

unhurt from that deadly field. And he came to aid of Gwindor, and all fled before him; and he bore

Gwindor out of the rout, and escaping into a wood there laid him on the grass.

Then Gwindor said to Túrin: 'Let bearing pay for bearing! But ill-fated was mine, and vain is

thine; for my body is marred beyond healing, and I must leave Middle-earth. And though I love

thee, son of Húrin, yet I rue the day that I took thee from the Orcs. But for thy prowess and thy

pride, still I should have love and life, and Nargothrond should yet stand a while.' Now if thou

love

me, leave me! Haste thee to Nargothrond, and save Finduilas. And this last I say to thee: she alone

stands between thee and thy doom. If thou fail her, it shall not fail to find thee. Farewell!'

Then Túrin sped back to Nargothrond, mustering such of the rout as he met with on the way;

and the leaves fell from the trees in a great wind as they went, for the autumn was passing to a dire

winter. But the host of the Orcs and Glaurung the Dragon were there before him, and they came

suddenly, ere those that were left on guard were aware of what had befallen on the field of

Tumhalad. In that day the bridge over Narog proved an evil; for it was great and mightily made and

could not swiftly be destroyed, and the enemy came readily over the deep river, and Glaurung came

in full fire against the Doors of Felagund, and overthrew them, and passed within.

And even as Túrin came up the dreadful sack of Nargothrond was well nigh achieved. The

Orcs had slain or driven off all that remained in arms, and were even then ransacking the great halls

and chambers, plundering and destroying; but those of the women and maidens that were not

burned or slain they had herded on the terraces before the doors, as slaves to be taken into

Morgoth's thraldom. Upon this ruin and woe Túrin came, and none could withstand him; or would

not, though he struck down all before him, and passed over the bridge, and hewed his way towards

the captives.

And now he stood alone, for the few that followed him had fled. But in that moment Glaurung

issued from the gaping doors, and lay behind, between Túrin and the bridge. Then suddenly he

spoke, by the evil spirit that was in him, saying: 'Hail, son of Húrin. Well met!'

Then Túrin sprang about, and strode against him, and the edges of Gurthang shone as with

flame; but Glaurung withheld his blast, and desiring to rid Túrin of the aid and protection of the

Dragon-helm (since he himself feared it), taunted him, saying that surely Túrin claimed to be his

vassal and retainer, since he bore his master's likeness on the crest of his helm.

But Túrin answered: "Thou liest, and knowest it. For this image was made in scorn of thee;

and while there is one to bear it doubt shall ever assail thee, lest the bearer deal thee thy doom."

"Then it must await a master of another name," said Glaurung; "for Túrin son of Húrin I do not fear. Otherwise is it. For he has not the hardihood to look me in the face, openly."

And indeed so great was the terror of the Dragon that Túrin dared not look straight upon his

eye, but had kept the visor of his helmet down,

shielding his face, and in his parley had looked no

higher than Glaurung's feet. But being thus taunted, in pride and rashness he thrust up the visor and

looked into the opened wide serpent-eyes of Glaurung. Without fear Túrin looked into them as he

raised up the sword; and straightway he fell under the binding spell of the lidless eyes of the

dragon, and was halted moveless. Then for a long time he stood as one graven of stone; and they

two were alone, silent before the doors of Nargothrond. But Glaurung spoke again, taunting Túrin,

and he said: 'Evil have been all thy ways, son of Húrin. Thankless fosterling, outlaw, slayer of thy

friend, thief of love, usurper of Nargothrond, captain foolhardy, and deserter of thy kin. As thralls

thy mother and thy sister live in Dor-lómin, in misery and want. Thou art arrayed as a prince, but

they go in rags; and for thee they yearn, but thou carest not for that. Glad may thy father be to learn

that he hath such a son; as learn he shall.' And Túrin being under the spell of Glaurung hearkened to

his words, and he saw himself as in a mirror misshapen by malice, and loathed that which he saw.

And while he was yet held by the eyes of the dragon in torment of mind, and could not stir,

the Orcs drove away the herded captives, and they

passed nigh to Túrin and crossed over the bridge.

Among them was Finduilas, and she cried out to Túrin as she went; but not until her cries and the

wailing of the captives was lost upon the northward road did Glaurung release Túrin, and he might

not stop his ears against that voice that haunted him after.

Then suddenly Glaurung withdrew his glance, and waited; and Túrin stirred slowly, as one

waking from a hideous dream. Then coming to himself he sprang upon the dragon with a cry. But

Glaurung laughed, saying: 'If thou wilt be slain, I will slay thee gladly. But small help will that be to Morwen and Nienor. No heed didst thou give to the cries of the Elf-woman. Wilt thou deny also the

bond of thy blood?'

But Túrin drawing back his sword stabbed at the dragon's eyes; and Glaurung coiling back

swiftly towered above him, and said: 'Nay! At least thou art valiant; beyond all whom I have met

And they lie who say that we of our part do not honour the valour of foes. See now! I offer thee

freedom. Go to thy kin, if thou canst. Get thee gone! And if Elf or Man be left to make tale of these

days, then surely in scorn they will name thee, if thou spurnest this gift.'

Then Túrin, being yet bemused by the eyes of the dragon, as were he treating with a foe that

could know pity, believed the words of Glaurung and fuming away he sped over the bridge. But as

he went Glaurung spoke behind him, saying in a fell voice: 'Haste thee now, son of Húrin, to Dor-

lómin! Or perhaps the Orcs shall come before thee, once again. And if thou tarry for Finduilas, then

never shalt thou see Morwen again, and never at all shalt thou see Nienor thy sister; and they will

curse thee.'

But Túrin passed away on the northward road, and Glaurung laughed once more, for he had

accomplished the errand of his Master. Then he turned to his own pleasure, and sent forth his blast,

and burned all about him. But all the Orcs that were busy in the sack he routed forth, and drove

them away, and denied them their plunder even to the last thing of worth. The bridge then he broke

down and cast into the foam of Narog; and being thus secure he gathered all the hoard and riches of

Felagund and heaped them, and lay upon them in the innermost hall, and rested a while.

And Túrin hastened along the ways to the north, through the lands now desolate between

Narog and Teiglin, and the Fell Winter came down to meet him; for in that year snow fell ere

autumn was passed, and spring came late and cold. Ever it seemed to him as he went that he heard

the cries of Finduilas, calling his name by wood and hill, and great was his anguish; but his heart

being hot with the lies of Glaurung, and seeing ever in his mind the Orcs burning the house of

Húrin or putting Morwen and Nienor to torment, he held on his way, and turned never aside.

The Return of Túrin to Dor-lómin

At last worn by haste and the long road (for forty leagues and more had he journeyed without

rest) Túrin came with the first ice of winter to the pools of Ivrin, where before he had been healed.

But they were now only a frozen mire, and he could drink there no more.

Thence he came to the passes into Dor-lómin; and snow came bitterly from the North, and the

ways were perilous and cold. Though three and twenty years were gone since he had trodden that

path it was graven in his heart, so great was the sorrow of each step at the parting from Morwen.

Thus at last he came back to the land of his childhood. It was bleak and bare; and the people there

were few and churlish, and they spoke the harsh tongue of the Easterlings, and the old tongue was

become the language of serfs, or of foes.

Therefore Túrin walked warily, hooded and silent, and he came at last to the house that he

sought. It stood empty and dark, and no living thing dwelt near it; for Morwen was gone, and

Brodda the Incomer (he that took by force Aerin, Húrin's kinswoman, to wife) had plundered her

house, and taken all that was left to her of goods or of servants. Brodda's house stood nearest to the

old house of Húrin, and thither Túrin came, spent with wandering and grief, begging for shelter; and

it vas granted to him, for some of the kindlier manners of old wire still kept there by Aerin. He was

given a seat by a fire among the servants, and a few vagabonds well-nigh as grim and way-worn as

he; and he asked news of the land.

At that the company fell silent, and some drew away, looking askance at the stranger. But one

old vagabond man, with a crutch, said: "If you must speak the old tongue, master, speak it softer,

and ask for no tidings. Would you be beaten for a rogue, or hung for a spy? For both you may well

be by the looks of you. Which is but to say," he said, coming near and speaking low in Túrin's ear,

"one of the kindly folk of old that came with Hador in the days of gold, before heads wore wolf-

hair. Some here are of that sort, though now made beggars and slaves, and but for the Lady Aerin

would get neither this fire nor this broth. Whence are you, and what news would you have?"

"There was a lady called Morwen," answered Túrin, "and long ago I lived in her house.

Thither after far wandering I came to seek welcome, but neither fire nor folk are there now."

"Nor have been this long year and more," answered the old man. "But scant were both fire

and folk in that house since the deadly war; for she was of the old people - as doubtless you now,

the widow of our lord, Húrin Galdor's son. They dared not touch her, though, for they feared her;

proud and fair as a queen, before sorrow marred her. Witchwife they called her, and shunned her.

Witchwife: it is but 'Elf-friend' in the new language. Yet they robbed her. Often would she and her

daughter have gone hungry, but for the Lady Aerin. She aided them in secret, it is said, and was

often beaten for it by the churl Brodda, her husband by need."

"And this long year and more?" said Túrin. "Are they dead or made thralls? Or have the Orcs assailed her?"

"It is not known for sure," said the man. "But she is gone with her daughter; and this Brodda has plundered her and stripped what remained. Not a dog is left, and her few folk made his slaves;

save some that have gone begging, as have I. I, Sador Onefoot, served her many a year, and the

great master before; a cursed axe in the woods long ago, or I would be lying in the Great Mound

now. Well I remember the day Húrin's boy was sent away, and how he wept; and she, when he was

gone. To the Hidden Kingdom he went, it was said."

With that the old man stayed his tongue, and eyed Túrin doubtfully. "I am old and I babble,"

he said. "Mind me not! But though it is pleasant to speak the old tongue with one that speaks it fair as in time past, the days are ill, and one must be wary. Not all that speak the fair tongue are fair at

heart."

"Truly," said Túrin. "My heart is grim. But if you fear that I am a spy of the North or the East, then you have little more wisdom than you had long ago, Sador Labadal."

The old man eyed him agape; then trembling he spoke. "Come outside! It is colder, but safer.

You speak too loud, and I too much, for an Easterling's hall."

When they were come into the court he clutched at Túrin's cloak. "Long ago you dwelt in that

house, you say. Lord Túrin, son of Húrin, why have you come back? My eyes are opened, and my

ears at last; you have the voice of your father. But young Túrin alone ever gave me that name,

Labadal. He meant no ill: we were merry friends in those days. What does he seek here now? Few

are we left; and we are old and weaponless. Happier are those in the Great Mound."

"I did not come with thought of battle," said Túrin, "though your words have waked the

thought in me now, Labadal. But it must wait. I came seeking the Lady Morwen and Nienor. What

can you tell me, and swiftly?"

"Little, lord," said Sador. "They went away secretly. It was whispered among us that they were

summoned by the Lord Túrin; for we did not doubt that he had grown great in the years, a

king or a lord in some south country. But it seems that is not so."

"It is not," answered Túrin. "A lord I was in a south country, though now I am a vagabond.

But I did not summon them."

"Then I know not what to tell you," said Sador. "But the Lady Aerin will know, I doubt not.

She knew all the counsel of your mother."

"How can I come to her?"

"That I know not. It would cost her much pain were she caught whispering at a door with a

wandering wretch of the downtrod people, even could any message call her forth. And such a

beggar as you are will not walk far up the hall towards the high board, before the Easterlings seize

him and beat him, or worse."

Then in anger Túrin cried: "May I not walk up Brodda's hall, and will they beat me? Come,

and see!"

Thereupon he went into the hall, and cast back his hood, and thrusting aside all in his path he

strode towards the board where sat the master of the house and his wife, and other Easterling lords.

Then some ran to seize him, but he flung them to the ground, and cried: "Does no one rule this

house, or is it an Orc-hold? Where is the master?"

Then Brodda rose in wrath. "I rule this house," said he. But before he could say more, Túrin

said: "Then you have not learned the courtesy that was in this land before you. Is it now the manner of men to let lackeys mishandle the kinsmen of their wives? Such am I, and I have an errand to the

Lady Aerin. Shall I come freely, or shall I come as I will?"

"Come!" said Brodda, and he scowled; but Aerin turned pale.

Then Túrin strode to the high board, and stood before it, and bowed. "Your pardon, Lady

Aerin," he said, "that I break in upon you thus; but my errand is urgent and has brought me far. I seek Morwen, Lady of Dor-lómin, and Nienor her daughter. But her house is empty and plundered.

What can you tell me?"

"Nothing," said Aerin in great fear, for Brodda watched her narrowly. "Nothing, save that she is gone."

"That I do not believe," said Túrin.

Then Brodda sprang forth, and he was red with drunken rage. "No more!" he cried. "Shall my wife be gainsaid before me, by a beggar that speaks the serf-tongue? There is no Lady of Dorlómin. But as for Morwen, she was of the thrall-folk, and has fled as thralls will. Do you likewise,

and swiftly, or I will have you hung on a tree!"

Then Túrin leapt at him, and drew his black sword,

and seized Brodda by the hair and laid

back his head. "Let no one stir," said he, "or this head will leave its shoulders! Lady Aerin, I would beg your pardon once more, if I thought that this churl had ever done you anything but wrong. But

speak now, and do not deny me! Am I not Túrin, Lord of Dor-lómin? Shall I command you?"

"Command me," she answered.

"Who plundered the house of Morwen?"

"Brodda," she answered.

"When did she flee, and whither?"

"A year and three months gone," said Aerin. "Master Brodda and others of the Incomers of the East hereabout oppressed her sorely. Long ago she was bidden to the Hidden Kingdom; and she

went forth at last. For the lands between were then free of evil for a while, because of the prowess

of the Blacksword of the south country, it is said; but that now is ended. She looked to find her son

there awaiting her. But if you are he, then I fear that all has gone awry."

Then Túrin laughed bitterly. "Awry, awry?" he cried. "Yes, ever awry: as crooked as

Morgoth!" And suddenly a black wrath shook him; for his eyes were opened, and the spell of

Glaurung loosed its last threads, and he knew the lies with which he had been cheated. "Have I been cozened, that I might come and die here dishonoured, who might at least have ended valiantly

before the Doors of Nargothrond?" And out of the night about the hall it seemed to him that he

heard the cries of Finduilas.

"Not first will I die here!" he cried. And he seized Brodda, and with the strength of his great anguish and wrath he lifted him on high and shook him, as if he were a dog. "Morwen of the thrall-folk, did you say? You son of bastards, thief, slave of slaves!" Thereupon he flung Brodda head

foremost across his own table, full in the face of an Easterling that rose to assail Túrin.

In that fall Brodda's neck was broken; and Túrin leapt after his cast and slew three more that

cowered there, for they were caught weaponless. There was tumult in the hall. The Easterlings that

sat there would have come against Túrin, but many others were gathered there of the elder people of

Dor-lómin; long had they been tame servants, but now they rose with shouts in rebellion. Soon

there was great fighting in the hall, and though the thralls had but meat-knives and such things as

they could snatch up against daggers and sword; many were quickly slain on either hand, before

Túrin leapt down among them and slew the last of the Easterlings that remained in the hall.

Then he rested, leaning against a pillar, and the fire of his rage was as ashes. But old Sador

crept up to him and clutched him about the knees, for he was wounded to the death. "Thrice seven

years and more, it was long to wait for this hour,"

he said. "But now go, go, lord! Go, and do not come back, unless with greater strength. They will raise the land against you. Many have run from

the hall. Go, or you will end here. Farewell!" Then he slipped down and died.

"He speaks with the truth of death," said Aerin. "You have learned what you would. Now go swiftly! But go first to Morwen and comfort her, or I will hold all the wrack you have wrought here

hard to forgive. For ill though my life was, you have brought death to me with your violence. The

Incomers will avenge this night on all that were here. Rash are your deeds, son of Húrin, as if you

were still but the child that I knew."

"And faint heart is yours, Aerin Indor's daughter, as it was when I called you aunt, and a

rough dog frightened you," said Túrin. "You were made for a kinder world. But come away! I will bring you to Morwen."

"The snow lies on the land, but deeper upon my head," she answered. "I should die as soon in the wild with you, as with the brute Easterlings. You cannot mend what you have done. Go! To stay

will make all the worse, and rob Morwen to no purpose. Go, I beg you!"

Then Túrin bowed low to her, and turned, and left the hall of Brodda; but all the rebels that

had the strength followed him. They fled towards the mountains, for some among them knew well

the ways of the wild, and they blessed the snow that fell behind them and covered their trail. Thus

though soon the hunt was up, with many men and dogs and braying of horses, they escaped south

into the hills. Then looking back they saw a red light far off in the land they had left.

"They have fired the hall," said Túrin. "To what purpose is that?"

"They? No, lord: she, I guess," said one, Asgon by name. "Many a man of arms misreads

patience and quiet. She did much good among us at much cost. Her heart was not faint, and patience

will break at the last."

Now some of the hardiest that could endure the winter stayed with Túrin and led him by

strange paths to a refuge in the mountains, a cave known to outlaws and runagates; and some store

of food was hidden there. There they waited until the snow ceased, and then they gave him food and

took him to a pass little used that led south to Sirion's Vale, where the snow had not come. On the

downward path they parted.

"Farewell now. Lord of Dor-lómin," said Asgon. "But do not forget us. We shall be hunted

men now; and the Wolf-folk will be crueller because of your coming. Therefore go, and do not

return, unless you come with strength to deliver us. Farewell!"

The Coming of Túrin into Brethil

Now Túrin went down towards Sirion, and he was torn in mind. For it seemed to him that

whereas before he had two bitter choices, now there were three, and his oppressed people called

him, upon whom he had brought only increase of woe. This comfort only be had: that beyond doubt

Morwen and Nienor bad come long since to Doriath, and only by the prowess of the blacksword of

Nargothrond had their road been made safe. And he said in his thought: "Where else better might I

have bestowed them, had I come indeed sooner? If the Girdle of Melian be broken, then is all

ended. Nay, it is better as things be; for by my wrath and rash deeds I cast a shadow wherever I

dwell. Let Melian keep them! And I will leave them in peace unshadowed for a while."

But too late Túrin now sought for Finduilas, roaming the woods under the eaves of Ered

Wethrin, wild and wary as a beast; and he waylaid all the roads that went north to the Pass of Sirion.

Too late. For all trails had been washed away by the rains and the snows. But thus it was that Túrin

passing down Teiglin came upon some of the People of Haleth from the Forest of Brethil. They

were dwindled now by war to a small people, and dwelt for the most part secretly within a stockade

upon Amon Obel deep in the forest. Ephel Brandir that place was named; for Brandir son of Handir

was now their lord, since his father was slain. And Brandir was no man of war, being lamed by a leg

broken in a misadventure in childhood; and he was moreover gentle in mood, loving wood rather

than metal, and the knowledge of things that grow in the earth rather than other lore.

But some of the woodmen still hunted the Orcs on their borders; and thus it was that as Túrin

came thither he heard the sound of an affray. He hastened towards it, and coming warily through the

trees he saw a small band of men surrounded by Orcs. They defended themselves desperately, with

their backs to a knot of trees that grew apart in a glade; but the Orcs were in great number, and they

had little hope of escape, unless help came. Therefore, out of sight in the underwood, Túrin made a

great noise of stamping and crashing, and then he cried in a low voice, as if leading many men:

"Ha! Here we find them! Follow me all! Out now, and slay!"

At that many of the Orcs looked back in dismay, and then out came Túrin leaping, waving as

if to men behind, and the edges of Gurthang flickered like flame in his hand. Too well was that

blade know to the Orcs, and even before he sprang among them many scattered and fled. Then the

woodmen ran to join him, and together they hunted their foes into the river: few came across.

At last they halted on the bank, and Dorlas, leader of the woodmen, said: "You are swift in the

hunt, lord; but your men are slow to follow. "

"Nay," said Túrin, "we all run together as one man, and will not be parted."

Then the Men of Brethil laughed, and said: "Well, one such is worth many. And we owe you

great thanks. But who are you and what do you here?"

"I do but follow my trade, which is Orc-slaying," said Túrin. "And I dwell where my trade is.

I am Wildman of the Woods."

"Then come and dwell with us," said they. "For we dwell in the woods, and we have need of such craftsmen. You would be welcome!"

Then Túrin looked at them strangely, and said: "Are there then any left who will suffer me to

darken their doors? But, friends, I have still a grievous errand: to find Finduilas, daughter of

Orodreth of Nargothrond, or at least to learn news of her. Alas! Many weeks is it since she was

taken from Nargothrond, but still I must go seeking."

Then they looked on him with pity, and Dorlas said: "Seek no more. For an Orc-host came up

from Nargothrond towards the Crossings of Teiglin, and we had long warning of it: it marched very

slow, because of the number of captives that were led. Then we thought to deal our small stroke in

the war, and we ambushed the Orcs with all the bowmen we could muster, and hoped to save some

of the prisoners. But alas! as soon as they were assailed the foul Orcs slew first the women among

their captives; and the daughter of Orodreth they fastened to a tree with a spear."

Túrin stood as one mortally stricken. "How do you know this?" he said.

"Because she spoke to me, before she died," said Dorlas. "She looked upon us as though

seeking one whom she had expected, and she said: 'Mormegil. Tell the Mormegil that Finduilas is

here.' She said no more. But because of her latest words we laid her where she died. She lies in a

mound beside Teiglin. It is a month now ago."

"Bring me there," said Túrin; and they led him to a hillock by the Crossings of Teiglin. There he laid himself down, and a darkness fell on him, so that they thought he was dead. But Dorlas

looked down at him as he lay, and then he turned to his men and said: "Too late! This is a piteous

chance. But see: here lies the Mormegil himself, the great captain of Nargothrond. By his sword we

should have known him, as did the Orcs." For the fame of the Blacksword of the South had gone far

and wide, even into the deeps of the wood.

Now therefore they lifted him with reverence and bore him to Ephel Brandir; and Brandir

coming out to meet them wondered at the bier that they bore. Then drawing back the coverlet he

looked on the face of Túrin son of Húrin; and a dark shadow fell on his heart.

"O cruel Men of Haleth!" he cried. "Why did you hold back death from this man? With great labour you have brought hither the last bane of our people."

But the woodmen said: "Nay, it is the Mormegil of Nargothrond, a mighty Orc-slayer, and he

shall be a great help to us, if he lives. And were it not so, should we leave a man woe-stricken to lie

as carrion by the way?"

"You should not indeed," said Brandir. "Doom willed it not so," And he took Túrin into his house and tended him with care.

But when at last Túrin shook off the darkness, spring was returning; and he awoke and saw

sun on the green buds. Then the courage of the House of Hador awoke in him also, and he arose,

and said in his heart: "All my deeds and past days were dark and full of evil. But a new day is come.

Here I will stay at peace, and renounce name and kin; and so I will put my shadow behind me, or at

the least not lay it upon those that I love."

Therefore he took a new name, calling himself Turambar, which in the High-elven speech

signified Master of Doom; and he dwelt among the

woodmen, and was loved by them, and he

charged them to forget his name of old, and to count him as born in Brethil. Yet with the change of a

name he could not change wholly his temper, nor wholly forget his old griefs against the servants of

Morgoth; and he would go hunting the Orcs with a few of the same mind, though this was

displeasing to Brandir. For he hoped rather to preserve his people by silence and secrecy.

"The Mormegil is no more," said he, "yet have a care lest the valour of Turambar bring a like vengeance on Brethil!"

Therefore Turambar laid his black sword by, and took it no more to battle, and wielded rather

the bow and the spear. But he would not suffer the Orcs to use the Crossings of Teiglin or draw near

the mound where Finduilas was laid. Haudh-en-Elleth it was named, the Mound of the Elfmaid, and

soon the Orcs learned to dread that place, and shunned it. And Dorlas said to Turambar: "You have

renounced the name, but the blacksword you are still; and does not rumour say truly that he was the

son of Húrin of Dor-lómin, lord of the House of Hador?"

And Turambar answered: "So I have heard. But publish it not, I beg you, as you are my

friend."

The Journey of Morwen and Nienor to Nargothrond

When the Fell Winter withdrew new tidings of Nargothrond came to Doriath. For some that

escaped from the sack, and had survived the winter in the wild, came at last seeking refuge with

Thingol, and the march-wards brought them to the King. And some said that all the enemy had

withdrawn northwards, and others that Glaurung abode still in the halls of Felagund; and some said

that the Mormegil was slain, and others that he was cast under a spell by the Dragon and dwelt there

yet, as one changed to stone. But all declared that it was known in Nargothrond ere the end that the

blacksword was none other than Túrin son of Húrin of Dor-lómin.

Then great was the fear and sorrow of Morwen and of Nienor; and Morwen said: "Such doubt

is the very work of Morgoth! May we not learn the truth, and know surely the worst that we must

endure?"

Now Thingol himself desired greatly to know more of the fate of Nargothrond, and had in

mind already the sending out of some that might go warily thither, but he believed that Túrin was

indeed slain or beyond rescue, and he was loath to see the hour when Morwen should know this

clearly. Therefore he said to her: "This is a perilous matter, Lady of Dor-lómin, and must be

pondered. Such doubt may in truth be the work of Morgoth, to draw us on to some rashness."

But Morwen being distraught cried: "Rashness, lord! If my son lurks in the woods hungry, if

he lingers in bonds, if his body lies unburied, then I would be rash. I would lose no hour to go to

seek him."

"Lady of Dor-lómin," said Thingol, "that surely the son of Húrin would not desire. Here

would he think you better bestowed than in any other land that remains: in the keeping of Melian.

For Húrin's sake and Túrin's I will not have you wander abroad in the black peril of these days."

"You did not hold Túrin from peril, but me you will hold from him," cried Morwen. "In the keeping of Melian! Yes, a prisoner of the Girdle. Long did I hold back before I entered it, and now I

rue it."

"Nay, if you speak so. Lady of Dor-lómin," said Thingol, "know this: the Girdle is open. Free you came hither; free you shall stay-or go."

Then Melian, who had remained silent, spoke: "Go not hence, Morwen. A true word you said:

this doubt is of Morgoth. If you go, you go at his will."

"Fear of Morgoth will not withhold me from the call of my kin," Morwen answered. "But if

you fear for me, lord, then lend me some of your people."

"I command you not," said Thingol. "But my people

are my own to command. I will send

them at my own advice."

Then Morwen said no more, but wept; and she left the presence of the King. Thingol was

heavy-hearted, for it seemed to him that the mood of Morwen was fey; and he asked Melian

whether she would not restrain her by her power.

"Against the coming in of evil I may do much," she answered. "But against the going out of those who will go, nothing. That is your part. If she is to be held here, you must hold her with

strength. Yet maybe thus you will overthrow her mind."

Now Morwen went to Nienor, and said: "Farewell, daughter of Húrin. I go to seek my son, or

true tidings of him, since none here will do aught, but will tarry until too late. Await me here until

haply I return."

Then Nienor in dread and distress would restrain her, but Morwen answered nothing, and

went to her chamber; and when morning came she had taken horse and gone.

Now Thingol had commanded that none should stay her, or seem to waylay her. But as soon

as she went forth, he gathered a company of the hardiest and most skilled of his march-wards, and

he set Mablung in charge.

"Follow now speedily," he said, "yet let her not be aware of you. But when she is come into the wild, if

danger threatens, then show yourselves; and if she will not return, then guard her as you

may. But some of you I would have go forward as far as you can, and learn all that you may."

Thus it was that Thingol sent out a larger company than he had at first intended, and there

were ten riders among them with spare horses. They followed after Morwen, and she went south

through Region, and so came to the shores of Sirion above the Twilit Meres; there she halted, for

Sirion was wide and swift, and she did not know the way. Therefore now the guards must needs

reveal themselves; and Morwen said: "Will Thingol stay me? Or late does he send me the help that

he denied?"

"Both," answered Mablung. "Will you not return?"

"No!" she said.

"Then I must help you," said Mablung, "though it is against my own will. Wide and deep here is Sirion, and perilous to swim for beast or man."

"Then bring me over by whatever way the Elven-folk are used to cross," said Morwen; "or

else I will try the swimming."

Therefore Mablung led her to the Twilit Meres. There amid the creeks and reeds ferries were

kept hidden and guarded on the east shore; for by that way messengers would pass to and fro

between Thingol and his kin in Nargothrond. Now they waited until the starlit night was late, and

they passed over in the white mists before the dawn. And even as the sun rose red beyond the Blue

Mountains, and a strong morning-wind blew and scattered the mists, the guards went up on to the

west shore, and left the Girdle of Melian. Tall Elves of Doriath they were, grey-clad, and cloaked

over their mail. Morwen from the ferry watched them as they passed silently, and then suddenly she

gave a cry, and pointed to the last of the company that went by.

"Whence came he?" she said. "Thrice ten you came to me. Thrice ten and one you go ashore!"

Then the others turned, and saw that the sun shone upon a head of gold: for it was Nienor, and

her hood was blown back by the wind. Thus it was revealed that she had followed the company, and

joined them in the dark before they crossed the river. They were dismayed, and none more than

Morwen. "Go back, go back! I command you!" she cried.

"If the wife of Húrin can go forth against all counsel at the call of kindred," said Nienor, "then so also can Húrin's daughter. Mourning you named me, but I will not mourn alone, for father,

brother, and mother. But of these you only have I known, and above all do I love. And nothing that

you fear not do I fear."

In truth little fear was seen in her face or her

bearing. Tall and strong she seemed; for of great

stature were those of Hador's House, and thus clad in elvish raiment she matched well with the

guards, being smaller only than the greatest among them.

"What would you do?" said Morwen. "Go where you go," said Nienor. "This choice indeed I bring. To lead me back and bestow me safely in the keeping of Melian; for it is not wise to refuse

her counsel. Or to know that I shall go into peril, if you go." For in truth Nienor had come most in the hope that for fear and love of her her mother would turn back; and Morwen was indeed torn in

mind.

"It is one thing to refuse counsel," said she. "It is another to I refuse the command of your mother. Go now back!"

"No," said Nienor. "It is long since I was a child. I have a will and wisdom of my own, though until now it has not crossed yours. I go with you. Rather to Doriath, for reverence of those that rule

it; but if not, then westward. Indeed, if either of us should go on, it is I rather, in the fullness of

strength."

Then Morwen saw in the grey eyes of Nienor the steadfastness of Húrin; and she wavered, but

she could not overcome her pride, and would not seem thus (save the fair words) to be led back by

her daughter, as one old and doting.

"I go on, as I have purposed," she said. "Come you

also, but I against my will."

"Let it be so," said Nienor.

Then Mablung said to his company: "Truly, it is by lack of counsel not of courage that Húrin's

folk bring woe to others! Even so with Túrin; yet not so with his fathers. But now they are all fey,

and I like it not. More do I dread this errand of the King than the hunting of the Wolf. What is to be

done?"

But Morwen, who had come ashore and now drew near, heard the last of his words. "Do as

you are bidden by the King," said she. "Seek for tidings of Nargothrond and of Túrin. For this end are we all come together."

"It is yet a long way and dangerous," said Mablung. "If you go further, you shall both be horsed and go among the riders, and stray no foot from them."

Thus it was that with the full day they set forth, and passed slowly and warily out of the

country of reeds and low willows, and came to the grey woods that covered much of the southern

plain before Nargothrond. All day they went due west, and saw nothing but desolation, and heard

nothing; for the lands were silent, and it seemed to Mablung that a present fear lay upon them. That

same way had Beren trodden years before, and then the woods were filled with the hidden eyes of

the hunters; but now all the people of Narog were gone, and the Orcs, as it seemed, were not yet

roaming so far southward. That night they encamped in the grey wood without fire or light.

The next two days they went on, and by evening of the third day from Sirion they were come

across the plain and were drawing near to the east shores of Narog. Then so great an unease came

upon Mablung that he begged Morwen to go no further. But she laughed, and said: "You will be

glad soon to be rid of us, as is likely enough. But you must endure us a little longer. We are come

too near now to turn back in fear."

Then Mablung cried: "Fey are you both, and foolhardy. You help not but hinder any gathering

of news. Now hear me! I was bidden not to stay you with strength; but I was bidden also to guard

you, as I might. In this pass, one only can I do. And I will guard you. Tomorrow I will lead you to

Amon Ethir, the Spy-hill, which is near; and there you shall sit under guard, and go no further while

I command here."

Now Amon Ethir was a mound as great as a hill that long age Felagund had caused to be

raised with great labour in the plain before his Doors, a league east of Narog. It was tree-grown

save on the summit, where a wide view might be had all ways of the roads that led to the great

bridge of Nargothrond, and of the lands round about. To this hill they came late in the morning and

climbed up from the east. Then looking out towards the High Faroth, brown and bare beyond the

river, Mablung saw with Elven-sight the terraces of Nargothrond on the steep west bank, and as a

small black hole in the hill-wall the gaping Doors of Felagund. But he could hear no sound, and he

could see no sign of any foe, nor any token of the Dragon, save the burning about the Doors that he

had wrought in the day of the sack. All lay quiet under a pale sun.

Now therefore Mablung, as he had said, commanded his ten riders to keep Morwen and

Nienor on the hill-top, and not to stir thence until he returned, unless some great peril arose; and if

that befell, the riders should set Morwen and Nienor in their midst and flee as swiftly as they might,

east-away towards Doriath, sending one ahead to bring news and seek aid. Then Mablung took the

other score of his company, and they crept down from the hill; and then passing into the fields

westward, where trees were few, they scattered and made each his way, daring but stealthy, to the

banks of Narog. Mablung himself took the middle way, going towards the bridge, and so came to its

hither end and found it all broken down; and the deep-cloven river, running wild after rains far

away northward, was foaming and roaring among the fallen stones.

But Glaurung lay there, just within the shadow of the great passage that led inward from the

ruined Doors, and he had long been aware of the spies, though few other eyes in Middle-earth

would have discerned them. But the glance of his fell eyes was keener than that of eagles, and

outreached the far sight of the Elves; and indeed he knew also that some remained behind and set

upon the bare top of Amon Ethir. Thus, even as Mablung crept among the rocks seeking whether he

could ford the wild river upon the fallen stones of the bridge, suddenly Glaurung came forth with a

great blast of fire, and crawled down into the stream. Then straightway there was a vast hissing and

huge vapours arose, and Mablung and his followers that lurked near were engulfed in a blinding

steam and foul stench; and the most fled as best they could guess towards the spyhill. But as

Glaurung was passing over Narog, Mablung drew aside and lay under a rock, and remained; for it

seemed to him that he had an errand yet to do. He knew now indeed that Glaurung abode in

Nargothrond, but he was bidden also to learn the truth concerning Húrin's son, if he might; and in

the stoutness of his heart, therefore, he purposed to cross the river, as soon as Glaurung was gone,

and search the halls of Felagund. For he thought that all had been done that could be for the keeping

of Morwen and Nienor: the coming of Glaurung

would be marked, and even now the riders should

be speeding towards Doriath.

Glaurung therefore passed Mablung by, a vast shape in the mist; and he went swiftly, for he

was a mighty Worm, and yet lithe. Then Mablung behind him forded Narog in great peril; but the

watchers upon Amon Ethir beheld the issuing of the Dragon, and were dismayed. At once they bade

Morwen and Nienor mount, without debate, and prepared to flee eastward as they were bidden. But

even as they came down from the hill into the plain, an ill wind blew the great vapours upon them,

bringing a stench that no horses would endure. Then, blinded by the fog and in mad terror of the

dragon-reek, the horses soon became ungovernable, and went wildly this way and that; and the

guards were dispersed, and were dashed against trees to great hurt, or sought vainly one for another.

The neighing of the horses and the cries of the riders came to the ears of Glaurung; and he was well

pleased.

One of the Elf-riders, striving with his horse in the fog, saw the lady Morwen passing near, a

grey wraith upon a mad steed; but she vanished into the mist, crying Nienor, and they saw her no

more.

But when the blind terror came upon the riders,

Nienor's horse, running wild, stumbled, and

she was thrown. Falling softly into grass she was unhurt; but when she got to her feet she was

alone, lost in the mist without horse or companion. Her heart did not fail her, and she took thought;

and it seemed to her vain to go towards this cry or that, for cries were all about her, but growing

ever fainter. Better it seemed to her in such case to seek again for the hill: thither doubtless

Mablung would come before he went away, if only to be sure that none of his company had

remained there.

Therefore walking at guess she found the hill, which was indeed close at hand, by the rising

of the ground before her feet; and slowly she climbed the path that led up from the east. And as she

climbed so the fog grew thinner, until she came at last out into the sunlight on the bare summit.

Then she stepped forward and looked westward. And there right before her was the great head of

Glaurung, who had even then crept up from the other side; and before she was aware her eyes

looked in his eyes, and they were terrible, being filled with the fell spirit of Morgoth, his master.

Then Nienor strove against Glaurung, for she was strong in will; but be put forth his power against

her. "What seek you here?" he said.

And constrained to answer she said: "I do but seek one Túrin that dwelt here a while. But he

is dead, maybe."

"I know not," said Glaurung. "He was left here to defend the women and weaklings; but when I came he deserted them, and fled. A boaster but a craven, it seems. Why seek you such a one?"

"You lie," said Nienor. "The children of Húrin at least are not craven. We fear you not."

Then Glaurung laughed, for so was Húrin's daughter revealed to his malice. "Then you are

fools, both you and your brother," said he. "And your boast shall be made vain. For I am Glaurung!"

Then he drew her eyes unto his, and her will swooned. And it seemed to her that the sun

sickened and all became dim about her; and slowly a great darkness drew down on her and in that

darkness there was emptiness; she knew nothing, and heard nothing, and remembered nothing.

Long Mablung explored the halls of Nargothrond, as well he might for the darkness and the

stench; but he found no living thing there: nothing stirred amid the bones, and none answered his

cries. At last, being oppressed by the horror of the place, and fearing the return of Glaurung, he

came back to the Doors. The sun was sinking west, and the shadows of the Faroth behind lay dark

on the terraces and the wild river below; but away beneath Amon Ethir he descried, as it seemed,

the evil shape of the Dragon. Harder and more perilous was the return over Narog in such haste and

fear; and scarcely had he reached the east shore and crept aside under the bank when Glaurung

drew nigh. But he was slow now and stealthy; for all the fires in him were burned low: great power

had gone out of him, and he would rest and sleep in the dark. Thus he writhed through the water

and slunk up to the Doors like a huge snake, ashen-grey, sliming the ground with his belly.

But he turned before he went in and looked back eastward, and there came from him the

laughter of Morgoth, dim but horrible, as an echo of malice out of the black depths far away. And

this voice, cold and low, came after: "There you lie like a vole under the bank, Mablung the mighty!

Ill do you run the errands of Thingol. Haste you now to the hill and see what is become of your

charge!"

Then Glaurung passed into his lair, and the sun went down and grey evening came chill over

the land. But Mablung hastened back to Amon Ethir; and as he climbed to the top the stars came out

in the East. Against them he saw there standing, dark and still, a figure as it were an image of stone.

Thus Nienor stood, and heard nothing that he said, and made him no answer. But when at last he

took her hand, she stirred, and suffered him to lead

her away; and while he held her she followed,

but if he loosed her, she stood still.

Then great was Mablung's grief and bewilderment; but no other choice had he but to lead

Nienor so upon the long eastward way, without help or company. Thus they passed away, walking

like dreamers, out into the night-shadowed plain. And when morning returned Nienor stumbled and

fell, and lay still; and Mablung sat beside her in despair.

"Not for nothing did I dread this errand," he said. "For it will be my last, it seems. With this unlucky child of Men I shall perish in the wilderness, and my name shall be held in scorn in

Doriath: if any tidings indeed are ever heard of our fate. All else doubtless are slain, and she alone

spared, but not in mercy."

Thus they were found by three of the company that had fled from Narog at the coming of

Glaurung, and after much wandering when the mist had passed went back to the hill; and finding it

empty they had began to seek their way home. Hope then returned to Mablung; and they went on

now together steering northward and eastward, for there was no road back into Doriath in the south,

and since the fall of Nargothrond the ferrywards were forbidden to set any across save those that

came from within.

Slow was their journey, as for those that lead a weary child. But ever as they passed further

from Nargothrond and drew nearer to Doriath, so little by little strength returned to Nienor, and she

would walk hour by hour obediently, led by the hand. Yet her wide eyes saw nothing, and her ears

heard no words, and her lips spoke no words.

And now at length after many days they came nigh to the west border of Doriath, somewhat

south of Teiglin; for they intended to pass the fences of the little land of Thingol beyond Sirion and

so come to the guarded bridge near the inflowing of Esgalduin. There a while they halted; and they

laid Nienor on a couch of grass, and she closed her eyes as she had not yet done, and it seemed that

she slept. Then the Elves rested also, and for very weariness were unheedful. Thus they were

assailed at unawares by a band of Orc-hunters, such as now roamed much in that region, as nigh to

the fences of Doriath as they dared to go. In the midst of the affray suddenly Nienor leapt up from

her couch, as one waking out of sleep to an alarm by night, and with a cry she sped away into the

forest. Then the Orcs turned and gave chase and the Elves after them. But a strange change came

upon Nienor and now she outran them all, flying like a deer among the trees with her hair streaming

in the wind of her speed. The Orcs indeed Mablung

and his companions swiftly overtook and they

slew them one and all, and hastened on. But by then Nienor had passed away like a wraith; and

neither sight nor slot of her could they find, though they hunted for many days.

Then at last Mablung returned to Doriath bowed with grief and with shame. "Choose you a

new master of your hunters, lord," he said to the King. "For I am dishonoured."

But Melian said: "It is not so, Mablung. You did all that you could, and none other among the

King's servants would have done so much. But by ill chance you were matched against a power too

great for you: too great indeed for all that now dwell in Middle-earth."

"I sent you to win tidings, and that you have done," said Thingol. "It is no fault of yours that those whom the tidings touch nearest are now beyond hearing. Grievous indeed is this end of all

Húrin's kin, but it lies not at your door."

For not only was Nienor now run witless into the wild, but Morwen also was lost. Neither

then nor after did any certain news of her fate come to Doriath or to Dor-lómin. Nonetheless

Mablung would not rest, and with a small company he went out into the wild and for three years

wandered far, from Ered Wethrin even to the Mouths of Sirion, seeking for sign or tidings of the

lost.

But as for Nienor, she ran on into the wood, hearing the shouts of pursuit come behind; and

her clothing she tore off, casting away her garments as she fled, until she went naked; and all that

day still she ran, as a beast that is hunted to heart-bursting, and dare not stay or draw breath. But at evening suddenly her madness passed. She stood still a moment as in wonder, and then, in a swoon

of utter weariness, she fell as one stricken down into a deep brake of fern. And there amid the old

bracken and the swift fronds of spring she lay and slept, heedless of all.

In the morning she woke, and rejoiced in the light as one first called to life; and all things that

she saw seemed to her new and strange, and she had no names for them. For behind her lay only an

empty darkness, through which came no memory off anything she bad ever known, nor any echo of

any word. A shadow of fear only she remembered, and so she was wary, and sought ever for

hidings: she would climb into trees to slip into thickets, swift as squirrel or fox, if any sound or

shadow frightened her; and thence she would peer long through the leaves before she went on

again.

Thus going forward in the way she first ran, she

came to the river Teiglin, and stayed her

thirst; but no food she found, nor knew how to seek it, and she was famished and cold. And since

the trees across the water seemed closer and darker (as indeed they were, being the eaves of Brethil

forest) she crossed over at last, and came to a green mound and there cast herself down: for she was

spent, and it seemed to her that the darkness that lay behind her was overtaking her again, and the

sun going dark.

But indeed it was a black storm that came up out of the South, laden with lightning and great

rain; and she lay there cowering in terror of the thunder, and the dark rain smote her nakedness.

Now it chanced that some of the woodmen of Brethil came by in that hour from a foray

against Orcs, hastening over the Crossings of Teiglin to a shelter that was near; and there came a

great flash of lightning, so that the Haudh-en-Elleth was lit as with a white flame. Then Turambar

who led the men started back and covered his eyes, and trembled; for it seemed that he saw the

wraith of a slain maiden that lay upon the grave of Finduilas.

But one of the men ran to the mound, and called to him:. "Hither, lord! Here is a young

woman lying, and she lives!" and Turambar coming lifted her, and the water dripped from her

drenched hair, but she closed her eyes and quivered

and strove no more. Then marvelling that she

lay thus naked Turambar cast his cloak about her and bore her away to the hunters' lodge in the

woods. There they lit a fire and wrapped coverlets about her, and she opened her eyes and looked

upon them; and when her glance fell on Turambar a light came in her face and she put out a hand

towards him, for it seemed to her that she had found at last something that she had sought in the

darkness, and she was comforted. But Turambar took her hand, and smiled, and said: "Now, lady,

will you not tell us your name and your kin, and what evil has befallen you?"

Then she shook her head, and said nothing, but began to weep; and they troubled her no more,

until she had eaten hungrily of what food they could give her. And when she had eaten she sighed,

and laid her hand again in Turambar's; and he said: "With us you are safe. Here you may rest this

night, and in the morning we will lead you to our homes up in the high forest. But we would know

your name and your kin, so that we may find them, maybe, and bring them news of you. Will you

not tell us?"

But again she made no answer, and wept.

"Do not be troubled!" said Turambar. "Maybe the tale is too sad yet to tell. But I will give you a name, and call you Níniel, Maid of Tears." And at that name she looked up, and she shook her

head, but said: Níniel. And that was the first word that she spoke after her darkness, and it was her

name among the woodmen ever after.

In the morning they bore Níniel towards Ephel Brandir, and the road went steeply upward

towards Amon Obel until it came to a place where it must cross the tumbling stream of Celebros.

There a bridge of wood had been built, and below it the stream went over a lip of worn stone, and

fell down by many foaming steps into a rocky bowl far below; and all the air was filled with spray

like rain. There was a wide greensward at the head of the falls, and birches grew about it, but over

the bridge there was a wide view towards the ravines of Teiglin some two miles to the west. There

the air was cool and there wayfarers in summer would rest and drink of the cold water. Dimrost, the

Rainy Stair, those falls were called, but after that day Nen Girith, the Shuddering Water; for

Turambar and his men halted there, but as soon as Níniel came to that place she grew cold and

shivered, and they could not warm her or comfort her. Therefore they hastened on their way; but

before they came to Ephel Brandir Níniel was already wandering in a fever.

Long she lay in her sickness, and Brandir used all his skill in her healing, and the wives of the

woodmen watched over her by night and by day. But only when Turambar stayed near her would

she lie at peace, or sleep without moaning; and this thing all marked that watched her: throughout

all her fever, though often she was much troubled, she murmured never a word in any tongue of

Elves or of Men. And when health slowly returned to her, and she walked and began to eat again,

then as with a child the women of Brethil must teach her to speak, word by word. But in this

learning she was quick and took great delight, as one that finds again treasures great and small that

were mislaid; and when at length she had learned enough to speak with her friends she would say:

"What is the name of this thing? For in my darkness I lost it." And when she was able to go about again, she would seek the house of Brandir; for she was most eager to learn the names of all living

things, and he knew much of such matters; and they would walk together in the gardens and the

glades.

Then Brandir grew to love her; and when she grew strong she would lend him an arm for his

lameness, and she called him her brother. But to Turambar her heart was given, and only at his

coining would she smile, and only when he spoke gaily would she laugh.

One evening of the golden autumn they sat together, and the sun set the hillside and the

houses of Ephel Brandir aglow, and there was a

deep quiet. Then Níniel said to him: "Of all things I have now asked the name, save you. What are you called?"

"Turambar," he answered.

Then she paused as if listening for some echo; but she said: "And what does that say, or is it

just the name for you alone?"

"It means," said he, "Master of the Dark Shadow. For I also, Níniel, had my darkness, in

which dear things were lost; but now I have overcome it, I deem."

"And did you also flee from it, running, until you came to these fair woods?" she said. "And when did you escape, Turambar?"

"Yes," he answered, "I fled for many years. And I escaped when you did so. For it was dark when you came, Níniel, but ever since it has been light. And it seems to me that what I long sought

in vain has come to me." And as he went back to his house in the twilight, he said to himself:

"Haudh-en-Elleth! From the green mound she came. Is that a sign, and how shall I read it?"

Now that golden year waned and passed to a gentle winter, and there came another bright

year. There was peace in Brethil, and the woodmen held themselves quiet and went not abroad, and

they heard no tidings of the lands that lay about them. For the Orcs that at that time came southward

to the dark reign of Glaurung, or were sent to spy

on the borders of Doriath, shunned the Crossings

of Teiglin, and passed westward far beyond the river.

And now Níniel was fully healed, and was grown fair and strong; and Turambar restrained

himself no longer, but asked her in marriage. Then Níniel was glad; but when Brandir learned of it

his heart was sick within him, and he said to her: "Be not in haste! Think me not unkindly, if I

counsel you to wait."

"Nothing that you do is done unkindly," she said. "But why then do you give me such counsel, wise brother?"

"Wise brother?" he answered. "Lame brother, rather, unloved and unlovely. And I scarce

know why. Yet there lies a shadow on this man, and I am afraid."

"There was a shadow," said Níniel, "for so he told me. But he has escaped from it, even as I.

And is he not worthy of love? Though he now holds himself at peace, was he not once the greatest

captain, from whom all our enemies would flee, if they saw him?"

"Who told you this?" said Brandir.

"It was Dorlas," she said. "Does he not speak truth?"

"Truth indeed," said Brandir, but he was ill pleased, for Dorlas was chief of that party that

wished for war on the Orcs. And yet he sought still for reasons to delay Níniel; and he said

therefore: "The truth, but not the whole truth; for he was the Captain of Nargothrond, and came

before out of the North, and was (it is said) son of Húrin of Dor-lómin of the warlike House of

Hador." And Brandir, seeing the shadow that passed over her face at that name, misread her, and

said more: "Indeed, Níniel, well may you think that such a one is likely ere long to go back to war, far from this land, maybe. And if so, how will you endure it? Have a care, for I forebode that if

Turambar goes again to battle, then not he but the Shadow shall have the mastery."

"Ill would I endure it," she answered; "but unwedded no better than wedded. And a wife,

maybe, would better restrain him, and hold off the Shadow." Nonetheless she was troubled by the

words of Brandir, and she bade Turambar wait yet a while. And he wondered and was downcast; but

when he learned from Níniel that Brandir had counselled her to wait, he was ill pleased.

But when the next spring came he said to Níniel: "Time passes. We have waited, and now I

will wait no longer. Do as your heart bids you, Níniel most dear, but see: this is the choice before

me. I will go back now to war in the wild; or I will wed you, and go never to war again - save only

to defend you, if some evil assails our home."

Then she was glad indeed, and she plighted her

troth, and at the mid-summer they were

wedded; and the woodmen made a great feast, and they gave them a fair house which they had built

for them upon Amon Obel. There they dwelt in happiness, but Brandir was troubled, and the

shadow on his heart grew deeper.

The Coming of Glaurung

Now the power and malice of Glaurung grew apace, and he waxed fat, and he gathered Orcs

to him, and ruled as a dragon-King, and all the realm of Nargothrond that had been was laid under

him. And before this year ended, the third of Turambar's dwelling among the woodmen, he began to

assail their land, which for a while had had peace; for indeed it was well known to Glaurung and to

his Master that in Brethil there abode still a remnant of free men, the last of the Three Houses to

defy the power of the North. And this they would not brook; for it was the purpose of Morgoth to

subdue all Beleriand and to search out its every corner, so that none in any hole or hiding might live

that were not thrall to him. Thus, whether Glaurung guessed where Túrin was hidden, or whether

(as some hold) he had indeed for that time escaped from the eye of Evil that pursued him, is of little

matter. For in the end the counsels of Brandir must prove vain, and at the last two choices only

could there be for Turambar; to sit deedless until he was found, driven forth like a rat; or to go forth soon to battle, and be revealed.

But when tidings of the coming of the Orcs were first brought to Ephel Brandir, he did not go

forth and yielded to the prayers of Níniel. For she said: "Our homes are not yet assailed, as your

word was. It is said that the Orcs are not many. And Dorlas has told me that before you came such

affrays were not seldom, and the woodmen held them off. "

But the woodmen were worsted, for these Orcs were of a fell breed, fierce and cunning; and

they came indeed with a purpose to invade the Forest of Brethil, not as before passing through its

eaves on other errands, or hunting in small bands. Therefore Dorlas and his men were driven back

with loss, and the Orcs came over Teiglin and roamed far into the woods. And Dorlas came to

Turambar and showed his wounds, and he said: "See, lord, now is the time of our need come upon

us, after a false peace, even as I foreboded. Did you not ask to be counted one of our people, and no

stranger? Is this peril not yours also? For our homes will not remain hidden, if the Orcs come

further into our land."

Therefore Turambar arose, and took up again his sword Gurthang, and he went to battle; and

when the woodmen learned this they were greatly heartened, and they gathered to him, till he had a

force of many hundreds. Then they hunted through the forest and slew all the Orcs that crept there,

and hung them cm the trees near the Crossings of Teiglin. And when a new host came against them,

they trapped it, and being surprised both by the numbers of the woodmen and by the terror of the

Black Sword that had returned, the Orcs were routed and slain in great number. Then the woodmen

made great pyres and burned the bodies of the soldiers of Morgoth in heaps, and the smoke of their

vengeance rose black into heaven, and the wind bore it away westward. But few living went back to

Nargothrond with these tidings.

Then Glaurung was wrathful indeed; but for a while he lay still and pondered what he had

heard. Thus the winter passed in peace, and men said: "Great is the Black Sword of Brethil, for all

our enemies are overcome." And Níniel was comforted, and she rejoiced in the renown of

Turambar; but he sat in thought, and he said in his heart: "The die is cast. Now comes the test, in which my boast shall be made good, or fail utterly. I will flee no more. Turambar indeed I will be,

and by my own will and prowess I will surmount my doom - or fall. But falling or riding, Glaurung

at least I will slay."

Nonetheless he was unquiet, and he sent out men of

daring as scouts far afield. For indeed

though no word was said he now ordered things as he would, as if he were lord of Brethil, and no

man heeded Brandir.

Spring came hopefully, and men sang at their work. But in that spring Níniel conceived, and

she became pale and wan, and all her happiness was dimmed. And soon there came strange tidings,

from the men that had gone abroad beyond Teiglin, that there was a great burning far out in the

woods of the plain towards Nargothrond, and men wondered what it might be.

Before long there came more reports: that the fires drew ever northward, and that indeed

Glaurung himself made them. For he had left Nargothrond, and was abroad again on some errand.

Then the more foolish or more hopeful said: "His army is destroyed, and now at last he sees

wisdom and is going back whence he came." And others said: "Let us hope that he will pass us by."

But Turambar had no such hope, and knew that Glaurung was coming to seek him. Therefore

though he masked his mind because of Níniel, he pondered ever by day and by night what counsel

he should take; and spring turned towards summer.

A day came when two men returned to Ephel Brandir in terror, for they had seen the Great

Worm himself. "In truth, lord," they said to

Turambar, "he draws now near to Teiglin, and turns not aside. He lay in the midst of a great burning, and the trees smoked about him. The stench of him is

scarce to be endured. And all the long leagues back to Nargothrond his foul swath lies, we deem, in

a line that swerves not, but points straight to us. What is to be done?"

"Little," said Turambar, "but to that little I have already given thought. The tidings you bring give me hope rather than dread; for if indeed he goes straight, as you say, and will not swerve, then

I have some counsel for hardy hearts." The men wondered, for he said no more at that time; but they took heart from his steadfast bearing.

Now the river Teiglin ran in this manner. It flowed down from Ered Wethrin swift as Narog,

but at first between low shores, until after the Crossings, gathering power from other streams, it

clove a way through the feet of the highlands upon which stood the Forest of Brethil. Thereafter it

ran in deep ravines, whose great sides were like walls of rock, but pent at the bottom the waters

flowed with great force and noise. And right in the path of Glaurung there lay now one of these

gorges, by no means the deepest, but the narrowest, just north of the inflow of Celebros. Therefore

Turambar sent out three hardy men to keep watch from the brink on the movements of the Dragon;

but he himself would ride to the high fall of Nen

Girith, where news could find him swiftly, and

whence he himself could look far across the lands.

But first be gathered the woodmen together in Ephel Brandir and spoke to them, saying:

"Men of Brethil, a deadly peril has come upon us which only great hardihood shall turn aside.

But in this matter numbers will avail little; we must use cunning, and hope for good fortune. If we

went up against the Dragon with all our strength, as against an army of Orcs, we should but offer

ourselves all to death, and so leave our wives and kin defenceless. Therefore I say that you should

stay here, and prepare for fight. For if Glaurung comes, then you must abandon this place, and

scatter far and wide; and so may some escape and live. For certainly, if he can, he will come to our

stronghold and dwelling, and he will destroy it, and all that he espies; but afterwards he will not

abide here. In Nargothrond lies all his treasure, and there are the deep halls in which he can lie safe, and grow."

Then the men were dismayed, and were utterly downcast, for they trusted in Turambar, and

had looked for more hopeful words. But he said: "Nay, that is the worst. And it shall not come to

pass, if my counsel and fortune is good. For I do not believe that this Dragon is unconquerable,

though he grows greater in strength and malice with the years. I know somewhat of him. His power

is rather in the evil spirit that dwells within him than in the might of his body, great though that be.

For hear now this tale that I was told by some that fought in the year of the Nirnaeth, when I and

most that hear me were children. In that field the Dwarves withstood him and Azaghâl of Belegost

pricked him so deep that he fled back to Angband. But here is a thorn sharper and longer than the

knife of Azaghâl."

And Turambar swept Gurthang from its sheath and stabbed with it up above his head, and it

seemed to those that looked on that a flame leapt from Turambar's hand many feet into the air. Then

they gave a great cry: "The Black Thorn of Brethil!"

"The Black Thorn of Brethil," said Turambar: "well may he fear it. For know this: it is the doom of this Dragon (and all his brood, it is said) that how great so ever be his armour of horn,

harder than iron, below he must go with the belly of a snake. Therefore, Men of Brethil, I go now to

seek the belly of Glaurung, by what means I may. Who will come with me? I need but a few with

strong arms and stronger hearts."

Then Dorlas stood forth and said: "I will go with you, lord; for I would ever go forward rather

than wait for a foe."

But no others were so swift to the call, for the dread

of Glaurung lay on them, and the tale of

the scouts that had seen him had gone about and grown in the telling. Then Dorlas cried oat:

"Hearken, Men of Brethil, it is now well seen that for the evil of our times the counsels of Brandir were vain. There is no escape by hiding. Will none of you take the place of the son of Handir, that

the House of Haleth be not put to shame?" Thus Brandir, who sat indeed in the high-seat of the lord of the assembly, but unheeded, was scorned, and he was bitter to his heart; for Turambar did not

rebuke Dorlas. But one Hunthor, Brandir's kinsman, arose and said: "You do evilly, Dorlas, to speak thus to the shame of your lord, whose limbs by ill hazard cannot do as his heart would. Beware lest

the contrary be seen in you at some turn! And how can it be said that his counsels were vain, when

they were never taken? You, his liege, have ever set them at naught. I say to you that Glaurung

comes now to us, as to Nargothrond before, because our deeds have betrayed us, as he feared. But

since this woe is now come, with your leave, son of Handir, I will go on behalf of Haleth's house."

Then Turambar said: "Three is enough! You twain will I take. But, lord, I do not scorn you.

See! We must go in great haste, and our task will need strong limbs. I deem that your place is with

your people. For you are wise, and are a healer; and it may be that there will be great need to

wisdom and healing ere long." But these words, though fair spoken, did but embitter Brandir the

more, and he said to Hunthor: "Go then but not with my leave. For a shadow lies on this man, and it will lead you to evil."

Now Turambar was in haste to go; but when he came to Níniel, to bid her farewell, she clung

to him, weeping grievously. "Go not forth, Turambar, I beg!" she said. "Challenge not the shadow that you have fled from! Nay, nay, flee still, and take me with you, far away!"

"Níniel most dear," he answered, "we cannot flee further, you and I. We are hemmed in this land. And even should I go, deserting the people that befriended us, I could but take you forth into

the houseless wild, to your death and the death of our child. A hundred leagues lie between us and

any land that is yet beyond the reach of the Shadow. But take heart, Níniel. For I say to you: neither

you nor I shall be slain by this Dragon, nor by any foe of the North." Then Níniel ceased to weep

and fell silent, but her kiss was cold as they parted.

Then Turambar with Dorlas and Hunthor went away hotfoot to Nen Girith, and when they

came there the sun was westering and shadows were long; and the last two of the scouts were there

awaiting them.

"You come not too soon, lord," said they. "For the Dragon has come on, and already when we left he had reached the brink of Teiglin, and glared across the water. He moves ever by night, and

we may look then for some stroke before

tomorrow's dawn."

Turambar looked out over the falls of Celebros and saw the sun going down to its setting, and

black spires of smoke rising by the borders of the river. "There is no time to lose," he said; "yet these tidings are good. For my fear was that he would seek about; and if he passed northward and

came to the Crossings and so to the old road in the lowland, then hope would be dead. But now

some fury of pride and malice drives him headlong." But even as he spoke, he wondered, and

mused in his mind: "Or can it be that one so evil and fell shuns the Crossings, even as the Orcs?

Haudh-en-Elleth! Does Finduilas lie still between me and my doom?"

Then he turned to his companions and said: "This task now lies before us. We must wait yet a

little; for too soon in this case were as ill as too late. When dusk falls, we must creep down, with all stealth, to Teiglin. But beware! For the ears of Glaurung are as keen as his eyes - and they are

deadly. If we reach the river unmarked, we must climb then down into the ravine, and cross the

water, and so come in the path that he will take when he stirs."

"But how can he come forward so?" said Dorlas. "Lithe he may be, but he is a great Dragon, and how shall he climb down the one cliff and up the other, when part must again be climbing

before the hinder is yet descended? And if he can so, what will it avail us to be in the wild water

below?"

"Maybe he can so," answered Turambar, "and indeed if he does, it will go ill with us. But it is my hope from what we learn of him, and from the place where he now lies, that his purpose is

otherwise. He is come to the brink of Cabed-en-Aras, over which, as you tell, a deer once leaped

from the huntsmen of Haleth. So great is he now that I think he will seek to cast himself across

there. That is all our hope, and we must trust to it.

Dorlas' heart sank at these words; for he knew better than any all the land of Brethil, and

Cabed-en-Aras was a grim place indeed. On the east side was a sheer cliff of some forty feet, bare

but tree-grown at the crown; on the other side was a bank somewhat less sheer and less high,

shrouded with hanging trees and bushes, but between them the water ran fiercely among rocks, and

though a man bold and surefooted might ford it by day, it was perilous to dare it at night. But this

was the counsel of Turambar, and it was useless to gainsay him.

They set out therefore at dusk, and they did not go straight towards the Dragon, but took first

the path to the Crossings; then, before they came so far, they turned southward by a narrow track

and passed into the twilight of the woods above Teiglin. 26 And as they drew near to Cabed-en-

Aras, step by step, halting often to listen, the reek of burning came to them, and a stench that

sickened them. But all was deadly still, and there was no stir of air. The first stars glimmered in the

East behind them, and faint spires of smoke rose straight and unwavering against the last light in the

West.

Now when Turambar was gone Níniel stood silent as stone-but Brandir came to her and said:

"Níniel, fear not the worst until you must. But did I not counsel you to wait?"

"You did so," she answered. "Yet how would that profit me now? For love may abide and

suffer unwedded."

"That I know," said Brandir. "Yet wedding is not for nothing."

"I am two months gone with his child," said Níniel. "But it does not seem to me that my fear of loss is the more heavy to bear. I understand you not."

"Nor I myself," said he. "And yet I am afraid."

"What a comforter are you!" she cried. "But Brandir, friend: wedded or unwedded, mother or maid, my dread is beyond enduring. The Master of Doom is gone to challenge his doom far hence,

and how shall I stay here and wait for the slow coming of tidings, good or ill? This night, it may be,

he will meet the Dragon, and how shall I stand, or

sit, or pass the dreadful hours?"

"I know not," said be, "but somehow the hours must pass, for you and for the wives of those that went with him."

"Let them do as their hearts bid!" she cried. "But for me, I shall go. The miles shall not lie between me and my lord's peril. I will go to meet the tidings!"

Then Brandir's dread grew black at her words, and he cried: "That you shall not do, if I may

hinder it. For thus will you endanger all counsel. The miles that lie between may give time for

escape, if ill befall."

"If ill befall, I shall not wish to escape," she said. "And now your wisdom is vain, and you shall not hinder me." And she stood forth before the people that were still gathered in the open place of the Ephel, and she cried: "Men of Brethil! I will not wait here. If my lord fails, then all hope is false. Your land and woods shall be burned utterly, and all your houses laid in ashes, and none,

none, shall escape. Therefore why tarry here? Now I go to meet the tidings and whatever doom may

send. Let all those of like mind come with me!"

Then many were willing to go with her: the wives of Dorlas and Hunthor because those whom

they loved were gone with Turambar; others for pity of Níniel and desire to befriend her; and many

more that were lured by the very rumour of the Dragon, in their hardihood or their folly (knowing

little of evil) thinking to see strange and glorious deeds. For indeed so great in their minds had the

Black Sword become that few could believe that even Glaurung could conquer him. Therefore they

set forth soon in haste, a great company, towards a peril that they did not understand; and going

with little rest they came wearily at last, just at nightfall, to Nen Girith but a little while after

Turambar had departed. But night is a cold counsellor, and many were now amazed at their own

rashness; and when they heard from the scouts that remained there how near Glaurung was come,

and the desperate purpose of Turambar, their hearts were chilled, and they dared go no further.

Some looked out towards Cabed-en-Aras with anxious eyes, but nothing could they see, and

nothing hear save the cold voice of the falls. And Níniel sat apart, and a great shuddering seized her.

When Níniel and her company had gone, Brandir said to those that remained: "Behold how I

am scorned, and all my counsel disdained! Let Turambar be your lord in name, since already he has

taken all my authority. For here I renounce both lordship and people. Let none seek of me ever

again either counsel or healing!" And he broke his staff. To himself he thought: "Now nothing is left to me, save only my love of Níniel: therefore where she goes, in wisdom or folly, I must go. In this

dark hour nothing can be foreseen; but it may well chance that even I could ward off some evil from

her, if I were near."

He girt himself therefore with a short sword, as seldom before, and took his crutch, and went

with what speed he might out of the gate of the Ephel, limping after the others down the long path

to the west march of Brethil

The Death of Glaurung

At last, even as full night closed over the land, Turambar and his companions came to Cabed-

en-Aras, and they were glad of the great noise of the water; for though it promised peril below, it

covered all other sounds. Then Dorlas led them a little aside, southwards, and they climbed down

by a cleft to the cliff-foot; but there his heart quailed, for many rocks and great stones lay in the

river, and the water ran wild about them, grinding its teeth. "This is a sure way to death," said Dorlas.

"It is the only way, to death or to life," said Turambar, "and delay will not make it seem more hopeful. Therefore follow me!" And he went on before them, and by skill and hardihood, or by fate,

he came across, and in the deep dark he turned to see who came after. A dark form stood beside

him. "Dorlas?" he said.

"No, it is I," said Hunthor. "Dorlas failed at the crossing. For a man may love war, and yet dread many things. He sits shivering on the shore, I guess; and may shame take him for his words to

my kinsman."

Now Turambar and Hunthor rested a little, but soon the night chilled them, for they were both

drenched with water, and they began to seek a way along the stream northwards towards the

lodgement of Glaurung. There the chasm grew darker and narrower, and as they felt their way

forward they could see a flicker above them as of smouldering fire, and they heard the snarling of

the Great Worm in his watchful sleep. Then they groped for a way up, to come nigh under the brink;

for in that toy all their hope to come at their enemy beneath his guard. But so foul now was the reek

that their heads were dizzy, and they slipped as they clambered, and clung to the tree-stems, and

retched, forgetting in their misery all fear save the dread of falling into the teeth of Teiglin.

Then Turambar said to Hunthor: "We spend our waning strength to no avail. For till we be

sure where the Dragon will pass, it is vain to climb."

"But when we know," said Hunthor, "then there will be no time to seek a way up out of the chasm."

"Truly," said Turambar. "But where all lies on chance, to chance we must trust." They halted therefore and waited, and out of the dark ravine they watched a white star far above creep across the

faint strip of sky; and then slowly Turambar sank into a dream, in which all his will was given to

clinging, though a black tide sucked and gnawed at his limbs.

Suddenly there was a great noise and the walls of the chasm quivered and echoed. Turambar

roused himself, and said to Hunthor: "He stirs. The hour is upon us. Strike deep, for two must strike now for three! "

And with that Glaurung began his assault upon Brethil; and all passed much as Turambar had

hoped. For now the Dragon crawled with slow weight to the edge of the cliff, and he did not turn

aside, but made ready to spring over the chasm with his great forelegs and then draw his bulk after.

Terror came with him; for he did not begin his passage right above, but a little to the northward, and

the watchers from beneath could see the huge shadow of his head against the stars; and his jaws

gaped, and he had seven tongues of fire. Then he sent forth a blast, so that all the ravine was filled

with a red light, and black shadows flying among the rocks; but the trees before him withered and

went up in smoke, and stones crashed down into the river. And thereupon he buried himself

forward, and grappled the further cliff with his mighty claws, and began to heave himself across.

Now there was need to be bold and swift, for though Turambar and Hunthor had escaped the

blast, since they were not standing right in Glaurung's path, they yet had to come at him, before he

passed over, or all their hope failed. Heedless of peril Turambar clambered along the water-edge to

come beneath him; but there so deadly was the heat and the stench that he tottered and would have

fallen if Hunthor, following stoutly behind, had not seized his arm and steadied him.

"Great heart!" said Turambar. "Happy was the choice that took you for a helper!" But even as he spoke, a great stone hurtled from above and smote Hunthor on the head, and he fell into the

water, and so ended: not the least valiant of the House of Haleth. Then Turambar cried: "Alas! It is ill to walk in my shadow! Why did I seek aid? For now you are alone, O Master of Doom, as you

should have known it must be. Now conquer alone!"

Then he summoned to him all his will, and all his hatred of the Dragon and his Master, and it

seemed that suddenly he found a strength of heart and of body that he had not known before; and he

climbed the cliff, from stone to stone, and root to root, until he seized at last a slender tree that grew a little beneath the lip of the chasm, and though its top was blasted, it held still fast on its roots. And even as he steadied himself in a fork of its boughs, the midmost parts of the Dragon came above

him, and swayed down with their weight almost upon his head, ere Glaurung could heave them up.

Pale and wrinkled was their underside, and all dank with a grey slime, to which clung all manner of

dropping filth; and it stank of death. Then Turambar drew the Black Sword of Beleg and stabbed

upwards with all the might of his arm, and of his hate, and the deadly blade, long and greedy, went

into the belly even to its hilts.

Then Glaurung, feeling his death-pang, gave forth a scream, whereat all the woods were

shaken, and the watchers at Nen Girith were aghast. Turambar reeled as from a blow, and slipped

down, and his sword was torn from his grasp, and clave to the belly of the Dragon. For Glaurung in

a great spasm bent up all his shuddering bulk and buried it over the ravine, and there upon the

further shore he writhed, screaming, lashing and coiling himself in his agony, until he had broken a

great space all about him, and lay there at last in a smoke and a ruin, and was still.

Now Turambar clung to the roots of the tree, stunned and well-nigh overcome. But he strove

against himself and drove himself on, and half sliding and half climbing he came down to the river,

and dared again the perilous crossing, crawling now

on hands and feet, clinging, blinded with spray,

until he came over at last, and climbed wearily up by the cleft by which they had descended. Thus

he came at length to the place of the dying Dragon, and he looked on his stricken enemy without

pity, and was glad.

There now Glaurung lay, with jaws agape; but all his fires were burned out, and his evil eyes

were closed. He was stretched out in his length, and had rolled upon one side, and the hilts of

Gurthang stood in his belly. Then the heart of Turambar rose high within him, and though the

Dragon still breathed he would recover his sword, which if he prized it before was now worth to

him all the treasure of Nargothrond. True proved the words spoken at its forging that nothing, great

or small, should live that once it had bitten.

Therefore going up to his foe he set foot upon his belly, and seizing the hilts of Gurthang he

put forth his strength to withdraw it. And he cried in mockery of Glaurung's words at Nargothrond:

"Hail, Worm of Morgoth! Well met again! Die now and the darkness have thee! Thus is Túrin son of

Húrin avenged." Then he wrenched out the sword, and even as he did so a spout of black blood

followed it, and fell upon his hand and his flesh was burned by the venom, so that he cried aloud at

the pain. Thereat Glaurung stirred and opened his baleful and looked upon Turambar with such

malice that it seemed to him that he was smitten by an arrow; and for that and for the anguish of his

hand be fell in a swoon, and lay as one dead beside the Dragon, and his sword was beneath him.

Now the screams of Glaurung came to the people at Nen Girith, and they were filled with

terror; and when the watchers beheld from afar the great breaking and burning that the Dragon

made in his throes, they believed that he was trampling and destroying those that had assailed him.

Then indeed they wished the miles longer that lay between them; but they dared not leave the high

place where they were gathered, for they remembered the words of Turambar that, it Glaurung

conquered, he would go first to Ephel Brandir. Therefore they watched in fear for any sign of his

movement, but none were so hardy as to go down and seek for tidings in the place of the battle. And

Níniel sat, and did not move, save that she shuddered and could not still her limbs; for when she

heard the voice of Glaurung her heart died within her, and she felt her darkness creeping upon her

again.

Thus Brandir found her. For he came at last to the bridge over Celebros, slow and weary; all

the long way alone he had limped on his crutch,

and it was five leagues at the least from his home.

Fear for Níniel had driven him on, and now the tidings that he learned were no worse than he had

dreaded. "The Dragon has crossed the river," men told him, "and the Black Sword is surely dead, and those that went with him." Then Brandir stood by Níniel, and guessed her misery, and he

yearned to her; but he thought nonetheless: "The Black Sword is dead, and Níniel lives." And he shuddered, for suddenly it seemed cold by the waters of Nen Girith; and he cast his cloak about

Níniel. But he found no words to say; and she did not speak.

Time passed, and still Brandir stood silent beside her, peering into the night and listening; but

he could see nothing, and could hear no sound but the falling of the waters of Nen Girith, and he

thought: "Now surely Glaurung is gone and has passed into Brethil." But he pitied his people no more, fools that had flouted his counsel, and had scorned him. "Let the Dragon go to Amon Obel,

and there will be time then to escape, to lead Níniel away." Whither, he scarce knew, for he had

never journeyed beyond Brethil.

At last he bent down and touched Níniel on the arm, and said to her: "Time passes, Níniel!

Come! It is time to go. If you will let me, I will lead you."

Then silently she arose, and took his hand, and they passed over the bridge and went down the

path that led to the Crossings of Teiglin. But those that saw them moving as shadows in the dark

knew not who they were, and cared not. And when they had gone some little way through the silent

trees, the moon rose beyond Amon Obel, and the glades of the forest were filled with a grey light.

Then Níniel halted and said to Brandir: "Is this the way?"

And he answered: "What is the way? For all our hope in Brethil is ended. We have no way,

save to escape the Dragon, and flee far from him while there is yet time." Níniel looked at him in

wonder and said: "Did you not offer to lead me to him? Or would you deceive me? The Black

Sword was my beloved and my husband, and only to find him do I go. What else could you think?

Now do as you will, but I must hasten."

And even as Brandir stood a moment amazed, she sped from him; and he called after her,

crying: "Wait, Níniel! Go not alone! You know not what you will find. I will come with you!" But she paid no heed to him, and went now as though her blood burned her, which before had been

cold; and though he followed as be could she passed soon out of his sight. Then he cursed his fate

and his weakness; but he would not turn back.

Now the moon rose white in the sky, and was near

the full, and as Níniel came down from the

upland towards the land near the river, it seemed to her that she remembered it, and feared it. For

she was come to the Crossings of Teiglin, and Haudh-en-Elleth stood there before her, pale in the

moonlight, with a black shadow cast athwart it; and out of the mound came a great dread.

Then she turned with a cry and fled south along the river and cast her cloak as she ran, as

though casting off a darkness that clung to her; and beneath she was all clad in white, and she shone

in the moon as she flitted among the trees. Thus Brandir above on the bill-side saw her, and turned

to cross her course, if be could; and finding by fortune the narrow path that Turambar had used, for

it left the more beaten road and went steeply down southward to the river, he came at last close

behind her again. But though he called, she did not heed, or did not hear, and soon once more she

passed on ahead; and so they drew near to the woods beside Cabed-en-Aras and the place of the

agony of Glaurung.

The moon then was riding in the South unclouded, and the light was cold and clear. Coming

to the edge of the ruin that Glaurung had wrought, Níniel saw his body lying there, and his belly

grey in the moon-sheen; but beside him lay a man. Then forgetting her fear she ran on amid the

smouldering wrack and so came to Turambar. He was fallen on his side, and his sword lay beneath

him, but his face was wan as death in the white light. Then she threw herself down by him weeping,

and kissed him; and it seemed to her that he breathed faintly, but she thought it but a trickery of

false hope, for he was cold, and did not move, nor did he answer her. And as she caressed him she

found that his hand was blackened as if it had been scorched, and she washed it with her tears, and

tearing a strip from her raiment she bound it about. But still he did not move at her touch and she

kissed him again, and cried aloud: "Turambar, Turambar, come back! Hear me! Awake! For it is

Níniel. The Dragon is dead, dead, and I alone am here by you." But he answered nothing.

Her cry Brandir heard, for he had come to the edge of the ruin; but even as he stepped forward

towards Níniel, he was halted, and stood still. For at the cry of Níniel Glaurung stirred for the last

time, and a quiver ran through all his body; and he opened his baleful eyes a slit, and the moon

gleamed in them, as gasping he spoke:

"Hail Nienor, daughter of Húrin. We meet again ere the end. I give thee joy that thou hast

found thy brother at last. And now thou shalt know him: a stabber in the dark, treacherous to foes,

faithless to friends, and a curse unto his kin, Túrin son of Húrin! But the worst of all his deeds thou

shalt feel in thyself."

Then Nienor sat as one stunned, but Glaurung died; and with his death the veil of his malice

fell from her, and all her memory grew clear before her, from day unto day, neither did she forget

any of those things that had befallen her since she lay on Haudh-en-Elleth. And her whole body

shook with horror and anguish. But Brandir, who had heard all, was stricken, and leaned against a

tree.

Then suddenly Nienor started to her feet, and stood pale as a wraith in the moon, and looked

down on Túrin, and cried: "Farewell, O twice beloved! A Túrin Turambar turún' ambartanen: master

of doom by doom mastered! O happy to be dead!" Then distraught with woe and the horror that had

overtaken her she fled wildly from that place; and Brandir stumbled after her, crying: "Wait! Wait, Níniel!"

One moment she paused, looking back with staring eyes. "Wait?" she cried. "Wait? That was ever your counsel. Would that I had heeded! But now it is too late. And now I will wait no more

upon Middle-earth." And she sped on before him. Swiftly she came to the brink of Cabed-en-Aras,

and there stood and looked on the loud water crying: "Water, water! Take now Níniel Nienor

daughter of Húrin; Mourning, Mourning daughter of Morwen! Take me and bear me down to the

Sea!" With that she cast herself over the brink: a flash of white swallowed in the dark chasm, a cry lost in the roaring of the river.

The waters of Teiglin flowed on, but Cabed-en-Aras was no more: Cabed Naeramarth

thereafter it was named by men; for no deer would ever leap there again, and all living things

shunned it, and no man would walk upon its shore. Last of men to look down into its darkness was

Brandir son of Handir; and he turned away in horror, for his heart quailed, and though he hated now

his life, he could not there take the death that he desired. 28 Then his thought turned to Túrin

Turambar, and he cried: "Do I hate you, or do I pity you? But you are dead. I owe you no thanks,

taker of all that I had or would have. But my people owe you a debt. It is fitting that from me they

should learn it."

And so he began to limp back to Nen Girith, avoiding the place of the Dragon with a shudder;

and as he climbed the steep path again he came on a man that peered through the trees, and seeing

him drew back. But he had marked his face in a gleam of the sinking moon.

"Ha, Dorlas!" he cried. "What news can you tell? How came you off alive? And what of my

kinsman?"

"I know not," answered Dorlas suddenly.

"Then that is strange," said Brandir.

"If you will know," said Dorlas, "the Black Sword would have us ford the races of Teiglin in the dark. Is it strange that I could not? I am a better man with an axe than some, but I am not goat-footed."

"So they went on without you to come at the Dragon?" said Brandir. "But how when he

passed over? At the least you would stay near, and would see what befell."

Bur Dorlas made no answer, and stared only at Brandir with hatred in his eyes. Then Brandir

understood, perceiving suddenly that this man had deserted his companions, and if manned by

shame had then hidden in the woods. "Shame on you, Dorlas!" he said. "You are the begetter of our woes: egging on the Black Sword, bringing the Dragon upon us, putting me to scorn, drawing

Hunthor to his death, and then you flee to skulk in the woods!" And as he spoke another thought

entered his mind, and he said in great anger: "Why did you not bring tidings? It was the least

penance that you could do. Had you done so, the Lady Níniel would have had no need to seek them

herself. She need never have seen the Dragon. She might have lived. Dorlas, I hate you!"

"Keep your hate!" said Dorlas. "It is as feeble as all your counsels. But for me the Orcs would have come and hung you as a scarecrow in your own

garden. Take the name skulker to yourself!"

And with that, being for his shame the readier to wrath, he aimed a blow at Brandir with his great

fist, and so ended his life, before the look of amazement left his eyes: for Brandir drew his sword

and hewed him his death-blow. Then for a moment he stood trembling, sickened by the blood; and

casting down his sword he turned, and went on his way, bowed upon his crutch.

As Brandir came to Nen Girith the pallid moon was gone down, and the night was fading;

morning was opening in the East. The people that cowered there still by the bridge saw him come

like a grey shadow in the dawn, and some called to him in wonder: "Where have you been? Have

you seen her? For the Lady Níniel is gone."

"Yes, she is gone," he said. "Gone, gone, never to return! But I am come to bring you tidings.

Hear now, people of Brethil, and say if there was ever such a tale as the tale that I bear! The Dragon

is dead, but dead also is Turambar at his side. And those are good tiding: yes, both are good

indeed."

Then the people murmured, wondering at his speech, and some said that he was mad; but

Brandir cried: "Hear me to the end! Níniel too is dead, Níniel the fair whom you loved, whom I

loved dearest of all. She leaped from the brink of the Deer's Leap, 29 and the teeth of Teiglin have

taken her. She is gone, hating the light of day. For this she learned before she fled: Húrin's children

were they both, sister and brother. The Mormegil he was called, Turambar he named himself, hiding

his past: Túrin son of Húrin. Níniel we named her, not knowing her past: Nienor she was, daughter

of Húrin. To Brethil they brought their dark doom's shadow. Here their doom has fallen, and of grief

this land shall never again be free. Call it not Brethil, not the land of the Halethrim, but Sarch nia

Hîn Húrin, Grave of e Children of Húrin!"

Then though they did not understand yet how this evil had mae to pass, the people wept as

they stood, and some said: "A grave there is in Teiglin for Níniel the beloved, a grave there all be for Turambar, most valiant of men. Our deliverer shall not be left to lie under the sky. Let us go to

him."

The Death of Túrin

Now even as Níniel fled away, Túrin stirred, and it seemed to him that out of his deep

darkness he heard her call to him for away; but as Glaurung died, the black swoon left him, and he

breathed deep again, and sighed, and passed into a slumber of great weariness. But ere dawn it grew

bitter cold, and he turned in his sleep, and the hilts of Gurthang drove into his side, and suddenly he

awoke. Night was going, and there was a breath of morning in the air; and he sprang to his feet,

remembering his victory, and the burning venom on his hand. He raised it up, and looked at it, and

marvelled. For it was bound about with a strip of white cloth, yet moist, and it was at ease; and he

said to himself: "Why should one tend me so, and yet leave me here to lie cold amid the wrack and

the dragon-stench? What strange things have chanced?"

Then he called aloud, but there was no answer. All was black and drear about him, and there

was a reek of death. He stooped and lifted his sword, and it was whole, and the light of its edges

was undimmed. "Foul was the venom of Glaurung," he said, "but you are stronger than I, Gurthang!

All blood will you drink. Yours is the victory. But come! I must go seek for aid. My body is weary,

and there is a chill in my bones."

Then he turned his back upon Glaurung and left him to rot; but as he passed from that place

each step seemed more heavy, and he thought: "At Nen Girith, maybe, I will find one of the scouts

awaiting me. But would I were soon in my own house, and might feel the gentle bands of Níniel,

and the good skill of Brandir!" And so at last, walking wearily, leaning on Gurthang, through the

grey light of early day he came to Nen Girith, and even as men were setting forth to seek his dead

body, he stood before the people.

Then they gave back in terror, believing that it was his unquiet spirit, and the women wailed

and covered their eyes. But he said: "Nay, do not weep, but be glad! See! Do I not live? And have I not slain the Dragon that you feared?"

Then they turned upon Brandir, and cried: "Fool, with your false tales, saying that he lay

dead. Did we not say that you were mad?" But Brandir was aghast, and stared at Túrin with fear in

his eyes, and he could say nothing.

But Túrin said to him: "It was you then that were there, and tended my hand? I thank you. But

your skill is failing, if you cannot tell swoon from death." Then he turned to the people: "Speak not so to him, fools all of you. Which of you would have done better? At least he had the heart to come

down to the place of battle, while you sit wailing!

"But now, son of Handir, come! There is more that I would learn. Why are you here, and all

this people, whom I left at the Ephel? If I may go into the peril of death for your sakes, may I not be

obeyed when I am gone? And where is Níniel? At the least I may hope that you did not bring her

hither, but left her where I bestowed her, in my house, with true men to guard it?" And when no one answered him, "Come, say where is Níniel?" he cried. "For her first I would see; and to her first will I tell the tale of the deeds in the night. "

But they turned their faces from him, and Brandir said at last: "Níniel is not here."

"That is well then," he said. "Then I will go to my home. Is there a horse to bear me? Or a bier would be better. I faint with my labours."

"Nay, nay!" said Brandir in anguish. "Your house is empty. Níniel is not there. She is dead."

But one of the women - the wife of Dorlas, who loved Brandir little - cried shrilly: "Pay no

heed to him, lord! For he is crazed. He came crying that you were dead, and called it good tidings.

But you live. Why then should his tale of Níniel be true: that she is dead, and yet worse?"

Then Túrin strode towards Brandir: "So my death was good tidings?" he cried. "Yes, ever you did begrudge her to me, that I knew. Now she is dead, you say. And yet worse? What lie have you

begotten in your malice. Club-foot? Would you slay us then with foul words, since you can wield

no other weapon?"

Then anger drove pity from Brandir's heart, and he cried: "Crazed? Nay, crazed are you,

Black Sword of black doom! And all this dotard people. I do not lie! Níniel is dead, dead, dead!

Seek her in Teiglin!"

Then Túrin stood still and cold. "How do you know?" he said softly. "How did you contrive it?"

"I know because I saw her leap," answered Brandir. "But the contriving was yours. She fled from you, Túrin son of Húrin, and in Cabed-en-Aras she cast herself, that she might never see you

again. Níniel! Níniel? Nay, Nienor daughter of Húrin."

Then Túrin seized him and shook him; for in those words he heard the feet of his doom

overtaking him, but in horror and fury his heart would not receive them, as a beast hurt to death that

will wound ere it dies all that are near it.

"Yes, I am Túrin son of Húrin," he cried. "So long ago you guessed. But nothing do you know of

Nienor my sister. Nothing! She dwells in the Hidden Kingdom, and is safe. It is a lie of your own

vile mind, to drive my wife witless, and now me. You limping evil - would you dog us both to

death?"

But Brandir shook him off. "Touch me not!" he said. "Stay your raving. She that you name

wife came to you and tended you, and you did not answer her call. But one answered for you.

Glaurung the Dragon, who I deem bewitched you both to your doom. So he spoke, before he ended:

'Nienor daughter of Húrin, here is thy brother: treacherous to foes, faithless to friends, a curse unto

his kin, Túrin son of Húrin.'" Then suddenly a fey laughter seized on Brandir. "On their deathbed men will speak true, they say," he cackled. "And even a Dragon too it seems! Túrin son of Húrin, a curse unto thy kin and unto all that harbour thee!"

Then Túrin grasped Gurthang and a fell light was in his eyes. "And what shall be said of you,

Club-foot?" he said slowly. "Who told her secretly behind my back my right name? Who brought

her to the malice of the Dragon? Who stood by and let her die? Who came hither to publish this

horror at the swiftest? Who would now gloat upon me? Do men speak true before death? Then

speak it now quickly."

Then Brandir, seeing his death in Túrin's face, stood

still and did not quail, though he had no

weapon but his crutch; and he said: "All that has chanced is a long tale to tell, and I am weary of you. But you slander me, son of Húrin. Did Glaurung slander you? If you slay me, then all shall see

that he did not. Yet I do not fear to die, for then I will go to seek Níniel whom I loved, and perhaps I may find her again beyond the Sea."

"Seek Níniel!" cried Túrin. "Nay, Glaurung you shall find, and breed lies together. You shall sleep with the Worm, your soul's mate, and rot in one darkness!" Then he lifted up Gurthang and

hewed Brandir, and smote him to death. But the people hid their eyes from that deed, and as he

turned and went from Nen Girith they fled from him in terror.

Then Túrin went as one witless through the wild woods, now cursing Middle-earth and all the

life of Men, now calling upon Níniel. But when at last the madness of his grief left him he sat

awhile and pondered all his deeds, and he heard himself crying: "She dwells in the Hidden

Kingdom, and is safe!" And he thought that now, though all his life was in ruin, he must go thither; for all the lies of Glaurung had ever led him astray. Therefore he arose and went to the Crossings of

Teiglin, and as, he passed by Haudh-en-Elleth he cried: "Bitterly have I paid, O Finduilas! that ever I gave heed to the Dragon. Send me now counsel!"

But even as he cried out he saw twelve huntsmen well-armed that came over the Crossings,

and they were Elves; and as they drew near be knew one, for it was Mablung, chief huntsman of

Thingol. And Mablung hailed him, crying: "Túrin! Well met at last. I seek you, and glad I am to see you living, though the years have been heavy on you."

"Heavy!" said Túrin. "Yes, as the feet of Morgoth. But if you are glad to see me living, you are the last in Middle-earth. Why so?"

"Because you were held in honour among us," answered Mablung; "and though you have

escaped many perils, I feared for you at the last. I watched the coming forth of Glaurung, and I

thought that he had fulfilled his wicked purpose and was returning to his Master. But he turned

towards Brethil, and at the same time I learned from wanderers in the land that the Black Sword of

Nargothrond had appeared there again, and the Orcs shunned its borders as death. Then I was filled

with dread, and I said: 'Alas! Glaurung goes where his Orcs dare not, to seek out Túrin.' Therefore I

came hither as swift as might be, to warn you and aid you."

"Swift, but not swift enough," said Túrin. "Glaurung is dead."

Then the Elves looked at him in wonder, and said: "You have slain the Great Worm! Praised

for ever shall your name be among Elves and Men!"

"I care not," said Túrin. "For my heart also is slain. But since you come from Doriath, give me news of

my kin. For I was told in Dor-lómin that they had fled to the Hidden Kingdom."

The Elves made no answer, but at length Mablung spoke: "They did so indeed, in the year

before the coming of the Dragon. But they are not there now, alas!" Then Túrin's heart stood still, hearing the feet of doom that would pursue him to the end. "Say on!" he cried. "And be swift!"

"They went out into the wild seeking you," said Mablung. "It was against all counsel; but they would go to Nargothrond, when it was known that you were the Black Sword; and Glaurung came

forth, and all their guard were scattered. Morwen none have seen since that day; but Nienor had a

spell of dumbness upon her, and fled north into the woods like a wild deer, and was lost." Then to

the wonder of the Elves Túrin laughed loud, and shrill. "Is not that a jest?" he cried. "O the fair Nienor! So she ran from Doriath to the Dragon, and from the Dragon unto me. What a sweet grace

of fortune! Brown as a berry she was, dark was her hair; small and slim as an Elf-child, none could

mistake her!"

Then Mablung was amazed, and he said: "But some mistake is here. Not such was your sister.

She was tall, and her eyes were blue, her hair fine gold, the very likeness in woman's form of Húrin

her father. You cannot have seen her!"

"Can I not, can I not, Mablung?" cried Túrin. "But

why no! For see, I am blind! Did you not know? Blind, blind, groping since childhood in a dark mist of Morgoth! Therefore leave me! Go,

go! Go back to Doriath, and may winter shrivel it! A curse upon Menegroth! And a curse on your

errand. This only was wanting. Now comes the night!"

Then he fled from them, like the wind, and they were filled with wonder and fear. But

Mablung said: "Some strange and dreadful thing has chanced that we know not. Let us follow him

and aid him if we may: for now he is fey and witless."

But Túrin sped far before them, and came to Cabed-en-Aras, and stood still; and he beard the

roaring of the water, and saw that all the trees near and far were withered, and their sere leaves fell

mournfully, as though winter had come in the first days of summer.

"Cabed-en-Aras, Cabed Naeramarth!" he cried. "I will not defile your waters where Níniel

was washed. For all my deeds have been ill, and the latest the worst."

Then he drew forth his sword, and said: "Hail Gurthang, iron of death, thou alone now

remainest! But what lord or loyalty dost thou know, save the hand that wieldeth thee? From no

blood wilt thou shrink! Wilt thou take Túrin Turambar? Wilt thou slay me swiftly?"

And from the blade rang a cold voice in answer: "Yea, I will drink thy blood, that I may forget

the blood of Beleg my master, and the blood of Brandir slain unjustly. I will slay thee swiftly."

Then Túrin set the hilts upon the ground, and cast himself upon the point of Gurthang, and the

black blade took his life.

But Mablung came and looked on the hideous shape of Glaurung lying dead, and he looked

upon Túrin and was grieved, thinking of Húrin as he bad seen him in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad, and

the dreadful doom of his kin. As the Elves stood there, men came down from Nen Girith to look

upon the Dragon, and when they saw to what end the life of Túrin Turambar had come they wept;

and the Elves learning at last the reason of Túrin's words to them were aghast. Then Mablung said

bitterly: "I also have been meshed in the doom of the Children of Húrin, and thus with words have

slain one that I loved."

Then they lifted up Túrin, and saw that his sword was broken asunder. So passed all that he

possessed.

With toil of many hands they gathered wood and piled it high and made a great burning, and

destroyed the body of the Dragon, until he was but black ash and his bones beaten to dust, and the

place of that burning was ever bare and barren thereafter. But Túrin they laid in a high mound

where he had fallen, and the shards of Gurthang were set beside him. And when all was done, and

the minstrels of Elves and Men had made lament, telling of the valour of Turambar and the beauty

of Níniel, a great grey stone was brought and set upon the mound; and thereon the Elves carved in

the Runes of Doriath:

TÚRIN TURAMBAR DAGNIR GLAURUNGA

and beneath they wrote also:

NIENOR NÍNIEL

But she was not there, nor was it ever known whither the cold waters of Teiglin had taken her.

THUS ENDS THE TALE OF THE CHILDREN OF HÚRIN, LONGEST OF ALL THE LAYS OF BELERIAND.

Chapter 22

The Wanderings of Hurin

Of the Ruin of Doriath

So ended the tale of Túrin Turambar; but Morgoth did not sleep nor rest from evil, and his dealings

with the house of Hador were not yet ended.

Against them his malice was unsated, though Húrin

was under his eye, and Morwen wandered distraught in the wild.

Less happy than hers was the lot of Hurin; for all that Morgoth knew of the working of his

malice Hurin knew also; but lies were mingled with the truth, and aught that was good was hidden

or distorted. He that sees through the eyes of Morgoth, willing or unwilling, sees all things crooked.

It was Morgoth's special endeavour to cast an evil light upon all that Thingol and Melian had done,

for he feared and hated them most; and when, therefore, he deemed the time ripe, in the year after

the death of Turin he released Hurin from bondage, bidding him go whither he would.

He feigned that in this he was moved by pity for an enemy utterly defeated, marvelling at his

endurance. 'Such steadfastess,' he said, 'should have been shown in a better cause, and would have

been otherwise rewarded. But I have no longer any use for you, Hurin, in the waning of your little

life.' And he lied, for his purpose was that Hurin should still further his malice against Elves and

Men, ere he died.

Then little though Hurin trusted aught that Morgoth said or did, knowing that he was without

pity, he took his freedom and went forth in grief, embittered by the deceits of the Dark Lord.

Twenty-eight years Hurin was captive in Angband, and at his release was in his sixtieth year, but

great strength was in him still, in spite of the weight of his grief, for it suited the purpose of

Morgoth that this should be so. He was sent under guard as far as the east-marches of Hithlum, and

there he was let go free.

None that had known him in youth could mistake him still, though he had grown grim to look

on: his hair and beard were white and long, but there was a fell light in his eyes. He walked

unbowed, and yet carried a great black staff; but he was girt with his sword. Great wonder and

dread fell on the land when it was noised in Hithlum that the Lord Hurin had returned. The

Easterlings were dismayed, fearing that their Master would prove faithless again and give back the

land to the Westrons, and that they would be enslaved in their turn. For watchmen had reported that

Hurin came out of Angband.

'There was a great riding,' they said, 'of the black soldiers of Thangorodrim over the

Anfauglith, and with them came this man, as one that was held in honour.'

Therefore the chieftains of the Easterlings dared not lay hands on Hurin, and let him walk at

will. In which they were wise; for the remnant of his own people shunned him, because of his

coming from Angband, as one in league and honour with Morgoth; and indeed all escaped captives

were held in suspicion of spying and treachery in those days, as has been told. Thus freedom only

increased the bitterness of Hurin's heart; for even had he so wished, he could not have roused any

rebellion against the new lords of the land. All the following that he gathered was a small company

of the homeless men and outlaws chat lurked in the hills; but they had done no great deed against

the Incomers since the passing of Turin, some five years before.

Of Turin's deeds in Brodda's hall Hurin now learned from the outlaws the true tale, and he

looked on Asgon and his men, and he said: 'Men are changed here. In thraldom they have found

thrall hearts. I desire no longer any lordship among them, nor elsewhere in Middle-earth. I will

leave this land and wander alone, unless any of you will go with me, to meet what we may. For I

have no purpose now, unless I find chance to avenge the wrongs of my son.'

Asgon and six other desperate men were willing to go with him; and Hurin led them to the

halls of Lorgan, who still called himself the Lord of Hithlum. Lorgan heard of their coming and was

afraid, and he gathered other chieftains and their men in his house for defence. But Hurin coming to

the gates looked on the Eastrons in scorn.

'Fear not!' he said. 'I should have needed no companions, if I had come to fight with you. I am

come only to take leave of the lord of the land. I have no liking for it any more, since you have

defiled it. Hold it while you may, until your Master recalls you to the slave-tasks that fit you better.'

Then Lorgan was not ill-pleased to think that he would so soon and easily be rid of the fear of

Hurin, without crossing the will of Angband; and he came forward.

'As you will, friend,' he said. 'I have done you no ill, and have let you be, and of this I hope

you will bring a true tale, if you come again to the Master.'

Hurin eyed him in wrath. 'Friend me not, thrall and churl!' he said. 'And believe not the lies

that I have heard: that I have ever entered into the service of the Enemy. Of the Edain am I and so

remain, and there shall be no friendship between mine and yours for ever.'

Then hearing that Hurin had not after all the favour of Morgoth, or forswore it, many of

Lorgan's men drew their swords to put an end to him. But Lorgan restrained them; for he was wary,

and more cunning and wicked than the others, and quicker therefore to guess at the purposes of the

Master.

'Go then, greybeard, to evil fortune,' he said. 'For

that is your doom. Folly and violence and

self-hurt are all the deeds of your kin. Fare you ill!'

'Tol acharn!' said Hurin. 'Vengeance comes. I am not the last of the Edain, whether I fare ill or

well.' And with that he departed, and left the land of Hithlum.

It is said that the hunters of Lorgan dogged his footsteps and did not leave his trail until he

and his companions went up into the mountains. When Hurin stood again in the high places he

descried far away amid the clouds the peaks of the Crisaegrim, and he remembered Turgon;

and his heart desired to come again to the Hidden Realm, if he could, for there at least he would be

remembered with honour. He had heard naught of the things that had come to pass in Gondolin, and

knew not that Turgon now hardened his heart against wisdom and pity, and allowed no one either to

enter or to go forth for any cause whatsoever. Therefore, unaware that all ways were shut beyond

hope, he resolved to turn his steps towards the Crisaegrim; but he said nothing of his purpose to his

companions, for he was still bound by his oath to reveal to no one that he knew even in what region

Turgon abode.

Nonetheless he had need of help; for he had never lived in the wild, whereas the outlaws were

long inured to the hard life of hunters and

gatherers, and they brought with them such food as they

could, though the Fell Winter had much diminished their store. Therefore Hurin said to them: 'We

must leave this land now; for Lorgan will leave me in peace no longer. Let us go down into the

vales of Sirion, where Spring has come at last! ' Then Asgon guided them to one of the ancient

passes that led east out of Mithrim, and they went down from the sources of the Lithir, until they

came to the falls where it raced into Sirion at the southern end of the Narrow Land. Now they went

with great wariness; for Hurin put little trust in the 'freedom' that Morgoth had granted him. And

rightly: for Morgoth had news of all his movements, and though for a while he was hidden in the

mountains, his coming down was soon espied. Thereafter he was followed and watched, yet with

such cunning that he seldom got wind of it. All the creatures of Morgoth avoided his sight, and he

was never waylaid or molested.

They journeyed southward on the west side of Sirion, and Hurin debated with himself how to

part from his companions, at least for so long that he could seek for an entrance to Gondolin

without betraying his word. At length they came to the Brithiach; and there Asgon said to Hurin:

'Whither shall we go now, lord? Beyond this ford the ways east are too perilous for mortal men, if

tales be true.'

'Then let us go to Brethil, which is nigh at hand,' said Hurin. 'I have an errand there. In that

land my son died.'

So that night they took shelter in a grove of trees, first outliers of the Forest of Brethil on its

northern border only a short way south of the Brithiach. Hurin lay a little apart from the others; and

next day before it was light he arose while they slumbered deep in weariness, and he left them and

crossed the ford and came into Dimbar.

When the men awoke he was already gone far, and there was a thick morning mist about the

river. As time passed and he did not return nor answer any call they began to fear that he had been

taken by some beast or prowling enemy. 'We have become heedless of late,' said Asgon. 'The land is

quiet, too quiet, but there are eyes under leaves and ears behind stones.'

They followed his trail when the mist lifted; but it led to the ford and there failed, and they

were at a loss. 'If he has left us, let us return to our own land,' said Ragnir. He was the youngest of

the company, and remembered little of the days before the Nirnaeth. 'The old man's wits are wild.

He speaks with strange voices to shadows in his

sleep.'

'Little wonder if it were so,' said Asgon. 'But who else could stand as straight as he, after such

woe? Nay, he is our right lord, do as he may, and I have sworn to follow him.'

'Even east over the ford?' said the others.

'Nay, there is small hope in that way,' said Asgon, 'and I do not think that Hurin will go far

upon it. All we know of his purpose was to go soon to Brethil, and that he has an errand there. We

are on the very border. Let us seek him there.' 'By whose leave?' said Ragnir. 'Men there do not love

strangers.'

'Good men dwell there,' said Asgon, 'and the Lord of Brethil is kin to our old lords.'

Nonetheless the others were doubtful, for no tidings had come out of Brethil for some] years. 'It

may be ruled by Orcs for all we know,' they said. 'We shall soon find what way things go,' said

Asgon. 'Orcs are little worse than Eastrons, I guess. If outlaws we must remain, I would rather lurk

in the fair woods than in the cold hills.'

Asgon, therefore, turned and went back towards Brethil; and the others followed him, for he

had a stout heart and men said that he was born with good luck. Before that day ended they had

come deep into the forest, and their coming was marked; for the Haladin were more wary than ever

and kept close watch on their borders. In the grey of the morning, as all but one of the incomers

were asleep, their camp was surrounded, and their watchman was held and gagged as soon as he

cried out.

Then Asgon leapt up, and called to his men that they should draw no weapon. 'See now,' he

cried, 'we come in peace! Edain we are out of Dorlomin.'

'That may be so,' said the march-wardens. 'But the morn is dim. Our captain will judge you

better when light is more.'

Then being many times outnumbered Asgon and his men were made prisoners, and their

weapons were taken and their hands bound. Thus they were brought to Ebor their captain; and he

asked their names and whence they came.

'So you are Edain of the North,' he said. 'Your speech bears you out, and your gear. You look

for friendship, maybe. But alas! evil things have befallen us here, and we live in fear. Manthor my

lord, Master of the North-march, is not here, and I must therefore obey the commands of the Halad,

the Chieftain of Brethil. To him you must be sent at once without further question. There may you

speed well! '

So Ebor spoke in courtesy, but he did not hope over much. For the new Chieftain was now

Hardang son of Hundad. At the death of Brandir childless he had been made Halad, being of the

Haladin, the kin of Haleth, from which all chieftains were chosen. He had not loved Turin, and he

had no love now at all for the House of Hador, in whose blood he had no part. Neither had he much

friendship with Manthor, who was also of the Haladin.

To Hardang Asgon and his men were led by devious ways, and they were blindfolded. Thus at

length they came to the hall of the Chieftains in Obel Halad; and their eyes were un- covered, and

the guards led them in. Hardang sat in his great chair, and he looked unkindly upon them.

'From Dorlomin you come, I am told,' he said. 'But why you come I know not. Little good has

come to Brethil out of that land; and I look for none now: it is a fief of Angband. Cold welcome you

will find here, creeping in thus to spy out our ways!
'

Asgon restrained his anger, but answered stoutly: 'We did not come in stealth, lord. We have

as great craft in woods as your folk, and we should not so easily have been taken, if we had known

any cause for fear. We are Edain, and we do not serve Angband but hold to the House of Hador. We

believed that the Men of Brethil were of like sort and friendly to all faithful men.'

'To those of proved faith,' said Hardang. 'To be Edain is not enough alone. And as for the

House of Hador it is held in little love here. Why should the folk of that House come here now?' To

that Asgon made no answer; for from the unfriendship of the Chieftain he thought it best not to

speak yet of Hurin.

'I see that you will not speak of all that you know,' said Hardang. 'So be it. I must judge as I

see; but I will be just. This is my judgement. Here Turin son of Hurin dwelt for a time, and he

delivered the land from the Serpent of Angband. For this I give you your lives. **But he scorned

Brandir, right Chieftain of Brethil, and he slew him without justice or pity. Therefore I will not

harbour you here. You shall be thrust forth, whence you entered. Go now, and if you return it will be

to death!' 'Then shall we not receive our weapons again?' said Asgon. 'Will you cast us back into the

wild without bow or steel to perish among the beasts?'

'No man of Hithlum shall ever again bear weapon in Brethil,' said Hardang. Not by my leave.

Lead them hence.

But as they were haled from the hall Asgon cried: This is the justice of Eastrons not of Edain!

We were not here with Turin, either in good deed or evil. Hurin we serve. He lives still. Lurking in

your wood do you not remember the Nirnaeth? Will you then dishonour him also in your spite, if he

comes?' 'If Hurin comes, do you say?' said Hardang. 'When Morgoth sleeps, maybe! '

'Nay,' said Asgon. 'He has returned. With him we came to your borders. He has an errand here,

he said. He will come!' 'Then I shall be here to meet him,' said Hardang. 'But you will not. Now go!'

He spoke as in scorn, but his face whitened in sudden fear that some strange thing had happened

boding yet worse to come. Then a great dread of the shadow of the House of Hador fell upon him,

so that his heart grew dark. For he was not a man of great spirit, such as were Hunthor and Manthor,

descendants of Hiril.

Asgon and his company were blindfolded again, lest they should espy out the pathways of

Brethil, and they were led back to the North-march. Ebor was ill pleased when he heard of what had

passed in Obel Halad, and he spoke to them more courteously.

'Alas! ' he said, 'you must needs go forth again. But see! I return to you your gear and

weapons. For so would my lord Manthor do, at the least. I would he were here! But he is the

doughtiest man now among us; and by Hardang's command is Captain of the guards at the

Crossings of Taiglin. There we have most fear of assault, and most fighting. Well, this much I will

do in his stead; but I beg you, do not enter Brethil again, for if you do, we may feel constrained to

obey the word of Hardang that has now gone out to all the marches: to slay you at sight.' Then

Asgon thanked him, and Ebor led them to the eaves of Brethil, and there wished them good speed.

'Well, thy luck has held,' said Ragnir, 'for at least we are not slain, though we came nigh it.

Now what shall we do?'

'I desire still to find my lord Hurin,' said Asgon, 'and my heart tells me that he will come to

Brethil yet.'

'Whither we cannot return,' said Ragnir, 'unless we seek a death swifter than hunger.'

'If he comes, he will come, I guess, by the north-march, between Sirion and Taeglin,' said

Asgon. 'Let us go down towards the Crossings of Taeglin. There it is more likely that we may hear

news.'

'Or bow-strings,' said Ragnir. Nonetheless they took Asgon's counsel, and went away

westward, keeping such watch as they could from afar upon the dark eaves of Brethil.

But Ebor was troubled, and sent swiftly to Manthor reporting the coming of Asgon and his

strange words concerning Hurin. But of this matter rumour now ran through all Brethil. And

Hardang sat in Obel Halad in doubt, and took counsel with his friends.

Now Hurin, coming into Dimbar, summoned his strength and went on alone towards the dark

feet of the Echoriad. All the land was cold and desolate; and when at last it rose steeply before him

and he could see no way to go further, he halted and looked about him in little hope. He stood now

at the foot of a great fall of stones beneath a sheer rock-wall, and he did not know that this was all

that was now left to see of the old Way of Escape: the Dry River was blocked and the arched gate

was buried.

Then Hurin looked up to the grey sky, thinking that by fortune he might once more descry the

Eagles, as he had done long ago in his youth. But he saw only the shadows blown from the East,

and clouds swirling about the inaccessible peaks; and wind hissed over the stones. But the watch of

the Great Eagles was now redoubled, and they marked Hurin well, far below, forlorn in the failing

light. And straightaway Sorontar himself, since the tidings seemed great, brought word to Turgon.

But Turgon said: 'Nay! This is past belief! Unless Morgoth sleeps. Ye were mistaken.'

'Nay, not so,' answered Sorontar. 'If the Eagles of Manwe were wont to err thus, Lord, your

hiding would have been in vain.'

'Then your words bode ill,' said Turgon; 'for they

can mean only that even Hurin Thalion hath

surrendered to the will of Morgoth. My heart is shut.' But when he had dismissed Sorontar, Turgon

sat long in thought, and he was troubled, remembering the deeds of Hurin. And he opened his heart,

and he sent to the Eagles to seek for Hurin, and to bring him, if they could, to Gondolin. But it was

too late, and they saw him never again in light or in shadow.

For Hurin stood at last in despair before the stern silence of the Echoriad, and the westering

sun, piercing the clouds, stained his white hair with red. Then he cried aloud in the wilderness,

heedless of any ears, and he cursed the pitiless land: 'hard as the hearts of Elves and Men'. And he

stood at last upon a great stone, and spreading wide his arms, looking towards Gondolin, he called

in a great voice: 'Turgon, Turgon! Remember the Fen of Serech!' And again: 'Turgon! Hurin calls

you. O Turgon, will you not hear in your hidden halls?'

But there was no answer, and all that he heard was wind in the dry grasses. 'Even so they

hissed in Serech at the sunset,' he said. And as he spoke the sun went behind the Mountains of

Shadow, and a darkness fell about him, and the wind ceased, and there was silence in the waste.

Yet there were ears that had heard the words that

Hurin spoke, and eyes that marked well his

gestures; and report of all came soon to the Dark Throne in the North. Then Morgoth smiled, and

knew now clearly in what region Turgon dwelt, though because of the Eagles no spy of his could

yet come within sight of the land behind the encircling mountains. This was the first evil that the

freedom of Hurin achieved.

As darkness fell Hurin stumbled from the stone, and fell, as one aswoon, into a deep sleep of

grief. But in his sleep he heard the voice of Morwen lamenting, and often she spoke his name; and it

seemed to him that her voice came out of Brethil. Therefore, when he awoke with the coming of

day, he arose and returned; and he came back to the ford, and as one led by an unseen hand he went

along the eaves of Brethil, until he came in four days' journey to the Taeglin, and all his scanty food

was then spent, and he was famished. But he went on like the shadow of a man driven by a dark

wind, and he came to the Crossings by night, and there he passed over into Brethil.

The night-sentinels saw him, but they were filled with dread, so that they did not dare to move

or cry out; for they thought that they saw a ghost out of some old battle-mound that walked with

darkness about it. And for many days after men feared to be near the Crossings at night, save in

great company and with fire kindled.

But Hurin passed on, and at evening of the sixth day he came at last to the place of the

burning of Glaurung, and saw the tall stone standing near the brink of Cabed Naeramarth. But

Hurin did not look at the stone, for he knew what was written there, and his eyes had seen that he

was not alone. Sitting in the shadow of the stone there was a figure bent over its knees. Some

homeless wanderer broken with age it seemed, too wayworn to heed his coming; but its rags were

the remnants of a woman's garb. At length as Hurin stood there silent she cast back her tattered

hood and lifted up her face slowly, haggard and hungry as a long-hunted wolf. Grey she was, sharp-

nosed with broken teeth, and with a lean hand she clawed at the cloak upon her breast. But suddenly

her eyes looked into his, and then Hurin knew her; for though they were wild now and full of fear, a

light still gleamed in them hard to endure: the elven-light that long ago had earned her her name,

Edelwen, proudest of mortal women in the days of old.

'Edelwen! Edelwen!' Hurin cried; and she rose and stumbled forward, and he caught her in his

arms.

'You come at last,' she said. 'I have waited too long.'
'It was a dark road. I have come as I

could,' he answered. 'But you are late,' she said, 'too late. They are lost.' 'I know,' he said. 'But thou art not.'

'Almost,' she said. 'I am spent utterly. I shall go with the sun. They are lost.' She clutched at

his cloak. 'Little time is left,' she said. 'If you know, tell me! How did she find him?'

But Hurin did not answer, and he sat beside the stone with Morwen in his arms; and they did

not speak again. The sun went down, and Morwen sighed and clasped his hand and was still; and

Hurin knew that she had died.

So passed Morwen the proud and fair; and Hurin looked down at her in the twilight, and it

seemed that the lines of grief and cruel hardship were smoothed away. Cold and pale and stern was

her face. 'She was not conquered,' he said; and he closed her eyes, and sat on unmoving beside her

as night drew down. The waters of Cabed Naeramarth roared on, but he heard no sound and saw

nothing, and he felt nothing, for his heart was stone within him, and he thought that he would sit

there until he too died.

Then there came a chill wind and drove sharp rain in his face; and suddenly he was roused,

and out of a black deep anger rose in him like a smoke, mastering reason, so that all his desire was

to seek vengeance for his wrongs, and for the

wrongs of his kin, accusing in his anguish all those

who ever had had dealings with them.

He arose and lifted Morwen up; and suddenly he knew that it was beyond his strength to bear

her. He was hungry and old, and weary as winter. Slowly he laid her down again beside the standing

stone. 'Lie there a little longer, Edelwen,' he said, 'until I return. Not even a wolf would do you more hurt. But the folk of this hard land shall rue the day that you died here!' Then Hurin stumbled away,

and he came back towards the ford of Taeglin; and there he fell beside the Haud-en-Elleth, and a

darkness overcame him, and he lay as one drowned in sleep. In the morning, before the light had

recalled him to full waking, he was found by the guards that Hardang had commanded to keep

special watch in that place.

It was a man named Sagroth who first saw him, and he looked at him in wonder and was

afraid, for he thought he knew who this old man was. 'Come!' he cried to others that followed.

'Look here! It must be Hurin. The incomers spoke truly. He has come!'

'Trust you to find trouble, as ever, Sagroth!' said Forhend. 'The Halad will not be pleased with

such findings. What is to be done? Maybe Hardang would be better pleased to hear that we had

stopped the trouble at his borders and thrust it out.' 'Thrust it out?' said Avranc. He was Dorlas' son, a

young man short and dark, but strong, well-liked by Hardang, as his father had been. 'Thrust it

out? Of what good would that be? It would come again! It can walk - all the way from Angband, if

it is what you guess. See! He looks grim and has a sword, but he sleeps deep. Need he wake to more

woe? If you would please the Chieftain, Forhend, he would end here.'

Such was the shadow that now fell upon the hearts of men, as the power of Morgoth spread,

and fear walked far and wide; but not all hearts were yet darkened. 'Shame upon you!' cried

Manthor the captain, who coming behind had heard what they said. 'And upon you most, Avranc,

young though you are! At least you have heard of the deeds of Hurin of Hithlum, or did you hold

them only fireside fables? What is to be done, indeed! So, slay him in his sleep is your counsel. Out

of hell comes the thought! '

'And so does he,' answered Avranc. 'If indeed he is Hurin. Who knows? '

'It can soon be known,' said Manthor; and coming to Hurin as he lay he knelt and raised his

hand and kissed it. 'Awake!' he cried. 'Help is near. And if you are Hurin, there is no help that I

would think enough.'

'And no help that he will not repay with evil,' said Avranc. 'He comes from Angband, I say.'

'What he may do is unknown,' said Manthor. 'What he has done we know, and our debt is

unpaid.' Then he called again in a loud voice: 'Hail Hurin Thalion! Hail, Captain of Men!'

Thereupon Hurin opened his eyes, remembering evil words that he had heard in the drowse before

waking, and he saw men about him with weapons in hand. He stood up stiffly, fumbling at his

sword; and he glared upon them in anger and scorn. 'Curs!' he cried. 'Would you slay an old man

sleeping? You look like Men, but you are Orcs under the skin, I guess. Come then! Slay me awake,

if you dare. But it will not please your black Master, I think. I am Hurin Galdor's son, a name that

Orcs at least will remember.'

'Nay, nay,' said Manthor. 'Dream not. We are Men. But these are evil days of doubt, and we

are hard pressed. It is perilous here. Will you not come with us? At least we can find you food and

rest.' 'Rest?' said Hurin. 'You cannot find me that. But food I will take in my need.'

Then Manthor gave him a little bread and meat and water; but they seemed to choke him, and

he spat them forth. 'How far is it to the house of your lord?' he asked. 'Until I have seen him the

food that you denied to my beloved will not go down my throat.'

'He raves and he scorns us,' muttered Avranc. 'What did I say?' But Manthor looked on him

with pity, though he did not understand his words. 'It is a long road for the weary, lord,' he said; 'and the house of Hardang Halad is hidden from strangers.'

'Then lead me thither!' said Hurin. 'I will go as I can. I have an errand to that house.'

Soon they set forth. Of his strong company Manthor left most to their duty; but he himself

went with Hurin, and with him he took Forhend. Hurin walked as he could, but after a time he

began to stumble and fall; and yet he always rose again and struggled on, and he would not allow

them to support him. In this way at last with many halts they came to the hall of Hardang in Obel

Halad deep in the forest; and he knew of their coming, for Avranc, unbidden, had run ahead and

brought the tidings before them; and he did not fail to report the wild words of Hurin at his waking

and his spitting forth of their food. So it was that they found the hall well guarded, with many men

in the outer garth, and men at the doors. At the gate of the garth the captain of the guards stayed

them. 'Deliver the prisoner to me! ' he said. 'Prisoner!' said Manthor. 'I have no prisoner, but a man

you should honour.'

'The Halad's words, not mine,' said the captain. 'But you may come too. He has words for you

also.'

Then they led Hurin before the Chieftain; and Hardang did not greet him, but sat in his great

chair and eyed Hurin up and down. But Hurin returned his gaze, and held himself as stiffly as he

could, though he leaned on his staff. So he stood a while in silence, until at last he sank to the

ground. 'Lo!' he said. 'I see that there are so few chairs in Brethil that a guest must sit on the floor.'

'Guest?' said Hardang. 'Not one bidden by me. But bring the old carl a stool. If he will not

disdain it, though he spits on our food.' Manthor was grieved at the discourtesy; and hearing one

laugh in the shadow behind the great chair he looked and saw that it was Avranc, and his face

darkened in wrath. 'Your pardon, lord,' he said to Hurin. 'There is misunderstanding here.' Then

turning to Hardang he drew himself up. 'Has my company a new captain then, my Halad?' he said.

'For otherwise I do not understand how one who has left his duty and broken my command should

stand here unrebuked. He has brought news before me, I see; but it seems he forgot the name of the

guest, or Hurin Thalion would not have been left to stand.'

'The name was told to me,' answered Hardang, 'and his fell words also which bear it out. Such

are the House of Hador. But it is the part of a stranger to name himself first in my house, and I

waited to hear him. Also to hear his errand hither - since he says that he has one. But as for your

duty, such matters are not dealt with before strangers.'

Then he turned towards Hurin, who sat meanwhile bent on the low stool; his eyes were

closed, and he seemed to take no heed of what was said. 'Well, Hurin of Hithlum,' said Hardang,

'what of your errand? Is it a matter of haste? Or will you not perhaps take thought and rest and

speak of it later more at your ease? Meanwhile we may find you some food less distasteful.'

Hardang's tone was now more gentle, and he rose as he spoke; for he was a wary man, and he had

marked the displeasure on the faces of others beside Manthor. Then suddenly Hurin rose to his feet.

'Well, Master Reed of the Bog,' he said. 'So you bend with each breath, do you? Beware lest mine

blow you flat. Go take thought to stiffen you, ere I call on you again! Scorner of grey hairs, food-

niggard, starver of wanderers. This stool fits you better.' With that he cast the stool at Hardang, so

that it smote him on the forehead; and then he turned to walk from the hall.

Some of the men gave way, whether in pity or in fear of his wrath; but Avranc ran before him.

'Not so swift, carl Hurin!' he cried. 'At least I no longer doubt your name. You bring your manners

from Angband. But we do not love orc-deeds in hall. You have assaulted the Chieftain in his chair,

and a prisoner you now shall be, whatever your name.'

'I thank you, Captain Avranc,' said Hardang, who sat still in his chair, while some staunched

the blood that flowed from his brow. 'Now let the old madman be put in bonds and kept close. I will

judge him later.'

Then they put thongs about Hurin's arms, and a halter about his neck, and led him away; and

he made no more resistance, for the wrath had run off him, and he walked as one in a dream with

eyes closed. But Manthor, though Avranc scowled at him, put his arm about the old man's shoulder

and steered him so that he should not stumble.

But when Hurin was shut in a cave and Manthor could do no more to help him, he returned to

the hall. There he found Avranc in speech with Hardang, and though they fell silent at his coming,

he caught the last words that Avranc spoke, and it seemed to him that Avranc urged that Hurin

should be put to death straightway.

'So, Captain Avranc,' he said, 'things go well for you today! I have seen you at like sports

before: goading an old badger and having him killed when he bites. Not so swift, Captain Avranc!

Nor you, Hardang Halad. This is no matter for lordly dealing out of hand. The coming of Hurin,

and

his welcome here, concerns all the folk, and they shall hear all that is said, before any judgement is

given.'

'You have leave to go,' said Hardang. 'Return to your duty on the marches, until Captain

Avranc comes to take command.' 'Nay, lord,' said Manthor, 'I have no duty. I am out of your service

from today. I left Sagroth in charge, a woodsman somewhat older and wiser than one you name. In

due time I will return to my own marches. 2 But now I will summon the folk. As he went to the door Avranc seized his bow to shoot Manthor down, but Hardang restrained him. 'Not yet,' he said. But

Manthor was unaware of this (though some in the hall had marked it), and he went out, and sent all

he could find that were willing to go as messengers to bring together all the masters of homesteads

and any others that could be spared. Now rumour ran wild through the woods, and the tales grew in

the telling; and some said this, and some that, and the most spoke in praise of the Halad and set

2 For Manthor was a descendant of Haldad, and he had a little land of his own on the east march of Brethil beside Sirion where it runs through Dimbar. But all the folk of Brethil were freemen, holding their homesteads and more or less land about them of their right. Their Master was chosen from the descendants of Haldad, out of reverence for the deeds of Haleth and Haldar; and though as yet the mastership had been given, as if it were a lordship

or kingdom, to the eldest of the eldest line, the folk had the right to set anyone aside or to remove him, for grave cause.

And some knew well enough that Harathor had tried to have Brandir the Lame passed over in his own favour.

forth Hurin in the likeness of some fell Orc-chieftain; for Avranc was also busy with messengers.

Soon there was a great concourse of folk, and the small town about the Hall of the Chieftains was

swelled with tents and booths. But all the men bore arms, for fear lest a sudden alarm should come

from the marches.

When he had sent out his messengers Manthor went to Hurin's prison, and the guards would

not let him enter. 'Come!' said Manthor. 'You know well that it is our good custom that any prisoner

should have a friend that may come to him and see how he fares and give him counsel.'

'The friend is chosen by the prisoner,' the guards answered; 'but this wild man has no friends.'

'He has one,' said Manthor, 'and I ask leave to offer myself to his choice.'

'The Halad forbids us to admit any save the guards,' they said. But Manthor who was wise in

the laws and customs of his people replied: 'No doubt. But in this he has no right. Why is the

incomer in bondage? We do not bind old men and wanderers because they speak ill words when

distraught. This one is imprisoned because of his assault upon Hardang, and Hardang cannot judge

his own cause, but must bring his grievance to the judgement of the Folk. Meanwhile he cannot

deny to the prisoner all counsel and help. If he were wise he would see that he does not in this way

advance his own cause. But maybe another mouth spoke for him?'

'True,' they said. 'Avranc brought the order.' 'Then forget it,' said Manthor. 'For Avranc was

under other orders, to remain on his duty on the marches. Choose then between a young runagate,

and the laws of the Folk.' Then the guards let him in to the cave; for Manthor was well esteemed in

Brethil, and men did not like the chieftains who tried to overrule the folk. Manthor found Hurin

sitting on a bench. There were fetters on his ankles, but his hands were unbound; and there was

some food before him untasted. He did not look up.

'Hail, lord! ' said Manthor. 'Things have not gone as they should, nor as I would have ordered

them. But now you have need of a friend.'

'I have no friend, and wish for none in this land,' said Hurin. 'One stands before you,'

answered Manthor. 'Do not scorn me. For now, alas! the matter between you and Hardang Halad

must be brought to the judgement of the Folk, and

it would be well, as our law allows, to have a

friend to counsel you and plead your case.'

'I will not plead, and I need no counsel,' said Hurin.
'You need this counsel at least,' said

Manthor. 'Master your wrath for the time, and take some food, so that you may have strength before

your enemies. I do not know what is your errand here, but it will speed better, if you are not starved.

Do not slay yourself while there is hope! '

'Slay myself?' cried Hurin, and he staggered up and leant against the wall, and his eyes were

red. 'Shall I be dragged before a rabble of wood-men with fetters upon me to hear what death they

will give me? I will slay myself first, if my hands are left free.' Then suddenly, swift as an old

trapped beast, he sprang forward, and before Manthor could avoid him he snatched a knife from his

belt. Then he sank down on the bench. 'You could have had the knife as a gift,' said Manthor,

'though we do not deem self-slaughter a noble deed in those who have not lost their reason. Hide

the knife and keep it for some better use! But have a care, for it is a fell blade, from a forge of the

Dwarves. Now, lord, will you not take me for your friend? Say no word; but if you will now eat

with me, I will take that for yea.'

Then Hurin looked at him and the wrath left his eyes; and together they drank and ate in

silence. And when all was finished, Hurin said: 'By your voice you have overcome me. Never since

the Day of Dread have I heard any man's voice so fair. Alas! alas! it calls to my mind the voices in

my father's house, long ago when the shadow seemed far away.'

'That may well be,' said Manthor. 'Hiril my foremother was sister of thy mother, Hareth.'

'Then thou art both kin and friend,' said Hurin. 'But not I alone,' said Manthor. 'We are few

and have little wealth, but we too are Edain, and bound by many ties to your people. Your name has

long been held in honour here; but no news of your deeds would have reached us, if Haldir and

Hundar had not marched to the Nirnaeth. There they fell, but three of their company returned, for

they were succoured by Mablung of Doriath and healed of their wounds. The days have gone dark

since then, and many hearts are overshadowed, but not all.'

'Yet the voice of your Chieftain comes from the shadows,' 'said Hurin, 'and your Folk obey

him, even in deeds of dishonour and cruelty.'

'Grief darkens your eyes, lord, dare I say it. But lest this should prove true, let us take counsel

together. For I see peril of evil ahead, both to thee and to my folk, though maybe wisdom may avert

it. Of one thing I must warn thee, though it may not please thee. Hardang is a lesser man than his

fathers, but I saw no evil in him till he heard of thy coming. Thou bringest a shadow with thee,

Hurin Thalion, in which lesser shadows grow darker.'

'Dark words from a friend!' said Hurin. 'Long I lived in the Shadow, but I endured it and did

not yield. If there is any darkness upon me, it is only that grief beyond grief has robbed me of light.

But in the Shadow I have no part.'

'Nevertheless, I say to thee,' said Manthor, 'that it follows behind thee. I know not how thou

hast won freedom; but the thought of Morgoth has not forgotten thee. Beware.' 'Do not dote, dotard,

you would say,' answered Hurin. 'I will take this much from you, for your fair voice and our

kinship, but no more! Let us speak of other things, or cease.' Then Manthor was patient, and stayed

long with Hurin, until the evening brought darkness into the cave; and they ate once more together.

Then Manthor commanded that a light should be brought to Hurin; and he took his leave until the

morrow, and went to his booth with a heavy heart.

The next day it was proclaimed that the Folkmoot for Judgement should be held on the

morning following, for already five hundred of the headmen had come in, and that was by custom

deemed the least number which might count as a

full meeting of the Folk. Manthor went early to

find Hurin; but the guards had been changed. Three men of Hardang's own household now stood at

the door, and they were unfriendly.

'The prisoner is asleep,' their leader said. 'And that is well; it may settle his wits.'

'But I am his appointed friend, as was declared yesterday,' said Manthor.

'A friend would leave him in peace, while he may have it. To what good would you wake

him?'

'Why should my coming wake him, more easily than the feet of a jailer?' said Manthor. 'I wish

to see how he sleeps.' 'Do you think all men lie but yourself?'

'Nay, nay; but I think that some would fain forget our laws when they do not suit their

purpose,' answered Manthor. Nonetheless it seemed to him that he would do little good to Hurin's

case if he debated further, and he went away. So it was that many things remained unspoken

between them until too late. For when he returned day was waning. No hindrance was now offered

to his entry, and he found Hurin lying on a pallet; and he noted with anger that he now had fetters

also upon his wrists with a short chain between them.

'A friend delayed is hope denied,' said Hurin. 'I have waited long for thee, but now I am heavy

with sleep and my eyes are dimmed.'

'I came at mid-morning,' said Manthor, 'but they said that thou wert sleeping then.'

'Drowsing, drowsing in wanhope,' said Hurin; 'but thy voice might have recalled me. I have

been so since I broke my fast. That counsel of thine at least I have taken, my friend; but food doth

me ill rather than good. Now I must sleep. But come in the morning! '

Manthor wondered darkly at this. He could not see Hurin's face, for there was little light left,

but bending down he listened to his breathing. Then with a grim face he stood up and took up under

his cloak such food as remained, and went out. 'Well, how did you find the wild man?' said the chief

guard. 'Bemused with sleep,' answered Manthor. 'He must be wakeful tomorrow. Rouse him early.

Bring food for two, for I will come and break fast with him.'

The next day, long before the set time at mid-morn, the Moot began to assemble. Almost a

thousand had now come, for the most part the older men, since the watch on the marches must still

be maintained. Soon all the Moot-ring was filled. This was shaped as a great crescent, with seven

tiers of turf-banks rising up from a smooth floor

delved back into the hillside. A high fence was set

all about it, and the only entry was by a heavy gate in the stockade that closed the open end of the

crescent. In the middle of the lowest tier of seats was set the Angbor or Doom-rock, a great flat

stone upon which the Halad would sit. Those who were brought to judgement stood before the stone

and faced the assembly. There was a great babel of voices; but at a horn-call silence fell, and the

Halad entered, and he had many men of his household with him. The gate was closed behind him,

and he paced slowly to the Stone. Then he stood facing the assembly and hallowed the Moot

according to custom. First he named Manwe and Mandos, after the manner which the Edain had

learned from the Eldar, and then, speaking the old tongue of the Folk which was now out of daily

use, he declared that the Moot was duly set, being the three hundred and first Moot of Brethil,

called to give judgement in a grave matter.

When as custom was all the assembly cried in the same tongue 'We are ready', he took his seat

upon the Angbor, and called in the speech of Beleriand to men that stood by: 'Sound the horn! Let

the prisoner be brought before us!' The horn sounded twice, but for some time no one entered, and

the sound of angry voices could be heard outside

the fence. At length the gate was thrust open, and six men came in bearing Hurin between them.

'I am brought by violence and misuse,' he cried. 'I will not walk slave-fettered to any Moot upon earth, not though Elven-kings should sit there. And while I am bound thus I deny all authority and justice to your dooms.' But the men set him on the ground before the Stone and held him there by force. Now it was the custom of the Moot that, when any man was brought before it, the Halad should be the accuser, and should first in brief recite the misdeed with which he was charged. Whereupon it was his right, by himself or by the mouth of his friend, to deny the charge, or to offer a defence for what he had done. And when these things had been said, if any point was in doubt or was denied by either side, then witnesses were summoned.

Hardang, therefore, now stood up and turning to the assembly he began to recite the charge.

'This prisoner,' he said, 'whom you see before you, names himself Hurin Galdor's son, once of Dorlomin, but long in Angband whence he came hither. Be that as it may.'

But hereupon Manthor arose and came before the Stone. 'By your leave, my lord Halad and Folk!' he cried. 'As friend to the prisoner I claim the right to ask: Is the charge against him any matter that touches the Halad in person? Or has the

Halad any grievance against him?'

'Grievance?' cried Hardang, and anger clouded his wits so that he did not see Manthor's trend.

'Grievance indeed! This is not a new fashion in headgear for the Moot. I come here with wounds

new-dressed.'

'Alas!' said Manthor. 'But if that is so, I claim that the matter cannot be dealt with in this way.

In our law no man may recite an offence against himself; nor may he sit in the seat of judgement

while that charge is heard. Is not this the law?' 'It is the law,' the assembly answered.

'Then,' said Manthor, 'before this charge is heard some other than Hardang son of Hundad

must be appointed to the Stone.' Thereupon many names were cried, but most voices and the loudest

called upon Manthor. 'Nay,' said he, 'I am engaged to one part and cannot be judge. Moreover it is

the Halad's right in such a case to name the one who should take his place, as doubtless he knows

well.'

'I thank you,' said Hardang, 'though I need no self-chosen lawman to teach me.' Then he

looked about him, as if considering whom he should name. But he was in a black anger and all

wisdom failed him. If he had named any of the headmen there present, things might have gone

otherwise. But in an evil moment he chose, and to all men's wonder he cried: 'Avranc Dorlas' son! It

seems that the Halad needs a friend also today, when lawmen are so pert. I summon you to the

Stone.' Silence fell. But when Hardang stepped down and Avranc came to the Stone there was a

loud murmuring like the rumour of a coming storm. Avranc was a young man, not long wedded, and

his youth was taken ill by all the elder headmen that sat there. And he was not loved for himself; for

though he was bold, he was scornful, as was Dorlas his father before him. And dark tales were

whispered concerning Dorlas; for though naught was known for certain, he was found slain far from

the battle with Glaurung, and the reddened sword that lay by him had been the sword of Brandir.

But Avranc took no heed of the murmur, and bore himself airily, as if it were a light matter

soon to be dealt with. 'Well,' he said, 'if that is settled, let us waste no more time! The matter is clear enough.' Then standing up he continued the recital. 'This prisoner, this wild man,' he said, 'comes

from Angband, as you have heard. He was found within our borders. Not by chance, for as he

himself declared, he has an errand here. What that may be he has not revealed, but it cannot be one

of good will. He hates this folk. As soon as he saw us he reviled us. We gave him food and he spat

on it. I have seen Orcs do so, if any were fools enough to show them mercy. From Angband he

comes, it is clear, whatever his name be. But worse followed after. By his own asking he was

brought before the Halad of Brethil - by this man who now calls himself his friend; but when he

came into hall he would not name himself. And when the Halad asked him what was his errand and

bade him rest first and speak of it later, if it pleased him, he began to rave, reviling the Halad, and

suddenly he cast a stool in his face and did him great hurt. It is well for all that he had nothing more deadly to hand, or the Halad would have been slain. As was plainly the prisoner's intent, and it

lessens his guilt very little that the worst did not happen, for which the penalty is death. But even

so, the Halad sat in the great chair in his hall: to revile him there was an evil deed, and to assault

him an outrage.

'This then is the charge against the prisoner: that he came here with evil intent against us, and

against the Halad of Brethil in special (at the bidding of Angband one may guess); that gaining the

presence of the Halad he reviled him, and then sought to slay him in his chair. The penalty is under

the doom of the Moot, but it could justly be death.'

Then it seemed to some that Avranc spoke justly, and to all that he had spoken with skill. For

a while no one raised a voice upon either side. Then Avranc, not hiding his smile, rose again and

said: 'The prisoner may now answer the charge if he

will, but let him be brief and not rave!'

But Hurin did not speak, though he strained against those that held him. 'Prisoner, will you

not speak?' said Avranc, and still Hurin gave no answer. 'So be it,' said Avranc. 'If he will not speak, not even to deny the charge, then there is no more to do. The charge is made good, and the one that

is appointed to the Stone must propound to the Moot a penalty that seems just.' But now Manthor

stood up and said: First he should at least be asked why he will not speak. And to that question

reply may be made by his friend.'

'The question is put,' said Avranc with a shrug. 'If you know the answer give it.'

'Because he is fettered hand and foot,' said Manthor. 'Never before have we dragged to the

Moot in fetters a man yet uncondemned. Still less one of the Edain whose name deserves honour,

whatsoever may have happened since. Yes, "uncondemned" I say; for the accuser has left much

unsaid that this Moot must hear before judgement is given.'

'But this is foolishness,' said Avranc. 'Adan or no, and whatever his name, the prisoner is

ungovernable and malicious. The bonds are a needed precaution. Those who come near him must be

protected from his violence.'

'If you wish to beget violence,' answered Manthor, 'what surer way than openly to dishonour a

proud man, old in years of great grief. And here is one now weakened by hunger and long

journeying, unarmed among a host. I would ask the folk here assembled: do you deem such caution

worthy of the free men of Brethil, or would you rather that we used the courtesy of old?'

'The fetters were put on the prisoner by the order of the Halad,' said Avranc. 'In this he used

his right for the restraint of violence in his hall. Therefore this order cannot be gainsaid save by the full assembly.'

Then there went up a great shout 'Release him, release him! Hurin Thalion! Release Hurin

Thalion!' Not all joined in this cry, yet there were no voices heard on the other side. 'Nay, nay! ' said Avranc. 'Shouting will not avail. In such a case there must be a vote in due form.'

Now by custom in matters grave or doubtful the votes of the Moot were cast with pebbles,

and all who entered bore with them each two pebbles, a black and a white for nay and for yea. But

the gathering and counting would take much time, and meanwhile Manthor saw that with each

moment the mood of Hurin grew worse.

'There is another way more simple,' he said. 'There is no danger here to justify the bonds, and

so think all who have used their voice. The Halad is in the Moot-ring, and he can remit his own

order, if he will.'

'He will,' said Hardang, for it seemed to him that the mood of the assembly was restive, and

he hoped by this stroke to regain its favour. 'Let the prisoner be released, and stand up before you!'

Then the fetters were struck off Hurin's hands and feet. Straightway he stood up, and turning

away from Avranc he faced the assembly. 'I am here,' he said. 'I will answer my name. I am Hurin

Thalion son of Galdor Orchal, Lord of Dorlomin and once a high-captain in the host of Fingon King

of the North-realm. Let no man dare to deny it! That should be enough. I will not plead before you.

Do as you will! Neither will I bandy words with the upstart whom you permit to sit in the high seat.

Let him lie as he will! 'In the name of the Lords of the West, what manner of folk are you, or to

what have you become? While the ruin of Darkness is all about you will you sit here in patience and

hear this runagate guard ask for a doom of death upon me - because I broke the head of an insolent

young man, whether in a chair or out of it? He should have learned how to treat his elders before

you made him your Chieftain forsooth.

'Death? 'Fore Manwe, if I had not endured torment for twenty years and eight, if I were as at

the Nirnaeth, you would not dare to sit here to face me. But I am not dangerous any longer, I hear.

So you are brave. I can stand up unbound to be

baited. I am broken in war and made tame. Tame!

Be not too sure!' He lifted up his arms and knotted his hands. But here Manthor laid a restraining

hand on his shoulder, and spoke earnestly in his ear. 'My lord, you mistake them. Most are your

friends, or would be. But there are proud freemen here too. Let me now speak to them! '

Hardang and Avranc said naught, but smiled one to another, for Hurin's speech, they thought,

did his part no good. But Manthor cried: 'Let the Lord Hurin be given a seat while I speak. His

wrath you will understand better, and maybe forgive, when you have heard me.

'Hear me now, Folk of Brethil. My friend does not deny the main charge, but he claims that he

was misused and provoked beyond bearing. My masters, I was captain of the march-wardens that

found this man asleep by the Haud-en-Elleth. Or asleep he seemed, but he lay rather in weariness

on the brink of awaking, and as he lay he heard, as I fear, words that were spoken.

'There was a man called Avranc Dorlas' son, I remember, as one of my company, and he

should be there still, for such were my orders. As I came behind I heard this Avranc give counsel to

the man who had first found Hurin and guessed at his name. Folk of Brethil, I heard him speak thus.

"It would be better to slay the old man asleep and prevent further trouble. And so the Halad would

be pleased," said he.

'Now maybe you will wonder less that when I called him to full waking and he found men

with weapons all about him, he spoke bitter words to us. One at least of us deserved them. Yet as for

despising our food: he took it from my hands, and he did not spit upon it. He spat it forth, for it

choked him. Have you never, my masters, seen a man half-starved who could not swallow food in

haste though he needed it? And this man was in great grief also and full of anger.

'Nay, he did not disdain our food. Though well he might, if he had known the devices to

which some who dwell here have fallen! Hear me now and believe me, if you may, for witness can

be brought. In his prison the Lord Hurin ate with me, for I used him with courtesy. That was two

days ago. But yesterday he was drowsed and could not speak clearly, nor take counsel with me

against the trial today.'

'Little wonder in that!' cried Hardang.

Manthor paused and looked at Hardang. 'Little wonder indeed, my lord Halad,' he said; 'for

his food had been drugged.'

Then Hardang in wrath cried out: 'Must the drowsy dreams of this dotard be recited to our

weariness?'

'I speak of no dreams,' answered Manthor. 'Witness will answer now. I took away from the

prison food of which Hurin had eaten some. Before witnesses I gave it to a hound, and he lies still

asleep as if dead. Maybe the Halad of Brethil did not contrive this himself, but one who is eager to

please him. But with what lawful purpose? To restrain him from violence, forsooth, when he was

already fettered and in prison? There is malice abroad among us, Folk of Brethil, and I look to the

assembly to amend it!'

At this there was great stir and murmur in the Moot-ring; and when Avranc stood up calling

for silence, the clamour grew greater. At last when the assembly had quieted a little Manthor said:

'May I now continue, for there is more to be said?' 'Proceed!' said Avranc. 'But let your wind be

shortened. And I must warn you all, my masters, to hear this man warily. His good faith cannot be

trusted. The prisoner and he are close akin.'

These words were unwise, for Manthor answered at once: 'It is so indeed. The mother of

Hurin was Hareth daughter of Halmir, once Halad of Brethil, and Hiril her sister was the mother of

my mother. But this lineage does not prove me a liar. More, if Hurin of Dorlomin be akin to me, he

is kinsman of all the House of Haleth. Yea, and of all this Folk. Yet he is treated as an outlaw, a

robber, a wild man without honour! 'Let us proceed then to the chief charge, which the accuser has

said may bear the penalty of death. You see before you the broken head, though it seems to sit firm

on its shoulders and can use its tongue. It was hurt by the cast of a small wooden stool. A wicked

deed, you will say. And far worse when done to the Halad of Brethil in his great chair.

'But my masters, ill deeds may be provoked. Let any one of you in thought set himself in the

place of Hardang son of Hundad. Well, here comes Hurin, Lord of Dorlomin, your kinsman, before

you: head of a great House, a man whose deeds are sung by Elves and Men. But he is now grown

old, dispossessed, grief-laden, travel-worn. He asks to see you. There you sit at ease in your chair.

You do not rise. You do not speak to him. But you eye him up and down as he stands, until he sinks

to the floor. Then of your pity and courtesy you cry: "Bring the old carl a stool!"

'O shame and wonder! He flings it at your head. O shame and wonder rather I say that you so

dishonour your chair, that you so dishonour your hall, that you so dishonour the Folk of Brethil!

'My masters, I freely admit that it would have been better, if the Lord Hurin had shown

patience, marvellous patience. Why did he not wait to see what further slights he must endure? Yet

as I stood in hall and saw all this I wondered, and I still wonder and I ask you to tell me: How do

you like such manners in this man that we have made Halad of Brethil?'

Great uproar arose at this question, until Manthor held up his hand, and suddenly all was still

again. But under cover of the noise Hardang had drawn near to Avranc to speak with him, and

surprised by the silence they spoke too loud, so that Manthor and others also heard Hardang say: 'I

would I had not hindered thy shooting!' And Avranc answered, I will seek a time yet.'

But Manthor proceeded. 'I am answered. Such manners do not please you, I see. Then what

would you have done with the caster of the stool? Bound him, put a halter on his neck, shut him in a

cave, fettered him, drugged his food, and at last dragged him hither and called for his death? Or

would you set him free? Or would you, maybe, ask pardon, or command this Halad to do so?'

Thereupon there was even greater uproar, and men stood up on the turfbanks, clashing their

arms, and crying: 'Free! Free! Set him free!' And many voices were heard also shouting: 'Away with

this Halad! Put him in the caves! '

Many of the older men who sat in the lowest tier ran forward and knelt before Hurin to ask his

pardon; and one offered him a staff, and another gave him a fair cloak and a great belt of silver. And

when Hurin was so clad, and had a staff in hand, he went to the Angbor Stone and stood up on it, in

no wise as a suppliant, but in mien as a king; and facing the assembly he cried in a great voice: 'I

thank you, Masters of Brethil here present, who have released me from dishonour. There is then

justice still in your land, though it has slept and been slow to awake. But now I have a charge to

bring in my turn. 'What is my errand here, it is asked? What think you? Did not Turin my son, and

Nienor my daughter, die in this land? Alas! from afar I have learned much of the griefs that have

here come to pass. Is it then a wonder that a father should seek the graves of his children? More

wonder it is, meseems, that none here have yet ever spoken their names to me.

'Are ye ashamed that ye let Turin my son die for you? That two only dared go with him to

face the terror of the Worm? That none dared go down to succour him when the battle was over,

though the worst evils might thus have been stayed? 'Ashamed ye may be. But this is not my

charge. I do not ask that any in this land should match the son of Hurin in valour. But if I forgive

those griefs, shall I forgive this? Hear me, Men of Brethil! There lies by the Standing Stone that you

raised an old beggar-woman. Long she sat in your land, without fire, without food, without pity.

Now she is dead. Dead. She was Morwen my wife. Morwen Edelwen, the lady elven-fair who bore

Turin the slayer of Glaurung. She is dead.

'If ye, who have some ruth, cry to me that you are guiltless, then I ask who bears the guilt? By

whose command was she thrust out to starve at your doors like an outcast dog? 'Did your Chieftain

contrive this? So I believe. For would he not have dealt with me in like manner, if he could? Such

are his gifts: dishonour, starvation, poison. Have you no part in this? Will you not work all his will?

Then how long, Masters of Brethil, will you endure him? How long will you suffer this man called

Hardang to sit in your chair?'

Now Hardang was aghast at this turn, and his face went white with fear and amazement. But

before he could speak, Hurin pointed a long hand at him. 'See! ' he cried. 'There he stands with a

sneer on his mouth! Does he deem himself safe? For I am robbed of my sword; and I am old and

weary, he thinks. Nay, too often has he called me a wild man. He shall see one! Only hands, hands,

are needed to wring his throat full of lies.'

With that Hurin left the Stone and strode towards Hardang; but he gave back before him,

calling his household-men about him; and they drew off towards the gate. Thus it appeared to many

that Hardang admitted his guilt, and they drew their weapons, and came down from the banks,

crying out upon him.

Now there was peril of battle within the hallowed Ring. For others joined themselves to

Hardang, some without love for him or his deeds, who nonetheless held to their loyalty and would

at least defend him from violence, until he could answer before the Moot.

Manthor stood between the two parties and cried to them to hold their hands and shed no

blood in the Moot-ring; but the spark that he had himself kindled now burst to flame beyond his

quenching, and a press of men thrust him aside. 'Away with this Halad!' they shouted. 'Away with

Hardang, take him to the caves! Down with Hardang! Up Manthor! We will have Manthor!' And

they fell upon the men that barred the way to the gate, so that Hardang might have time to escape.

But Manthor went back to Hurin, who now stood alone by the Stone. 'Alas, lord,' he said, 'I feared

that this day held great peril for us all. There is little I can do, but still I must try to avert the worst evil. They will soon break out, and I must follow. Will you come with me?'

Many fell at the gate on either side ere it was taken. There Avranc fought bravely, and was the

last to retreat. Then as he turned to flee suddenly he drew his bow and shot at Manthor as he stood

by the Stone. But the arrow missed in his haste and hit on the Stone, striking fire beside Manthor as

it broke. 'Next time nearer!' cried Avranc as he fled after Hardang.

Then the rebels burst out of the Ring and hotly pursued Hardang's men to the Obel Halad,

some half mile away. But before they could come there Hardang had gained the hall and shut it

against them; and there he was now besieged. The Hall of the Chieftains stood in a garth with a

round earthwall all about it rising from a dry outer dyke. In the wall there was only one gate, from

which a stone-path led to the great doors. The assailants drove through the gate and swiftly

surrounded all the hall; and all was quiet for a while.

But Manthor and Hurin came to the gate; and Manthor would have a parley, but men said: 'Of

what use are words? Rats will not come out while dogs are abroad.' And some cried: 'Our kin have

been slain, and we will avenge them! '

'Well then,' said Manthor, 'allow me at least to do what I can!'

'Do so!' they said. 'But go not too near, or you may receive a sharp answer.'

Therefore Manthor stood by the gate and lifted up his great voice, crying out to both sides that

they should cease from this kin-slaying. And to those within he promised that all should go free

who came forth without weapons, even Hardang, if he would give his word to stand before the

Moot the next day. 'And no man shall bring any weapon thither,' he said.

But while he spoke there came a shot from a window, and an arrow went by the ear of

Manthor and stood deep in the gate-post. Then the voice of Avranc was heard crying: 'Third time

shall thrive best!'

Now the anger of those without burst forth again, and many rushed to the great doors and

tried to break them down; but there was a sortie, and many were slain or hurt, and others also in the

garth were wounded by shots from the windows. So the assailants being now in mad wrath brought

kindlings and great store of wood and set it by the gate; and they shouted to those within: 'See! the

sun is setting. We give you till nightfall. If you do not come forth ere then, we will burn the hall and you in it!' Then they all withdrew from the garth out of bowshot, but they made a ring of men all

round the outer dyke.

The sun set, and none came from the hall. And when it was dark the assailants came back into

the garth bearing the wood, and they piled it against the walls of the hall. Then some bearing

flaming pine-torches ran across the garth to put fire in the faggots. One was shot to his death, but

others reached the piles and soon they began to blaze.

Manthor stood aghast at the ruin of the hall and the wicked deed of the burning of men. 'Out

of the dark days of our past it comes,' he said, 'before we turned our faces west. A shadow is upon

us.' And he felt one lay a hand on his shoulder, and he turned and saw Hurin who stood behind him,

with a grim face watching the kindling of the fires; and Hurin laughed. 'A strange folk are ye,' he

said. 'Now cold, now hot. First wrath, then ruth. Under your chieftain's feet or at his throat. Down

with Hardang! Up with Manthor! Wilt thou go up?' 'The Folk must choose,' said Manthor. 'And

Hardang still lives.'

'Not for long, I hope,' said Hurin.

Now the fires grew hot and soon the Hall of the Haladin was aflame in many places. The men

within threw out upon the faggots earth and water, such as they had, and great smoke went up. Then

some sought to escape under its cover, but few got through the ring of men; most were taken, or

slain if they fought.

There was a small door at the rear of the hall with a jutting porch that came nearer to the

garth-wall than the great doors in front; and the wall at the back was lower, because the hall was

built on a slope of the hillside. At last when the roof-beams were on fire, Hardang and Avranc crept

out of the rear-door, and they reached the top of the wall and stole down into the dyke, and they

were not marked until they tried to climb out. But then with shouts men ran upon them, though they

did not know who they were. Avranc flung himself at the feet of one that would seize him, so that

he was thrown to the ground, and Avranc sprang up and away and escaped in the mirk. But another

cast a spear at Hardang's back as he ran, and he fell with a great wound.

When it was seen who he was, men lifted him up and laid him before Manthor. 'Set him not

before me,' said Manthor, 'but before the one he misused. I have no grudge against him.' 'Have you

not?' said Hardang. 'Then you must be sure of my death. I think that you have always begrudged

that the Folk chose me to the chair and not you.'

'Think what you will!' said Manthor and he turned away. Then Hardang was aware of Hurin

who was behind. And Hurin stood looking down on Hardang, a dark form in the gloom, but the

light of the fire was on his face, and there Hardang saw no pity.

'You are a mightier man than I, Hurin of Hithlum,' he said. 'I had such fear of your shadow

that all wisdom and largesse forsook me. But now I do not think that any wisdom or mercy would

have saved me from you, for you have none. You came to destroy me, and you at least have not

denied it. But your last lie against me I cast back upon you ere I die. Never' - but with that blood

gushed from his mouth, and he fell back, and said no more.

Then Manthor said: 'Alas! He should not have died thus. Such evil as he wrought did not

merit this end.'

'Why not?' said Hurin. 'He spoke hate from a foul mouth to the last. What lie have I spoken

against him?'

Manthor sighed. 'No lie wittingly maybe,' he said. 'But the last charge that you brought was

false, I deem; and he had no chance to deny it. I would that you had spoken to me of it before the

Moot!'

Hurin clenched his hands. 'It is not false!' he cried. 'She lies where I said. Morwen! She is

dead! '

'Alas! lord, where she died I do not doubt. But of this I judge that Hardang knew no more than

I till you spoke. Tell me, lord: did she ever walk further in this land?'

'I know not. I found her as I said. She is dead.' 'But, lord, if she came no further, but finding

the Stone there sat in grief and despair by the grave of her son, as I can believe, then...'

'What then?' said Hurin.

'Then, Hurin Hadorion, out of the darkness of your woe know this! My lord, so great a grief,

and so great a horror of the things that there came

to pass is upon us that no man and no woman

since the setting up of the Stone has ever again gone nigh to that place. Nay! the Lord Orome

himself might sit by that stone with all his hunt about him, and we should not know. Not unless he

blew his great horn, and even that summons we should refuse!'

'But if Mandos the Just spake, would you not hear him?' said Hurin. 'Now some shall go

thither, if you have any ruth! Or would you let her lie there till her bones are white? Will that

cleanse your land?'

'Nay, nay!' said Manthor. 'I will find some men of great heart and some women of mercy, and

you shall lead us thither, and we will do as you bid. But it is a long road to wend, and this day is

now old in evil. A new day is needed.'

The next day, when the news that Hardang was dead went abroad, a great throng of people

sought for Manthor, crying that he must be Chieftain. But he said: 'Nay, this must be laid before the

full Moot. That cannot be yet; for the Ring is unhallowed, and there are other things more pressing

to do. First I have an errand. I must go to the Field of the Worm and the Stone of the Hapless, where

Morwen their mother lies untended. Will any come with me?'

Then ruth smote the hearts of those that heard him; and though some drew back in fear, many

were willing to go, but among these there were more women than men.

Therefore at length they set off in silence on the path that led down along the falling torrent of

Celebros. Wellnigh eight leagues was that road, and darkness fell ere they came to Nen Girith, and

there they passed the night as they could. And the next morning they went on down the steep way to

the Field of Burning, and they found the body of Morwen at the foot of the Standing Stone. Then

they looked upon her in pity and wonder; for it seemed to them that they beheld a great queen

whose dignity neither age nor beggary nor all the woe of the world had taken from her.

Then they desired to do her honour in death; and some said: 'This is a dark place. Let us lift

her up, and bring the Lady Morwen to the Garth of the Graves and lay her among the House of

Haleth with whom she had kinship.'

But Hurin said: 'Nay, Nienor is not here, but it is fitter that she should lie here near her son

than with any strangers. So she would have chosen.' Therefore they made a grave for Morwen

above Cabed Naeramarth on the west side of the Stone; and when the earth was laid upon her they

carved on the Stone: Here lies also Morwen Edelwen, while some sang in the old tongue the

laments that long ago had been made for those of their people who had fallen on the March far

beyond the Mountains.

And while they sang there came a grey rain and all that desolate place was heavy with grief,

and the roaring of the river was like the mourning of many voices. And when all was ended they

turned away, and Hurin went bowed on his staff. But it is said that after that day fear left that place, though sorrow remained, and it was ever leafless and bare. But until the end of Beleriand women of

Brethil would come with flowers in spring and berries in autumn and sing there a while of the Grey

Lady who sought in vain for her son. And a seer and harp-player of Brethil, Glirhuin, made a song

saying the Stone of the Hapless should not be defiled by Morgoth nor ever thrown down, not though

the Sea should drown all the land. As after indeed befell, and still the Tol Morwen stands alone in

the water beyond the new coasts that were made in the days of the wrath of the Valar. But Hurin

does not lie there, for his doom drove him on, and the Shadow still followed him.

Now when the company had come back to Nen Girith they halted; and Hurin looked back, out

across Taeglin towards the westering sun that came through the clouds; and he was loth to return

into the Forest. But Manthor looked eastward and was troubled, for there was a red glow in the sky

there also. 'Lord,' he said, 'tarry here if you will, and any others who are weary. But I am the last of the Haladin and I fear that the fire which we kindled is not yet quenched. I must go back swiftly,

lest the madness of men bring all Brethil to ruin.' But even as he said this an arrow came from the

trees, and he stumbled and sank to the ground. Then men ran to seek for the bowman; and they saw

a man running like a deer up the path towards the Obel, and they could not overtake him; but they

saw that it was Avranc.

Now Manthor sat gasping with his back to a tree. 'It is a poor archer that will miss his mark at

the third aim,' he said. Hurin leaned on his staff and looked down at Manthor. 'But thou hast missed

thy mark, kinsman,' he said. 'Thou hast been a valiant friend, and yet I think thou wert so hot in the

cause for thyself also. Manthor would have sat more worthily in the chair of the Chieftains.'

'Thou hast a hard eye, Hurin, to pierce all hearts but thine own,' said Manthor. 'Yea, thy

darkness touched me also. Now alas! the Haladin are ended; for this wound is to the death. Was not

this your true errand, Man of the North: to bring ruin upon us to weigh against thine own? The

House of Hador has conquered us, and four now

have fallen under its shadow: Brandir, and

Hunthor, and Hardang, and Manthor. Is that not enough? Wilt thou not go and leave this land ere it

dies?' 'I will,' said Hurin. 'But if the well of my tears were not utterly dried up, I would weep for

thee, Manthor; for thou hast saved me from dishonour, and thou hadst love for my son.' 'Then, lord,

use in peace the little more life that I have won for thee,' said Manthor. 'Do not bring your shadow

upon others!'

'Why, must I not still walk in the world?' said Hurin. 'I will go on till the shadow overtakes

me. Farewell!'

Thus Hurin parted from Manthor. When men came to tend his wound they found that it was

grave, for the arrow had gone deep into his side; and they wished to bear Manthor back as swiftly as

they could to the Obel to have the care of skilled leeches. 'Too late,' said Manthor, and he plucked

out the arrow, and gave a great cry, and was still. Thus ended the House of Haleth, and lesser men

ruled in Brethil in the time that was left. But Hurin stood silent, and when the company departed,

bearing away the body of Manthor, he did not turn. He looked ever west till the sun fell into dark

cloud and the light failed; and then he went down alone towards the Haud-en-Elleth.

The rest of this tale have been lost, and we do not know the truth of what happened later. There is one accoun of it, but the author or authors of it, knowing only some broken stories of those happenings, filled in the breaks with their own inventions, which not always agree with our knowledge. As there is no other, however, it is appended here.

Now Húrin crossed over Teiglin and passed southwards down the ancient road that led to

Nargothrond; and he saw far off to the eastward the lonely height of Amon Rûdh, and knew what

had befallen there. At length he came to the banks of Narog, and ventured the passage of the wild

river upon the fallen stones of the bridge, as Mablung of Doriath had ventured it before him; and he

stood before the broken Doors of Felagund, leaning upon his staff.

Here it must be told that after the departure of Glaurung Mîm the Petty-Dwarf had found his

way to Nargothrond, and crept within the ruined halls; and he took possession of them, and sat there

fingering the gold and the gems, letting them run ever through his hands, for none came nigh to

despoil him, from dread of the spirit of Glaurung and his very memory. But now one had come, and

stood upon the threshold; and Mîm came forth, and demanded to know his purpose. But Húrin said:

'Who are you, that would hinder me from entering

the house of Finrod Felagund?'

Then the Dwarf answered: 'I am Mîm; and before the proud ones came from over the Sea,

Dwarves delved the halls of Nulukkizdîn. I have but returned to take what is mine; for I am the last

of my people.'

'Then you shall enjoy your inheritance no longer,' said Húrin; 'for I am Húrin son of Galdor,

returned out of Angband, and my son was Túrin Turambar, whom you have not forgotten; and he it

was that slew Glaurung the Dragon, who wasted these halls where now you sit; and not unknown is

it to me by whom the Dragon-helm of Dor-lómin was betrayed.'

Then Mîm in great fear besought Húrin to take what he would, but to spare his life; but Húrin

gave no heed to his prayer, and slew him there before the doors of Nargothrond. Then he entered in,

and stayed a while in that dreadful place, where the treasures of Valinor lay strewn upon the floors

in darkness and decay; but it is told that when Húrin came forth from the wreck of Nargothrond and

stood again beneath the sky he bore with him out of all that great hoard but one thing only.

Now Húrin journeyed eastward, and he came to the Meres of Twilight above the Falls of

Sirion; and there he was taken by the Elves that guarded the western marches of Doriath, and

brought before King Thingol in the Thousand Caves. Then Thingol was filled with wonder and grief

when he looked on him, and knew that grim and aged man for Húrin Thalion, the captive of

Morgoth; but he greeted him fairly and showed him honour. Húrin made no answer to the King, but

drew forth from beneath his cloak that one thing which he had taken with him out of Nargothrond;

and that was no lesser treasure than the Nauglamír, the Necklace of the Dwarves, that was made for

Finrod Felagund long years before by the craftsmen of Nogrod and Belegost, most famed of all

their works in the Elder Days, and prized by Finrod while he lived above all the treasures of

Nargothrond. And Húrin cast it at the feet of Thingol with wild and bitter words.

'Receive thou thy fee,' he cried, 'for thy fair keeping of my children and my wife! For this is

the Nauglamír, whose name is known to many among Elves and Men; and I bring it to thee out of

the darkness of Nargothrond, where Finrod thy kinsman left it behind him when he set forth with

Beren son of Barahir to fulfil the errand of Thingol of Doriath!'

Then Thingol looked upon the great treasure, and knew it for the Nauglamír, and well did he

understand Húrin's intent; but being filled with pity he restrained his wrath, and endured Húrin's

scorn. And at the last Melian spoke, and said: 'Húrin Thalion, Morgoth hath bewitched thee; for he

that seeth through Morgoth's eyes, willing or unwilling, seeth all things crooked. Long was Túrin

thy son fostered in the halls of Menegroth, and shown love and honour as the son of the King; and it

was not by the King's will nor by mine that he came never back to Doriath. And afterwards thy wife

and thy daughter were harboured here with honour and goodwill; and we sought by all means that

we might to dissuade Morwen from the road to Nargothrond. With the voice of Morgoth thou dost

now upbraid thy friends.'

And hearing the words of Melian Húrin stood moveless, and he gazed long into the eyes of

the Queen; and there in Menegroth, defended still by the Girdle of Melian from the darkness of the

Enemy, he read the truth of all that was done, and tasted at last the fullness of woe that was

measured for him by Morgoth Bauglir. And he spoke no more of what was past, but stooping lifted

up the Nauglamír from where it lay before Thingol's chair, and he gave it to him, saying: 'Receive

now, lord, the Necklace of the Dwarves, as a gift from one who has nothing, and as a memorial of

Húrin of Dor-lómin. For now my fate is fulfilled, and the purpose of Morgoth achieved; but I am his

thrall no longer.'

Then he turned away, and passed out from the Thousand Caves, and all that saw him fell back

before his face; and none sought to withstand his going, nor did any know whither he went. But it is

said that Húrin would not live thereafter, being bereft of all purpose and desire, and cast himself at

last into the western sea; and so ended the mightiest of the warriors of mortal Men.

But when Húrin was gone from Menegroth, Thingol sat long in silence, gazing upon the great

treasure that lay upon his knees; and it came into his mind that it should be remade, and in it should

be set the Silmaril. For as the years passed Thingol's thought turned unceasingly to the jewel of

Fëanor, and became bound to it, and he liked not to let it rest even behind the doors of his inmost

treasury; and he was minded now to bear it with him always, waking and sleeping.

In those days the Dwarves still came on their journeys into Beleriand from their mansions m

Ered Lindon, and passing over Gelion at Sam Athrad, the Ford of Stones, they travelled the ancient

road to Doriath; for their skill in the working of metal and stone was very great, and there was much

need of their craft in the halls of Menegroth. But they came now no longer in small parties as

aforetime, but in great companies well armed for their protection in the perilous lands between Aros

and Gelion; and they dwelt in Menegroth at such times in chambers and smithies set apart for them.

At that very time great craftsmen of Nogrod were lately come into Doriath; and the King therefore

summoning them declared his desire, that if their skill were great enough they should remake the

Nauglamír, and in it set the Silmaril. Then the Dwarves looked upon the work of their fathers, and

they beheld with wonder the shining jewel of Fëanor; and they were filled with a great lust to

possess them, and carry them off to their far homes in the mountains. But they dissembled their

mind, and consented to the task.

Long was their labour; and Thingol went down alone to their deep smithies, and sat ever

among them as they worked. In time his desire was achieved, and the greatest of the works of Elves

and Dwarves were brought together and made one; and its beauty was very great, for now the

countless jewels of the Nauglamír did reflect and cast abroad in marvellous hues the light of the

Silmaril amidmost. Then Thingol, being alone among them, made to take it up and clasp it about his

neck; but the Dwarves m that moment withheld it from him, and demanded that he yield it up to

them, saying: 'By what right does the Elvenking lay claim to the Nauglamír, that was made by our

fathers for Finrod Felagund who is dead? It has come to him but by the hand of Húrin the Man of

Dor-lómin, who took it as a thief out of the darkness of Nargothrond.' But Thingol perceived their

hearts, and saw well that desiring the Silmaril they sought but a pretext and fair cloak for their true

intent; and in his wrath and pride he gave no heed to his peril, but spoke to them in scorn, saying:

'How do ye of uncouth race dare to demand aught of me, Elu Thingol, Lord of Beleriand, whose life

began by the waters of Cuiviénen years uncounted ere the fathers of the stunted people awoke?' And

standing tall and proud among them he bade them with shameful words be gone unrequited out of

Doriath.

Then the lust of the Dwarves was kindled to rage by the words of the King; and they rose up

about him, and laid hands on him, and slew him as he stood. So died in the deep places of

Menegroth Elwë Singollo, King of Doriath, who alone of all the Children of Ilúvatar was joined

with one of the Ainur; and he who, alone of the Forsaken Elves, had seen the light of the Trees of

Valinor, with his last sight gazed upon the Silmaril.

Then the Dwarves taking the Nauglamír passed out of Menegroth and fled eastwards through

Region. But tidings went swiftly through the forest, and few of that company came over Aros, for

they were pursued to the death as they sought the eastward road; and the Nauglamír was retaken,

and brought back in bitter grief to Melian the

Queen. Yet two there were of the slayers of Thingol

who escaped from the pursuit on the eastern marches, and returned at last to their city far off in the

Blue Mountains; and there in Nogrod they told somewhat of all that had befallen, saying that the

Dwarves were slain in Doriath by command of the Elvenking, who thus would cheat them of their

reward.

Then great was the wrath and lamentation of the Dwarves of Nogrod for the death of their kin

and their great craftsmen, and they tore their beards, and wailed; and long they sat taking thought

for vengeance. It is told that they asked aid from Belegost, but it was denied them, and the Dwarves

of Belegost sought to dissuade them from their purpose; but their counsel was unavailing, and ere

long a great host came forth from Nogrod, and crossing over Gelion marched westward through

Beleriand.

* * *

Upon Doriath a heavy change had fallen. Melian sat long in silence beside Thingol the King,

and her thought passed back into the starlit years and to their first meeting among the nightingales

of Nan Elmoth in ages past; and she knew that her parting from Thingol was the forerunner of a

greater parting, and that the doom of Doriath was drawing nigh. For Melian was of the divine race

of the Valar, and she was a Maia of great power and wisdom; but for love of Elwë Singollo she took

upon herself the form of the Elder Children of Ilúvatar, and in that union she became bound by the

chain and trammels of the flesh of Arda. In that form she bore to him Lúthien Tinúviel; and in that

form she gained a power over the substance of Arda, and by the Girdle of Melian was Doriath

defended through long ages from the evils without. But now Thingol lay dead, and his spirit had

passed to the halls of Mandos; and with his death a change came also upon Melian. Thus it came to

pass that her power was withdrawn in that time from the forests of Neldoreth and Region, and

Esgalduin the enchanted river spoke with a different voice, and Doriath lay open to its enemies.

Thereafter Melian spoke to none save to Mablung only, bidding him take heed to the Silmaril,

and to send word speedily to Beren and Lúthien in Ossiriand; and she vanished out of Middle-earth,

and passed to the land of the Valar beyond the western sea, to muse upon her sorrows in the gardens

of Lórien, whence she came, and this tale speaks of her no more.

Thus it was that the host of the Naugrim crossing over Aros passed unhindered into the woods

of Doriath; and none withstood them, for they were many and fierce, and the captains of the Grey-

elves were cast into doubt and despair, and went hither and thither purposeless. But the Dwarves

held on their way, and passed over the great bridge, and entered into Menegroth; and there befell a

thing most grievous among the sorrowful deeds of the Elder Days. For there was battle in the

Thousand Caves, and many Elves and Dwarves were slain; and it has not been forgotten. But the

Dwarves were victorious, and the halls of Thingol were ransacked and plundered. There fell

Mablung of the Heavy Hand before the doors of the treasury wherein lay the Nauglamír; and the

Silmaril was taken.

At that time Beren and Lúthien yet dwelt in Tol Galen, the Green Isle, in the River Adurant,

southernmost of the streams that falling from Ered Lindon flowed down to join with Gelion; and

their son Dior Eluchíl had to wife Nimloth, kinswoman of Celeborn, prince of Doriath, who was

wedded to the Lady Galadriel. The sons of Dior and Nimloth were Eluréd and Elurín; and a

daughter also was born to them, and she was named Elwing, which is Star-spray, for she was born

on a night of stars, whose light glittered in the spray of the waterfall of Lanthir Lamath beside her

father's house.

Now word went swiftly among the Elves of Ossiriand that a great host of Dwarves bearing

gear of war had come down out of the mountains and passed over Gelion at the Ford of Stones.

These tidings came soon to Beren and Lúthien; and in that time also a messenger came to them out

of Doriath telling of what had befallen there. Then Beren arose and left Tol Galen, and summoning

to him Dior his son they went north to the River Ascar; and with them went many of the Green-

elves of Ossiriand.

Thus it came to pass that when the Dwarves of Nogrod, returning from Menegroth with

diminished host, came again to Sarn Athrad, they were assailed by unseen enemies; for as they

climbed up Gelion's banks burdened with the spoils of Doriath, suddenly all the woods were filled

with the sound of elven-horns, and shafts sped upon them from every side. There very many of the

Dwarves were slain in the first onset; but some escaping from the ambush held together, and fled

eastwards towards the mountains. And as they climbed the long slopes beneath Mount Dolmed

there came forth the Shepherds of the Trees, and they drove the Dwarves into the shadowy woods

of Ered Lindon: whence, it is said, came never one

to climb the high passes that led to their homes.

In that battle by Sarn Athrad Beren fought his last fight, and himself slew the Lord of Nogrod,

and wrested from him the Necklace of the Dwarves; but he dying laid his curse upon all the

treasure. Then Beren gazed in wonder on the selfsame jewel of Fëanor that he had cut from

Morgoth's iron crown, now shining set amid gold and gems by the cunning of the Dwarves; and he

washed it clean of blood in the waters of the river. And when all was finished the treasure of

Doriath was drowned in the River Ascar, and from that time the river was named anew, Rathlóriel,

the Goldenbed; but Beren took the Nauglamír and returned to Tol Galen. Little did it ease the grief

of Lúthien to learn that the Lord of Nogrod was slain and many Dwarves beside; but it is said and

sung that Lúthien wearing that necklace and that immortal jewel was the vision of greatest beauty

and glory that has ever been outside the realm of Valinor; and for a little while the Land of the Dead

that Live became like a vision of the land of the Valar, and no place has been since so fair, so

fruitful, or so filled with light.

Now Dior Thingol's heir bade farewell to Beren and Lúthien, and departing from Lanthir

Lamath with Nimloth his wife he came to Menegroth, and abode there; and with them went their

young sons Eluréd and Elurín, and Elwing their daughter. Then the Sindar received them with joy,

and they arose from the darkness of their grief for fallen kin and King and for the departure of

Melian; and Dior Eluchíl set himself to raise anew the glory of the kingdom of Doriath.

There came a night of autumn, and when it grew late, one came and smote upon the doors of

Menegroth, demanding admittance to the King. He was a lord of the Green-elves hastening from

Ossiriand, and the door-wards brought him to where Dior sat alone in his chamber; and there in

silence he gave to the King a coffer, and took his leave. But in that coffer lay the Necklace of the

Dwarves, wherein was set the Silmaril; and Dior looking upon it knew it for a sign that Beren

Erchamion and Lúthien Tinúviel had died indeed, and gone where go the race of Men to a fate

beyond the world.

Long did Dior gaze upon the Silmaril, which his father and mother had brought beyond hope

out of the terror of Morgoth; and his grief was great that death had come upon them so soon. But

the wise have said that the Silmaril hastened their end; for the flame of the beauty of Lúthien as she

wore it was too bright for mortal lands.

Then Dior arose, and about his neck he clasped the Nauglamír; and now he appeared as the

fairest of all the children of the world, of threefold race: of the Edain, and of the Eldar, and of the Maiar of the Blessed Realm.

But now the rumour ran among the scattered Elves of Beleriand that Dior Thingol's heir wore the Nauglamír, and they said: 'A Silmaril of Fëanor burns again in the woods of Doriath'; and the oath of the sons of Fëanor was waked again from sleep. For while Lúthien wore the Necklace of the Dwarves no Elf would dare to assail her; but now hearing of the renewal of Doriath and of Dior's pride the seven gathered again from wandering, and they sent to him to claim their own.

But Dior returned no answer to the sons of Fëanor; and Celegorm stirred up his brothers to prepare an assault upon Doriath. They came at unawares in the middle of winter, and fought with Dior in the Thousand Caves; and so befell the second slaying of Elf by Elf. There fell Celegorm by Dior's hand, and there fell Curufin, and dark Caranthir; but Dior was slain also, and Nimloth his wife, and the cruel servants of Celegorm seized his young sons and left them to starve in the forest.

Of this Maedhros indeed repented, and sought for them long in the woods of Doriath; but his search was unavailing, and of the fate of Eluréd and Elurín no tale tells.

Thus Doriath was destroyed, and never rose again.

But the sons of Fëanor gained not what they sought; for a remnant of the people fled before

them, and with them was Elwing Dior's daughter, and they escaped, and bearing with them the

Silmaril they came in time to the mouths of the River Sirion by the sea.

Chapter 23

Of Tuor and the Fall of Gondolin

Rían, wife of Huor, dwelt with the people of the House of Hador; but when rumour came to Dor-

lómin of the Nirnaeth Arnoediad, and yet she could hear no news of her lord, she became distraught

and wandered forth into the wild alone. There she would have perished, but the Grey-elves came to

her aid. For there was a dwelling of this people in the mountains westward of Lake Mithrim; and

thither they led her, and she was there delivered of a son before the end of the Year of Lamentation.

And Rían said to the Elves: "Let him be called Tuor, for that name his father chose, ere war

came between us. And I beg of you to foster him, and to keep him hidden in your care; for I

forebode that great good, for Elves and Men, shall come from him. But I must go in search of Huor,

my lord."

Then the Elves pitied her; but one Annael, who alone of all that went to war from that people

had returned from the Nirnaeth, said to her: "Alas, lady, it is known now that Huor fell at the side of Húrin his brother; and he lies, I deem, in the great hill of slain that the Orcs have raised upon the

field of battle."

Therefore Rían arose and left the dwelling of the Elves, and she passed through the land of

Mithrim and came at last to the Haudhen-Ndengin in the waste of Anfauglith, and there she laid her

down and died. But the Elves cared for the infant son of Huor, and Tuor grew up among them; and

he was fair of face, and golden-haired after the manner of his father's kin, and he became strong and

tall and valiant, and being fostered by the Elves he had lore and skill no less than the princes of the

Edain, ere ruin came upon the North.

But with the passing of the years the life of the former folk of Hithlum, such as still remained.

Elves or Men, became ever harder and more perilous. For as is elsewhere told, Morgoth broke his

pledges to the Easterlings that had served him, and he denied to them the rich lands of Beleriand

which they had coveted, and be drove away these evil folk into Hithlum, and there commanded

them to dwell. And though they loved Morgoth no longer, they served him still in fear, and hated all

the Elven-folk; and they despised the remnant of the House of Hador (the aged and women and

children, for the most part), and they oppressed them, and wedded their women by force, and took

their lands and goods, and enslaved their children. Orcs came and went about the land as they

would, pursuing the lingering Elves into the fastnesses of the mountains, and taking many captive

to the mines of Angband to labour as the thralls of Morgoth.

Therefore Annael led his small people to the caves of Androth, and there they lived a hard and

wary life, until Tuor was sixteen years of age and was become strong and able to wield arms, the

axe and bow of the Grey-elves; and his heart grew hot within him at the tale of the griefs of his

people, and he wished to go forth and avenge them on the Orcs and Easterlings. But Annael forbade

this.

"Far hence, I deem, your doom lies, Tuor son of Huor," he said. "And this land shall not be freed from the shadow of Morgoth until Thangorodrim itself be overthrown. Therefore we are

resolved at last to forsake it, and to depart into the South; and with us you shall go."

"But how shall we escape the net of our enemies?" said Tuor. "For the marching of so many together will surely be marked."

"We shall not march through the land openly," said Annael; "and if our fortune is good we shall come to the secret way which we call Annon-in-Gelydh, the Gate of the Noldor; for it was

made by the skill of that people, long ago in the days of Turgon."

At that name Tuor was stirred, though he knew not why; and he questioned Annael

concerning Turgon. "He is a son of Fingolfin," said Annael, "and is now accounted High King of the Noldor, since the fall of Fingon. For he lives yet, most feared of the foes of Morgoth, and he

escaped from the ruin of the Nirnaeth, when Hurin of Dor-1ómin and Huor your father held the

passes of Sirion behind him."

"Then I will go and seek Turgon," said Tuor; "for surely he will lend me aid for my father's sake?"

"That you cannot," said Annael. "For his stronghold is hidden from the eyes of Elves and

Men, and we know not where it stands. Of the Noldor some, maybe, know the way thither, but they

will speak of it to none. Yet if you would have speech with them, then come with me, as I bid you;

for in the far havens of the South you may meet with wanderers from the Hidden Kingdom."

Thus it came to pass that the Elves forsook the caves of Androth, and Tuor went with them.

But their enemies kept watch upon their dwellings, and were soon aware of their march; and they

had not gone far from the hills into the plain before

they were assailed by a great force of Orcs and

Easterlings, and they were scattered far and wide, fleeing into the gathering night. But Tuor's heart

was kindled with the fire of battle, and he would not flee, but boy as he was he wielded the axe as

his father before him, and for long he stood his ground and slew many that assailed him; but at the

last be was overwhelmed and taken captive and led before Lorgan the Easterling. Now this Lorgan

was held the chieftain of the Easterlings and claimed to rule all Dor-1ómin as a fief under Morgoth;

and he took Tuor to be his slave. Hard and bitter then was his life; for it pleased Lorgan to treat

Tuor the more evilly as he was of the kin of the former lords, and he sought to break, if he could,

the pride of the House of Hador. But Tuor saw wisdom, and endured all pains and taunts with

watchful patience; so that in time his lot was somewhat lightened, and at the least be was not

starved, as were many of Lorgan's unhappy thralls. For he was strong and skilful, and Lorgan fed

his beasts of burden well, while they were young and could work.

But after three years of thraldom Tuor saw at last a chance of escape. He was come now

almost to his full stature, taller and swifter than any of the Easterlings; and being sent with other

thralls on an errand of labour into the woods he turned suddenly on the guards and slew them with

an axe, and fled into the hills. The Easterlings hunted him with dogs, but without avail; for wellnigh

all the hounds of Lorgan were his friends, and if they came up with him they would fawn upon him,

and then run homeward at his command. Thus he came back at last to the caves of Androth and

dwelt there alone. And for four years he was an outlaw in the land of his fathers, grim and solitary;

and his name was feared, for he went often abroad, and slew many of the Easterlings that he came

upon. Then they set a great price upon his head; but they did not dare to come to his hiding-place,

even with strength of men, for they feared the Elven-folk, and shunned the caves where they had

dwelt. Yet it is said that Tuor's journeys were not made for the purpose of vengeance; rather he

sought ever for the Gate of the Noldor, of which Annael had spoken. But he found it not, for he

knew not where to look, and such a few of the Elves as lingered still in the mountains had not heard

of it.

Now Tuor knew that, though fortune still favoured him, yet in the end the days of an outlaw

are numbered, and are ever few and without hope. Nor was he willing to live thus for ever a wild

man in the houseless hills, and his heart urged him ever to great deeds. Herein, it is said, the power

of Ulmo was shown. For he gathered tidings of all that passed in Beleriand, and every stream that

flowed from Middle-earth to the Great Sea was to him a messenger, both to and fro; and he

remained also in friendship, as of old, with Círdan and the Shipwrights at the Mouths of Sirion. And

at this time most of all Ulmo gave heed to the fates of the House of Hador, for in his deep counsels

he purposed that they should play great part in his design for the succour of the Exiles; and he knew

well of the plight of Tuor, for Annael and many of his folk had indeed escaped from Dor-lómin and

came at last to Círdan in the far South.

Thus it came to pass that on a day in the beginning of the year (twenty and three since

Nirnaeth) Tuor sat by a spring that trickled forth near to the door of the cave where he dwelt; and he

looked out westward towards the cloudy sunset. Then suddenly it came into his heart that he would

wait no longer, but would arise and go. "I will leave now the grey land of my kin that are no more,"

he cried, "and I will go in search of my doom! But whither shall I turn? Long have I sought the Gate and found it not."

Then he took up harp which he bore ever with him, being skilled in playing upon its strings,

and heedless of the peril of his clear voice alone in the waste he sang an elven-song of the North for

the uplifting of hearts. And even as he sang the well

at his feet began to boil with great increase of

water, and it overflowed, and a rill ran noisily down the rocky hillside before him. And Tuor took

this as a sign, and he arose at once and followed after it. Thus he came down from the tall hills of

Mithrim and passed out into the northward plain of Dor-lómin; and ever the stream grew as he

followed it westward, until after three days he could descry in the west the long grey rides of Ered

Lómin that in those regions marched north and south, fencing off the far coastlands of the Western

Shores. To those hills in all his journeys Tuor had never come.

Now the land became more broken and stony again, as it approached the hills, and soon it

began to rise before Tuor's feet, and the stream went down into a cloven bed. But even as dim dusk

came on the third day of his journey, Tuor found before him a wall of rock, and there was an

opening therein like a great arch; and the stream passed in and was lost. Then Tuor was dismayed,

and he said: "So my hope has cheated me! The sign in the hills has led me only to dark end in the

midst of the land of my enemies." And grey at heart he sat among the rocks on the high bank of the

stream, keeping watch through a bitter fireless night; for it was yet but the month of Súlimë, and no

stir of spring had come to that far northern land, and a shrill wind blew from the East.

But even as the light of the coming sun shone pale in the far mists of Mithrim, Tuor heard

voices, and looking down he saw in amazement two Elves that waded in the shallow water; and as

they climbed up steps hewn in the bank, Tuor stood up and called to them. At once they drew their

bright swords and sprang towards him. Then he saw that they were grey-cloaked but mail-clad

under; and he marvelled, for they were fairer and more fell to look upon, because of the light of

their eyes, than any of the Elven-folk that he yet had known. He stood to his full height and awaited

them; but when they saw that he drew no weapon, but stood alone and greeted them in the Elven-

tongue, they sheathed their swords and spoke courteously to him. And one said: "Gelmir and

Arminas we are, of Finarfin's people. Are you not one of the Edain of old that dwelt in these lands

ere the Nirnaeth? And indeed of the kindred of Hador and Húrin I deem you; for so the gold of your

head declares you."

And Tuor answered: "Yea, I am Tuor, son of Huor, son of Galdor, son of Hador; but now at

last I desire to leave this land where I am outlawed and kinless."

"Then," said Gelmir, "if you would escape and find the havens in the South, already your feet have been guided on the right road."

"So I thought," said Tuor. "For I followed a sudden spring of water in the hills, until it joined this treacherous stream. But now I know not whither to turn, for it has gone into darkness."

"Through darkness one may come to the light," said Gelmir.

"Yet one will walk under the Sun while one may," said Tuor. "But since you are of that

people, tell me if you can where lies the Gate of the Noldor. For I have sought it long, ever since

Annael my foster-father of the Grey-elves spoke of it to me."

Then the Elves laughed, and said: "Your search is ended; for we have ourselves just passed

that Gate. There it stands before you!" And they pointed to the arch into which the water flowed.

"Come now! Through darkness you shall come to the light. We will set your feet on the road, but we

cannot guide you far; for we are sent back to the lands whence we fled upon an urgent errand."

"But fear not," said Gelmir: "a great doom is written upon your brow, and it shall lead you far from these lands, far indeed from Middle-earth, as I guess."

Then Tuor followed the Noldor down the steps and waded in the cold water, until they passed

into the shadow beyond the arch of stone. And then Gelmir brought forth one of those lamps for

which the Noldor were renowned; for they were made of old in Valinor, and neither wind nor water

could quench them, and when they were unhooded they sent forth a clear blue light from a flame

imprisoned in white crystal. Now by the light that Gelmir held above his head Tuor saw that the

river began to go suddenly down a smooth slope into a great tunnel, but beside its rock-hewn course

there ran long flights of steps leading on and downward into a deep gloom beyond the beam of the

lamp.

When they had come to the foot of the rapids they stood under a great dome of rock, and there

the river rushed over a steep fall with a great noise that echoed in the vault, and it passed then on

again beneath another arch into a further tunnel. Beside the falls the Noldor halted, and bade Tuor

farewell.

"Now we must return and go our ways with all speed," said Gelmir; "for matters of great peril are moving in Beleriand."

"Is then the hour come when Turgon shall come forth?" said Tuor.

Then the Elves looked at him in amazement. "That is a matter which concerns the Noldor

rather than the sons of Men." said Arminas. "What know you of Turgon?"

"Little," said Tuor; "save that my father aided his escape from the Nirnaeth, and that in his hidden stronghold dwells the hope of the Noldor. Yet, though I know not why, ever his name stirs in

my heart, and comes to my lips. And had I my will, I would go in search of him, rather than tread

this dark way of dread. Unless, perhaps, this secret road is the way to his dwelling?"

"Who shall say?" answered the Elf. "For since the dwelling of Turgon is hidden, so also are the ways thither. I know them not, though I have sought them long. Yet if I knew them, I would not

reveal them to you, nor to any among Men."

But Gelmir said: "Yet I have heard that your House has the favour of the Lord of Waters. And

if his counsels lead you to Turgon, then surely shall you come to him, withersoever yon turn.

Follow now the road to which the water has brought you from the hills, and fear not! You shall not

walk long in darkness. Farewell! And think not that our meeting was by chance; for the Dweller in

the Deep moves many things in this land still. Anar kaluva tielyanna?!"

With that the Noldor turned and went back up the long stairs; but Tuor stood still, until the

light of their lamp was lost, and he was alone in a darkness deeper than night amid the roaring of

the falls. Then summoning his courage he set his left hand to the rock-wall, and felt his way

forward, slowly at first, and then more quickly, as he became more used to the darkness and found

nothing to hinder him. And after a great while, as it seemed to him, when he was weary and yet

unwilling to rest in the black tunnel, he saw far before him a light; and hastening on he came to a

tall and narrow cleft, and followed the noisy stream between its leaning walls out into a golden

evening. For he was come into a deep ravine with tall sheer sides, and it ran straight towards the

West; and before him the setting sun, going down through a clear sky, shone into the ravine and

kindled its walls with yellow fire, and the waters of the river glittered like gold as they broke and

foamed upon many gleaming stones.

In that deep place Tuor went on now in great hope and delight, finding a path beneath the

southern wall, where there lay a long and narrow strand. And when night came, and the river rushed

on unseen, save for a glint of high stars mirrored in dark pools, then he rested, and slept; for he felt no fear beside that water, in which the power of Ulmo ran.

With the coming of day he went on again without haste. The sun rose behind his back and set

before his face, and where the water foamed among the boulders or rushed over sudden falls, at

morning and evening rainbows were woven across the stream. Wherefore he named that ravine

Cirith Ninniach.

Thus Tuor journeyed slowly for three days, drinking the cold water but desiring no food,

though there were many fish that shone as gold and silver, or gleamed with colours like to the

rainbows in the spray above. And on the fourth day the channel grew wider, and its walls lower and

less sheer; but the river ran deeper and more strongly, for high hills now marched on either side, and

fresh waters spilled from them into Cirith Ninniach over shimmering falls. There long while Tuor

sat, watching the swirling of the stream and listening to its endless voice, until night came again and

stars shone cold and white in the dark lane of sky above him. Then he lifted up his voice, and

plucked the strings of his harp, and above the noise of the water the sound of his song and the sweet

thrilling of the harp were echoed in the stone and multiplied, and went forth and rang in the night-

clad hills, until all the empty land was filled with music beneath the stars. For though he knew it

not, Tuor was now come to the Echoing Mountains of Lammoth about the Firth of Drengist. There

once long ago Fëanor had landed from the sea, and the voices of his host were swelled to a mighty

clamour upon the coasts of the North ere the rising of the Moon.

Then Tuor was filled with wonder and stayed his song, and slowly the music died in the hills,

and there was silence. And then amid the silence he heard in the air above him a strange cry; and he

knew not of what creature that cry came. Now he said: "It is a fay-voice," now: "Nay, it is a small beast that is wailing in the waste"; and then, hearing it again, he said: "Surely, it is the cry of some nightfaring bird that I know not." And it seemed to him a mournful sound, and yet he desired

nonetheless to hear it and follow it, for it called him, he knew not whither.

The next morning he heard the same voice above his head, and looking up he saw three great

white birds beating down the ravine against the westerly wind, and their strong wings shone in the

new-risen sun, and as they passed over him they wailed aloud. Thus for the first time he beheld the

great gulls, beloved of the Teleri. Then Tuor arose to follow them, and so that he might better mark

whither they flew he climbed the cliff upon his left hand, and stood upon the top, and felt a great

wind out of the West rush against his face; and his hair streamed from his head. And he drank deep

of that new air, and said: "This uplifts the heart like the drinking of cool wine!" But he knew not that the wind came fresh from the Great Sea.

Now Tuor went on once more, seeking the gulls, high above the river; and as he went the

sides of the ravine drew together again, and he came to a narrow channel, and it was filled with a

great noise of water. And looking down Tuor saw a great marvel, as it seemed to him; for a wild

flood came up the narrows and strove with the river that would still press on, and a wave like a wall

rose up almost to the cliff-top, crowned with foam-crests flying in the wind. Then the channel,

drowning it in deep water, and the rolling of the boulders was like thunder as it passed. Thus Tuor

was saved by the call of the sea-birds from death in the rising tide; and that was very great because

of the season of the year and of the high wind from the sea.

But now Tuor was dismayed by the fury of the strange waters, and he turned aside and went

away southward, and so came not to the long shores of the Firth of Drengist, but wandered still for

some days in a rugged country bare of trees; and it was swept by a wind from the sea, and all that

grew there, herb or bush, leaned ever to the dawn because of the prevalence of that wind from the

West. In this way Tuor passed into the borders of Nevrast, where once Turgon had dwelt; and at last

at unawares (for the cliff-tops at the margin of the land were higher than the slopes behind) he came

suddenly to the black brink of Middle-earth, and saw the Great Sea, Belegaer the Shoreless. And at

that hour the sun went down beyond the rim of the world, as a mighty fire; and Tuor stood alone

upon the cliff with outspread arms, and a great yearning filled his heart. It is said that he was the

first of Men to reach the Great Sea, and that none, save the Eldar, have ever felt more deeply the

longing that it brings.

Tuor tarried many days in Nevrast, and it seemed good to him, for that land, being fenced by

mountains from the North and East and nigh to the sea, was milder and more kindly than the plains

of Hithlum. He was long used to dwell alone as a hunter in the wild, and he found no lack of food;

for spring was busy in Nevrast, and the air was filled with the noise of birds, both those that dwelt

in multitudes upon the shores and those that teemed in the marshes of Linaewen in the midst of the

hollow land; but in those days no voice of Elves or Men was heard in all the solitude.

To the borders of the great mere Tuor came, but its waters were beyond his reach, because of

the wide mires and the pathless forests of reeds that lay all about; and soon he turned away, and

went back to the coast, for the Sea drew him, and be was not willing to dwell long where he could

not hear the sound of its waves. And in the shorelands Tuor first found traces of the Noldor of old.

For among the tall and sea-hewn cliffs south of Drengist there were many coves and sheltered

inlets, with beaches of white sand among the black gleaming rocks, and leading down to such

places Tuor found often winding stairs cut in the living stone; and by the water-edge were ruined

quays, built of great blocks hewn from the cliffs, where Elven-ships had once been moored. In those

regions Tuor long remained, watching the ever-changing sea, while through spring and summer the

slow year wore on, and darkness deepened in Beleriand, and the autumn of the doom of

Nargothrond drew near.

And, maybe, birds saw from afar the fell winter that was to come; 5 for those that were wont

to go south gathered early to depart, and others that used to dwell in the North came from their

homes to Nevrast. And one day, as Tuor sat upon the shore, he heard the rush and whine of great

wings, and he looked up and saw seven white swans flying in a swift wedge southward. But as they

came above him they wheeled and flew suddenly down, and alighted with a great plash and

churning of water.

Now Tuor loved swans, which he knew on the grey pools of Mithrim; and the swan moreover

had been the token of Annael and his foster-folk. He rose therefore to greet the birds, and called to

them, marvelling to behold that they were greater and prouder than any of their kind that he had

seen before; but they beat their wings and uttered harsh cries, as if they were wroth with him and

would drive him from the shore. Then with a great noise they rose again from the water and flew

above his head, so that the rush of their wings blew

upon him as a whistling wind; and wheeling in

a wide circle they ascended into the high air and went away south.

Then Tuor cried aloud: "Here now comes another sign that I have tarried too long!" And

straightway he climbed to the cliff-top, and there he beheld the swans still wheeling on high; but

when be turned southward and set out to follow them, they flew swiftly away.

Now Tuor journeyed south along the coast for full seven days, and each morning he was

aroused by the rush of wings above him in the dawn, and each day the swans flew on as he followed

after. And as he went the great cliffs became lower, and their tops were clothed deep with flowering

turf; and away eastward there were woods turning yellow in the waning of the year. But before him,

drawing ever nearer, he saw a line of great hills that barred his way, marching westward until they

ended in a tall mountain: a dark and cloud-helmed tower reared upon mighty shoulders above a

great green cape thrust out into the sea.

Those grey hills were indeed the western outliers of Ered Wethrin, the north-fence of

Beleriand, and the mountain was Mount Taras, westernmost of all the towers of that land, whose

head a mariner would first descry across the miles of the sea, as be drew near to the mortal shores.

Beneath its long slopes in bygone days Turgon had dwelt in the halls of Vinyamar, eldest of all the

works of stone that the Noldor built in the lands of their exile. There it still stood, desolate but

enduring, high upon great terraces that looked towards the sea. The years had not shaken it, and the

servants of Morgoth had passed it by; but wind and rain and frost had graven it, and upon the

coping of its walls and the great shingles of its roof there was a deep growth of grey-green plants

that, living upon the salt air, throve even in the cracks of barren stone.

Now Tuor came to the ruins of a lost road, and he passed amid green mounds and leaning

stones, and so came as the day was waning to the old hall and its high and windy courts. No shadow

of fear or evil lurked there, but an awe fell upon him, thinking of those that had dwelt there and had

gone, none knew whither: the proud people, deathless but doomed, from far beyond the Sea. And he

turned and looked, as often their eyes had looked, out across the glitter of the unquiet waters to the

end of sight. Then he turned back again, and saw that the swans had alighted on the highest terrace,

and stood before the west-door of the hall; and they beat their wings, and it seemed to him that they

beckoned him to enter. Then Tuor went up the wide stairs, now half-hidden in thrift and campion,

and he passed under the mighty lintel and entered the shadows of the house of Turgon; and he came

at last to a high-pillared hall. If great it had appeared from without, now vast and wonderful it

seemed to Tuor from within, and for awe he wished not to awake the echoes in its emptiness.

Nothing could he see there, save at the eastern end a high seat upon a dais, and softly as he might he

paced towards it; but the sound of his feet rang upon the paved floor as the steps of doom, and

echoes ran before him along the pillared aisles.

As he stood before the great chair in the gloom, and saw that it was hewn of a single stone

and written with strange signs, the sinking sun drew level with a high window under the westward

gable, and a shaft of light smote the wall before him, and glittered as it were upon burnished metal.

Then Tuor marvelling saw that on the wall behind the throne were hung a shield and a great

hauberk, and a helm and a long sword in a sheath. The hauberk shone as it were wrought of silver

untarnished, and the sunbeam gilded it with sparks of gold. But the shield was of a shape strange to

Tuor's eyes, for it was long and tapering; and its field was blue, in the midst of which was wrought

an emblem of a white swan's wing. Then Tuor spoke, and his voice rang as a challenge in the roof:

"By this token I will take these arms unto myself, and upon myself whatsoever doom they bear." 6

And he lifted down the shield and found it light and wieldy beyond his guess; for it was wrought, it

seemed, of wood, but overlaid by the craft of Elven-smiths with plates of metal, strong yet thin a

foil, whereby it had been preserved from worm and weather.

Then Tuor arrayed himself in the hauberk, and set the helm upon his head, and he girt himself

with the sword; black were sheath and belt with clasps of silver. Thus armed he went forth from

Turgon's hall, and stood upon the high terraces of Taras in the red light of the sun. None were there

to see him, as he gazed westward, gleaming in silver and gold, and he knew not that in that hour he

appeared as one of the Mighty of the West, and fit to be the father of the kings of the Kings of Men

beyond the Sea, as it was indeed his doom to be; 7 but in the taking of those arms a change came

upon Tuor son of Huor, and his heart grew great within him. And as he stepped down from the

doors the swans did him reverence, and plucking each a great feather from their wings they

proffered them to him, laying their long necks upon the stone before his feet; and he took the seven

feathers and set them in the crest of his helm, and straightway the swans arose and flew north in the

sunset, and Tuor saw them no more.

Now Tuor felt his feet drawn to the sea-strand, and he went down by long stairs to a wide

shore upon the north side of Taras-ness; and as he went he saw that the sun was sinking low into a

great black cloud that came up over the rim of the darkening sea; and it grew cold, and there was a

stirring and murmur as of a storm to come. And Tuor stood upon the shore, and the sun was like a

smoky fire behind the menace of the sky; and it seemed to him that a great wave rose far off and

rolled towards the land, but wonder held him, and he remained there unmoved. And the wave came

towards him, and upon it lay a mist of shadow. Then suddenly as it drew near it curled, and broke,

and rushed forward in long arms of foam; but where it had broken there stood dark against the

rising storm a living shape of great height and majesty.

Then Tuor bowed in reverence, for it seemed to him that he beheld a mighty king. A tall

crown he wore like silver, from which his long hair fell down as foam glimmering in the dusk and

as he cast back the grey mantle that hung about him like a mist, behold! he was clad in a gleaming

coat, close-fitted as the mail of mighty fish, and in a kirtle of deep green that flashed and flickered

with sea-fire as he strode slowly towards the land. In this manner the Dweller of the Deep, whom

the Noldor name Ulmo, Lord of Waters, showed

himself to Tuor son of Huor of the House of Hador

beneath Vinyamar.

He set no foot upon the shore, but standing knee-deep in the shadowy sea he spoke to Tuor,

and then for the light of his eyes and for the sound of his deep voice that came as it seemed from the

foundations of the world, fear fell upon Tuor and he cast himself down upon the sand.

"Arise, Tuor, son of Huor!" said Ulmo. "Fear not my wrath, though long have I called to thee unheard; and setting out at last thou hast tarried on thy journey hither. In the Spring thou shouldst

have stood here; but now a fell winter cometh soon from the land of the Enemy. Haste thou must

learn, and the pleasant road that I designed for thee must be changed. For my counsels have been

scorned, and a great evil creeps upon the Valley of Sirion, and already a host of foes is come

between and thy goal."

"What then is my goal. Lord?" said Tuor.

"That which thy heart hath ever sought," answered Ulmo: “to find Turgon, and look upon the

hidden city. For thou art arrayed thus to be my messenger, even in the arms which long ago decreed

for thee. Yet now thou must under shadow pass through peril. Wrap thyself therefore in this cloak,

and cast it never aside, until thou come to thy journey's end."

Then it seemed to Tuor that Ulmo parted his grey mantle, and cast to him a lappet, and as it

fell about him it was for him a great cloak wherein he might wrap himself over all, from head to

foot.

"Thus thou shall walk under my shadow," said Ulmo. "But tarry no more; for in the lands of Anar and in the fires of Melkor it will not endure. Wilt thou take up my errand?"

"I will, Lord," said Tuor.

"Then I will set words in thy mouth to say unto Turgon," said Ulmo. "But first I will teach thee, and some things thou shall hear which no Man else hath heard, nay, not even the mighty

among the Eldar." And Ulmo spoke to Tuor of Valinor and its darkening, and the Exile of the

Noldor, and the Doom of Mandos, and the hiding of the Blessed Realm. "But behold!" said he, "in the armour of Fate (as the Children of Earth name it) there is ever a rift, and in the walls of Doom a

breach, until the full-making, which ye call the End. So it shall be while I endure, a secret voice that gainsayeth, and a light where darkness was decreed. Therefore, though in the days of this darkness I

seem to oppose the will of my brethren, the Lords of the West, that is my part among them, to which

I was appointed ere the making of the World. Yet Doom is strong, and the shadow of the Enemy

lengthens; and I am diminished, until in Middle-

earth I am become now no more than a secret

whisper. The waters that run westward wither, and their springs are poisoned, and my power

withdraws from the land; for Elves and Men grow blind and deaf to me because of the might of

Melkor. And now the Curse of Mandos hastens to its fulfilment, and all the works of the Noldor

shall perish, and every hope which they build shall crumble. The last hope alone is left, the hope

that they have not looked for and have not prepared. And that hope lieth in thee; for so I have

chosen."

"Then shall Turgon not stand against Morgoth, as all the Eldar yet hope?" said Tuor. "And what wouldst thou of me, Lord, if I come now to Turgon? For though I am indeed willing to do as

my father and stand by that king in his need, yet of little avail shall I be, a mortal man alone, among

so many and so valiant of the High Folk of the West. "

"If I choose to send thee, Tuor son of Huor, then believe not that thy one sword is not worth

the sending. For the valour of the Edain the Elves shall ever remember as the ages lengthen,

marvelling that they gave life so freely of which they had on earth so little. But it is not for thy

valour only that I send thee, but to bring into the world a hope beyond thy sight, and a light that

shall pierce the darkness."

And as Ulmo said these things the mutter of the storm rose to a great cry, and the wind

mounted, and the sky grew black; and the mantle of the Lord of Waters streamed out like a flying

cloud. "Go now," said Ulmo, "lest the Sea devour thee! For Ossë obeys the will of Mandos, and he is wroth, being a servant of the Doom."

"As thou commandest," said Tuor. "But if I escape the Doom, what words shall I say unto

Turgon?"

"If thou come to him," answered Ulmo, "then the words shall arise in thy mind, and thy mouth shall speak as I would. Speak and fear not! And thereafter do as thy heart and valour lead thee. Hold

fast to my mantle, for thus shalt thou be guarded. And I will send one to thee out of the wrath of

Ossë, and thus shalt thou be guided: yea, the last mariner of the last ship that shall seek into the

West until the rising of the Star. Go now back to the land!"

Then there was a noise of thunder, and lightning flared over the sea; and Tuor beheld Ulmo

standing among the waves as a tower of silver flickering with darting flames; and he cried against

the wind:

"I go, Lord! Yet now my heart yearneth rather to the Sea."

And thereupon Ulmo lifted up a mighty horn, and blew upon it a single great note, to which

the roaring of the storm was but a wind-flaw upon a lake. And as he heard that note, and was

encompassed by it, and filled with it, it seemed to Tuor that the coasts of Middle-earth vanished,

and he surveyed all the waters of the world in a great vision: from the veins of the lands to the

mouths of the rivers, and from the strands and estuaries out into the deep. The Great Sea he saw

through its unquiet regions teeming with strange forms, even to its lightless depths, in which amid

the everlasting darkness there echoed voices terrible to mortal ears. Its measureless plains he

surveyed with the swift sight of the Valar, lying windless under the eye of Anar, or glittering under

the horned Moon, or lifted in hills of wrath that broke upon the Shadowy Isles, until remote upon

the edge of sight, and beyond the count of leagues, he glimpsed a mountain, rising beyond his

mind's reach into a shining cloud, and at its feet a long surf glimmering. And even as he strained to

hear the sound of those far waves, and to see clearer that distant light, the note ended, and he stood

beneath the thunder of the storm, and lightning many-branched rent asunder the heavens above him.

And Ulmo was gone, and the sea was in tumult, as the wild waves of Ossë rode against the walls of

Nevrast.

Then Tuor fled from the fury of the sea, and with labour he won his way back to the high

terraces; for the wind drove him against the cliff, and when he came out upon the top it bent him to

his knees. Therefore he entered again the dark and empty hall for shelter, and he sat nightlong in the

stone seat of Turgon. The very pillars trembled for the violence of the storm, and it seemed to Tuor

that the wind was full of wailing and wild cries. Yet being weary he slept at times, and his sleep was

troubled with many dreams, of which naught remained in waking memory save one: a vision of an

isle, and in the midst of it was a steep mountain, and behind it the sun went down, and shadows

sprang into the sky; but above it there shone a single dazzling star.

After this dream Tuor fell into a deep sleep, for before the night was over the tempest passed,

driving the black clouds into the East of the world. He awoke at length in the grey light, and arose,

and left the high seat, and as he went down the dim hall he saw that it was filled with sea-birds

driven in by the storm; and he went out as the last stars were fading in the West before the coming

day. Then he saw that the great waves in the night had ridden high upon the land, and had cast their

crests above the cliff-tops, and weed and shingle-drift were flung even upon the terraces before the

doors. And Tuor looked down from the lowest terrace and saw, leaning against its wall among the

stones and the sea-wrack, an Elf, clad in a grey cloak sodden with the sea. Silent he sat, gazing

beyond the ruin of the beaches out over the long ridges of the waves. All was still, and there was no

sound save the roaring of the surf below.

As Tuor stood and looked at the silent grey figure he remembered the words of Ulmo, and a

name untaught came to his lips, and he called aloud: "Welcome, Voronwë! I await you."

Then the Elf turned and looked up, and Tuor met the piercing glance of his sea-grey eyes, and

knew that he was of the high folk of the Noldor. But fear and wonder grew in his gaze as he saw

Tuor standing high upon the wall above him, clad in his great cloak like a shadow out of which the

elven-mail gleamed upon his breast.

A moment thus they stayed, each searching the face of the other, and then the Elf stood up and

bowed low before Tuor's feet. "Who are you, lord?" he said. "Long have I laboured in the

unrelenting sea. Tell me: have great tidings befallen since I walked the land? Is the Shadow

overthrown? Have the Hidden People come forth?"

"Nay," Tuor answered. "The Shadow lengthens, and the Hidden remain hid."

Then Voronwë looked at him long in silence. "But who are you?" he asked again. "For many

years ago my people left this land, and none have dwelt here since. And now I perceive that despite

your raiment you are not of them, as I thought, but are of the kindred of Men."

"I am," said Tuor. "And are you not the last mariner of the last ship that sought the West from the Havens of Círdan?"

"I am," said the Elf. "Voronwë son of Aranwë am I. But how you know my name and fate I

understand not."

"I know, for the Lord of Waters spoke to me yestereve," answered Tuor, "and he said that he would save you from the wrath of Ossë, and send you hither to be my guide."

Then in fear and wonder Voronwë cried: "You have spoken with Ulmo the Mighty? Then

great indeed must be your worth and doom! But whither should I guide you, lord? For surely a king

of Men you must be, and many must wait upon your word."

"Nay, I am an escaped thrall," said Tuor, "and I am an outlaw alone in an empty land. But I have an errand to Turgon the Hidden King. Know you by what road I may find him?"

"Many are outlaw and thrall in these evil days who were not born so," answered Voronwë. "A lord of Men by right you are, I deem. But were you the highest of all your folk, no right would you

have to seek Turgon, and vain would be your quest.

For even were I to lead you to his gates, you

could not enter in."

"I do not bid you to lead me further than the gate," said Tuor. "There Doom shall strive with the Counsel of Ulmo. And if Turgon will not receive me, then my errand will be ended, and Doom

shall prevail. But as for my right to seek Turgon: I am Tuor son of Huor and kin to Húrin, whose

names Turgon will not forget. And I seek also by the command of Ulmo. Will Turgon forget that

which he spoke to him of old: Remember that the last hope of the Noldor cometh from the Sea? Or

again: When peril is nigh one shall come from Nevrast to warn thee? I am he that should come, and

I am arrayed thus in the gear that was prepared for me."

Tuor marvelled to hear himself speak so, for the words of Ulmo to Turgon at his going from

Nevrast were not known to him before, nor to any save the Hidden People. Therefore the more

amazed was Voronwë; but he turned away, and looked toward the Sea, and he sighed.

"Alas!" he said. "I wish never again to return. And often have I vowed in the deeps of the sea that, if ever I set foot on land again, I would dwell at rest far from the Shadow in the North, or by

the Havens of Círdan, or maybe in the fair fields of Nan-tathren, where the spring is sweeter than

heart's desire. But if evil has grown while I have

wandered, and the last peril approaches them, then

I must go to my people," He turned back to Tuor. "I will lead you to the hidden gates," he said; "for the wise will not gainsay the counsels of Ulmo."

"Then we will go together, as we are counselled," said Tuor. "But mourn not, Voronwë! For my heart says to you that far from the Shadow your long road shall lead you, and your hope shall

return to the Sea."

"And yours also," said Voronwë. "But now we must leave it, and go in haste."

"Yea," said Tuor. "But whither will you lead me, and how far? Shall we not first take thought how we may fare in the wild, or if the way be long, how pass the harbourless winter?"

But Voronwë would answer nothing clearly concerning the road. "You know the strength of

Men," he said. "As for me, I am of the Noldor, and long must be the hunger and cold the winter that shall slay the kin of those who passed the Grinding Ice. Yet how think you that we could labour

countless days in the salt wastes of the sea? Or have you not heard of the way-bread of the Elves?

And I keep still that which all mariners hold until the last." Then he showed beneath his cloak a

sealed wallet clasped upon his belt. "No water nor weather will harm it while it is sealed. But we

must husband it until great need; and doubtless an outlaw and hunter may find other food ere the

year worsens."

"Maybe," said Tuor. "But not in all lands is it safe to hunt, be the game never so plentiful. And hunters tarry on the road."

Now Tuor and Voronwë made ready to depart. Tuor took with him the small bow and arrows

that he had brought, beside the gear that he had taken from the hall; but his spear, upon which his

name was written in the Elven-runes of the North, he set upon the wall in token that he had passed.

No arms had Voronwë save a short sword only.

Before the day was broad they left the ancient dwelling of Turgon, and Voronwë led Tuor

about, westward of the steep slopes of Taras, and across the great cape. There once the road from

Nevrast to Brithombar had passed, that now was but a green track between old turf-clad dikes. So

they came into Beleriand, and the north region of the Falas; and turning eastward they sought the

dark eaves of Ered Wethrin, and there they lay hid and rested until day had waned to dusk. For

though the ancient dwellings of the Falathrim, Brithombar and Eglarest, were still far distant, Orcs

now dwelt there and all the land was infested by the spies of Morgoth: he feared the ships of Círdan

that would come at times raiding to the shores, and join with thy forays sent forth from

Nargothrond.

Now as they sat shrouded in their cloaks as shadows under the hills, Tuor and Voronwë spoke

much together. And Tuor questioned Voronwë concerning Turgon, but Voronwë would tell little of

such matters, and spoke rather of the dwellings upon the Isle of Balar, and of the Lisgardh, the land

of reeds at the Mouths of Sirion.

"There now the numbers of the Eldar increase," he said, "for ever more flee thither of either kin from the fear of Morgoth weary of war. But I forsook not my people of my own choice. For

after the Bragollach and the breaking of the Siege of Angband doubt first came into Turgon's heart

that Morgoth might prove too strong. In that year he sent out the first of his folk that passed his

gates from within: a few only, upon a secret errand. They went down Sirion to the shores about the

Mouths, and there built ships. But it availed them nothing, save to come to the great Isle of Balar

and there establish lonely dwellings, far from the reach of Morgoth. For the Noldor have not the art

of building ships that will long endure the waves of Belegaer the Great.

"But when later Turgon heard of the ravaging of the Falas and the sack of the ancient Havens

of the Shipwrights that lie away there before us, and it was told that Círdan had saved a remnant of

his people and sailed away south to the Bay of Balar, then he sent out messengers anew. That was

but a little while ago, yet it seems in memory the

longest portion of my life. For I was one of those

that he sent, being young in years among the Eldar. I was born here in Middle-earth in the land of

Nevrast. My mother was of the Grey-elves of the Falas, and akin to Círdan himself - there was

much mingling of the peoples in Nevrast in the first days of Turgon's kingship - and I have the sea-

heart of my mother's people. Therefore I was among the chosen, since our errand was to Círdan, to

seek his aid in our shipbuilding, that some message and prayer for aid might come to the Lords of

the West ere all was lost. But I tarried on the way. For I had seen little of the lands of Middle-earth, and we came to Nan-tathren in the spring of the year. Lovely to heart's enchantment is that land,

Tuor, as you shall find, if ever your feet go upon the southward roads down Sirion. There is the cure

of all sea-longing, save for those whom Doom will not release. There Ulmo is but the servant of

Yavanna, and the earth has brought to life a wealth of fair things that is beyond the thought of hearts

in the hard hills of the North. In that land Narog joins Sirion, and they haste no more, but flow

broad and quiet through living meads; and all about the shining river are flaglilies like a blossoming

forest, and the grass is filled with flowers, like gems, like bells, like flames of red and gold, like a waste of many-coloured stars in a firmament of green. Yet fairest of all are the willows of Nantathren, pale green, or silver in the wind, and the rustle of their innumerable leaves is a spell of

music: day and night would flicker by uncounted, while still I stood knee-deep in grass and listened.

There I was enchanted, and forgot the Sea in my heart. There I wandered, naming new flowers, or

lay adream amid the singing of the birds, and the humming of bees and flies; and there I might still

dwell in delight, forsaking all my kin, whether the ships of the Teleri or the swords of the Noldor,

but my doom would not so. Or the Lord of Waters himself, maybe; for he was strong in that land.

"Thus it came into my heart to make a raft of willow-boughs and move upon the bright bosom

of Sirion; and so I did, and so I was taken. For on a day, as I was in the midst of the river a sudden

wind came and caught me, and bore me away out of the Land of Willows down to the Sea. Thus I

came last of the messengers to Círdan; and of the seven ships that he built at Turgon's asking all but

one were then full-wrought. And one by one they set sail into the West, and none yet has ever

returned, nor has any news of them been heard.

"But the salt air of the sea now stirred anew the heart of my mother's kin within me, and I

rejoiced in the waves, learning all ship-lore, as were it already stored in the mind. So when the last

ship, and the greatest, was made ready, I was eager to be going saying within my thought: 'If the

words of the Noldor be true then in the West there are meads with which the Land of Willows

cannot compare. There is no withering nor any end of Spring. And perhaps even I, Voronwë, may

come thither. And at the worst to wander on the waters is better far than in Shadow in the North.'

And I feared not, for the ships of the Teleri no water may drown.

"But the Great Sea is terrible, Tuor son of Huor; and it hates the Noldor, for it works the

Doom of the Valar. Worse things it holds than to sink into the abyss and so perish: loathing, and

loneliness, and madness; terror of wind and tumult, and silence and shadows where all hope is lost

and all living shapes pass away. And many shores evil and strange it washes, and many islands of

danger and fear infest it. I will not darken your heart, son of Middle-earth, with the tale of my

labour seven years in the Great Sea from the North even into the South, but never to the West. For

that is shut against us.

"At the last, in black despair, weary of all the world, we turned and fled from the doom that so

long had spared us, on to strike us the more cruelly. For even as we descried a mountain from afar,

and I cried: "Lo! There is Taras, and the land of my birth," the wind awoke, and great clouds

thunder-laden came up from the West. Then the waves hunted us like living things filled with

malice, and the lightnings smote us; and when we were broken down to a helpless hull the seas

leaped upon us in fury. But as you see, I was spared; for it seemed to me that there came a wave,

greater and yet calmer than all the others, and it took me and lifted me from the ship, and bore me

high upon its shoulders, and rolling to the land it cast me upon the turf and then drained away,

pouring back over the cliff in a great waterfall. There but one hour had I sat when you came upon

me, still dazed by the sea. And still I feel the fear of it, and the bitter loss of all my friends that went with me so long and so far, beyond the sight of mortal lands."

Voronwë sighed, and spoke then softly as if to himself. "But very bright were the stars upon

the margin of the world, when at times the clouds about the West were drawn aside. Yet whether we

saw only clouds still more remote, or glimpsed indeed, as some held, the Mountains of the Pelóri

about the lost strands of our long home, I know not. Far, far away they stand, and none from mortal

lands shall come there ever again, I deem." Then Voronwë fell silent; for night had come, and the

stars shone white and cold.

Soon after Tuor and Voronwë arose and turned their backs toward the sea, and set out upon

their long journey in the dark; of which there is little to tell, for the shadow of Ulmo was upon Tuor,

and none saw them pass, by wood or stone, by field or fen, between the setting and the rising of the

sun. But ever warily they went, shunning the night-eyed hunters of Morgoth, and forsaking the

trodden ways of Elves and Men. Voronwë chose their path and Tuor followed. He asked no vain

questions, but noted well that they went ever eastward along the march of the rising mountains, and

turned never southward: at which he wondered, for he believed, as did well nigh all Elves and Men,

that Turgon dwelt far from the battles of the North.

Slow was their going by twilight or by night in the pathless wilds, and the fell winter came

down swiftly from the realm of Morgoth. Despite the shelter of the hills the winds were strong and

bitter, and soon the snow lay deep upon the heights, or whirled through the passes, and fell upon the

woods of Núath ere the full-shedding of their withered leaves. Thus though they set out before the

middle of Narquelië, the Hísimë came in with biting frost even as they drew nigh to the Sources of

Narog.

There at the end of a weary night in the grey of dawn they halted; and Voronwë was

dismayed, looking about him in grief and fear.

Where once the fair pool of Ivrin had lain in its great

stone basin carved by falling waters, and all about it had been a tree-clad hollow under the hills,

now he saw a land defiled and desolate. The trees were burned or uprooted; and the stone-marges of

the pool were broken, so that the waters of Ivrin strayed and wrought a great barren marsh amid the

ruin. All now was but a welter of frozen mire, and a reek of decay lay like a foul mist upon the

ground.

"Alas! Has the evil come even here?" Voronwë cried, "Once far from the threat of Angband

was this place; but ever the fingers of Morgoth grope further."

"It is even as Ulmo spoke to me," said Tuor: "The springs are poisoned, and my power

withdraws from the waters of the land."

"Yet," said Voronwë, "a malice has been here with strength greater than that of Orcs. Fear lingers in this place." And he searched about the edges of the mire, until suddenly he stood still and cried again: "Yea, a great evil!" And he beckoned to Tuor, and Tuor coming saw a slot like a huge furrow that passed away southward, and at either side, now blurred, now sealed hard and clear by

frost, the marks of great clawed feet. "See!" said Voronwë, and his face was pale with dread and loathing. "Here not long since was the Great Worm of Angband, most fell of all the creatures of the Enemy! Late already is our errand to Turgon. There is need of haste."

Even as he spoke thus, they heard a cry in the woods, and they stood still as grey stones,

listening. But the voice was a fair voice, though filled with grief, and it seemed that it called ever

upon a name, as one that searches for another who is lost. And as they waited one came through the

trees, and they saw that he was a tall Man, armed, clad in black, with a long sword drawn and they

wondered, for the blade of the sword also was black, but the edges shone bright and cold. Woe was

graven in his face, and when he beheld the ruin of Ivrin he cried aloud in grief, saying: "Ivrin,

Faelivrin! Gwindor and Beleg! Here once I was healed. But now never shall I drink the draught of

peace again."

Then he went swiftly away towards the North, as one in pursuit, or on an errand of great

haste, and they heard him cry Faelivrin, Finduilas! until his voice died away in the woods. But they

knew not that Nargothrond had fallen, and this was Túrin son of Húrin, the Blacksword. Thus only

for a moment and never again, did the paths of those kinsmen, Túrin and Tuor, draw together.

When the Blacksword had passed, Tuor and Voronwë held on their way for a while, though

day had come; for the memory of his grief was heavy upon them, and they could not endure to

remain beside the defilement of Ivrin. But before

long they sought a hiding-place, for all the land

was filled now with a foreboding of evil. They slept little and uneasily, and as the day wore it grew

dark and a great snow fell, and with the night came a grinding frost. Thereafter the snow and ice

relented not at all, and for five months the Fell Winter, long remembered, held the North in bonds.

Now Tuor and Voronwë were tormented by the cold, and feared to be revealed by the snow to

hunting enemies, or to fall into hidden dangers treacherously cloaked. Nine days they held on, ever

slower and more painfully, and Voronwë tamed somewhat north, until they crossed the three well-

streams of Teiglin; and then he bore eastward again, leaving the mountains, and went warily, until

they passed Glithui and came to the stream of Malduin, and it was frozen black.

Then Tuor said to Voronwë: "Fell is this frost, and death draws near to me, if not to you." For they were now in evil case: it was long since they had found any food in the wild, and the waybread

was dwindling; and they were cold and weary. "Ill is it to be trapped between the Doom of the Valar and the Malice of the Enemy," said Voronwë. "Have I escaped the mouths of the sea but to lie under the snow?"

But Tuor said: "How far is now to go? For at last, Voronwë, you must forgo your secrecy with

me. Do you lead me straight, and whither? For if I must spend my last strength, I would know to

what that may avail."

"I have led you as straight as I safely might," answered Voronwë. "Know then now that

Turgon dwells still in the north of the land of the Eldar, though that is believed by few. Already we

draw nigh to him. Yet there are many leagues still to go, even as a bird might fly; and for us Sirion

is yet to cross, and great evil, maybe, lies between. For we must come soon to the Highway that ran

of old down from the Minas of King Finrod to Nargothrond." There the servants of the Enemy will

walk and watch."

"I counted myself the hardiest of Men," said Tuor, "and I have endured many winters' woe in the mountains; but I had a cave at my back and fire then, and I doubt now my strength to go much

further thus hungry through the fell weather. But let us go on as far as we may before hope fails."

"No other choice have we," said Voronwë, "unless it be to lay us down here and seek the

snow-sleep." Therefore all through that bitter day they toiled on, deeming the peril of foes less than the winter; but ever as they went they found less snow, for they were now going southward again

down into the Vale of Sirion, and the Mountains of Dor-lómin were left far behind. In the

deepening dusk they came to the High-way at the bottom of a tall wooded bank. Suddenly they

were aware of voices, and looking out warily from the trees they saw a red light below. A company

of Orcs was encamped in the midst of the road, huddled about a large wood-fire.

"Gurth on Glomhoth" Tuor muttered. "Now the sword shall come from under the cloak. I will risk death for mastery of that fire, and even the meat of Orcs would be a prize."

"Nay!" said Voronwë. "On this quest only the cloak will serve. You must forgo the fire, or else forgo Turgon. This band is not alone in the wild: cannot your mortal sight see the far flame of other

posts to the north and to the south? A tumult will bring a host upon us. Hearken to me, Tuor! It is

against the law of the Hidden Kingdom that any should approach the gates with foes at their heels;

and that law I will not break, neither for Ulmo's bidding, nor for death. Rouse the Orcs, and I leave

you."

"Then let them be," said Tuor. "But may I live yet to see the day when I need not sneak aside from a handful of Orcs like cowed dog."

"Come then!" said Voronwë. "Debate no more, or they will scent us. Follow me!"

He crept then away through the trees, southward down the wind, until they were midway

between that Orc-fire and the next upon the road. There he stood still a long while listening.

"I hear none moving on the road," he said, "but we know not what may be lurking in the

shadows." He peered forward into the gloom and shuddered. "The air is evil," he muttered. "Alas!

Yonder lies the land of our quest and hope of life, but death walks between."

"Death is all about us," and Tuor. "But I have strength left only for the shortest road. Here I must cross, or perish. I will trust to the mantle of Ulmo, and you also it shall cover. Now I will

lead!"

So saying he stole to the border of the road. Then clasping Voronwë close he cast about them

both the folds of the grey cloak of the Lord of Waters, and stepped forth.

All was still. The cold wind sighed as it swept down the ancient road. Then suddenly it too

fell silent. In the pause Tuor felt a change in the air, as if the breath from the land of Morgoth had

failed a while, and faint as a memory of the Sea came a breeze from the West. As a grey mist on the

wind they passed over the stony street and entered a thicket on its eastern brink.

All at once from near at hand there came a wild cry, and many others along the borders of the

road answered it. A harsh horn blared, and there was the sound of running feet. But Tuor held on.

He had learned enough of the tongue of the Orcs in his captivity to know the meaning of those

cries: the watchers had scented them and heard them, but they were not seen. The hunt was out.

Desperately he stumbled and crept forward with Voronwë at his side, up a long slope deep in whin

and whortleberry among knots of rowan and low birch. At the top of the ridge they halted, listening

to the shouts behind and the crashing of the Orcs in the undergrowth below.

Beside them was a boulder that reared its head out of a tangle of heath and brambles, and

beneath it was such a lair as a hunted beast might seek and hope there to escape pursuit, or at the

least with its back to stone to sell its life dearly. Down into the dark shadow Tuor drew Voronwë,

and side by side under the grey cloak they lay and panted like tired foxes. No word they spoke; all

their heed was in their ears.

The cries of the hunters grew fainter; for the Orcs thrust never deep into the wild lands at

either hand, but swept rather down and up the road. They recked little of stray fugitives, but spies

they feared and the scouts of armed foes; for Morgoth had set a guard on the highway, not to

ensnare Tuor and Voronwë (of whom as yet he knew nothing) nor any coming from the West, but to

watch for the Blacksword, lest he should escape and pursue the captives of Nargothrond, bringing

help, it might be, out of Doriath.

The night passed, and the breeding silence lay again upon the empty lands. Weary and spent

Tuor slept beneath Ulmo's cloak; but Voronwë crept forth and stood like a stone silent, unmoving,

piercing the shadows with his Elvish eyes. At the break of day he woke Tuor, and he creeping out

saw that the weather had indeed for a time relented, and the black clouds were rolled aside. There

was a red dawn, and he could see far before him the tops of strange mountains glinting against the

eastern fire.

Then Voronwë said in a low voice: "Alae! Ered en Echoriath, ered embar nin!" For he knew

that he looked on the Encircling Mountains and the walls of the realm of Turgon. Below them,

eastward, in a deep and shadowy vale lay Sirion the fair, renowned in song; and beyond, wrapped in

mist, a grey land climbed from the river to the broken hills at the mountains' feet. "Yonder lies

Dimbar," said Voronwë. "Would we were there! For there our foes seldom dare to walk. Or so it

was, while the power of Ulmo was strong in Sirion. But all may now be changed - save the peril of

the river: it is already deep and swift, and even for the Eldar dangerous to cross. But I have led you

well; for there gleams the Ford of Brithiach, yet a little southward, where the East Road that of old

ran all the way from Taras in the West made the

passage of the river. None now dare to use it save

in desperate need, neither Elf nor Man nor Orc, since that road leads to Dungortheb and the land of

dread between the Gorgoroth and the Girdle of Melian; and long since has it faded into the wild, or

dwindled to a track among weeds and trailing thorns."

Then Tuor looked as Voronwë pointed, and far away he caught the glimmer as of open waters

under the brief light of dawn; but beyond loomed a darkness, where the great forest of Brethil

climbed away southward into a distant highland. Now warily they made their way down the valley-

side, until at last they came to the ancient road descending from the waymeet on the borders of

Brethil, where it crossed the highway from Nargothrond. Then Tuor saw that they were come close

to Sirion. The banks of its deep channel fell away in that place, and its waters, choked by a great

waste of stones, were spread out into broad shallows, full of the murmur of fretting streams. Then

after a little the river gathered together again, and delving a new bed flowed away towards the

forest, and far off vanished into a deep mist that his eye could not pierce; for there lay though he

knew it not, the north march of Doriath within the shadow of the Girdle of Melian.

At once Tuor would hasten to the ford, but Voronwë restrained him, saying: "Over the

Brithiach we may not go in open day, nor while any doubt of pursuit remains."

"Then shall we sit here and rot?" said Tuor. "For such doubt will remain while the realm of Morgoth endures. Come! Under the shadow of the cloak of Ulmo we must go forward."

Still Voronwë hesitated, and looked back westward; but the track behind was deserted, and all

about was quiet save for the rush of the waters. He looked up, and the sky was grey and empty, for

not even a bird was moving. Then suddenly his face brightened with joy, and he cried aloud: "It is

well! The Brithiach is guarded still by the enemies of the Enemy. The Orcs will not follow us here;

and under the cloak we may pass now wit out more doubt."

"What new thing have you seen?" said Tuor.

"Short is the sight of Mortal Men!" said Voronwë. "I see the Eagles of the Crissaegrim; and they are coming hither. Watch a while!"

Then Tuor stood at gaze; and soon high in the air he saw the shapes beating on strong wings

down from the distant mountain-peaks now wreathed again in cloud. Slowly they descended in

great circles, and then stooped suddenly upon the wayfarers; but before Voronwë could call to them

they turned with a wide sweep and rush, and flew northward along the line of the river.

"Now let us go," said Voronwë. "If there be any Orc nearby, he will lie cowering nose to

ground, until the eagles have gone far away."

Swiftly down a long slope they hastened, and passed over the Brithiach, walking often

dryfoot upon shelves of shingle, or wading in the shoals no more than knee-deep. The water was

clear and very cold, and there was ice upon the shallow pools, where the wandering streams had

lost their way among the stones; but never, not even in the Fell Winter of the Fall of Nargothrond,

could the deadly breath of the North freeze the main flood of Sirion.

On the far side of the ford they came to a gully, as it were the bed of an old stream, in which

no water now flowed; yet once, it seemed, a torrent had cloven its deep channel, coming down from

the north out of the mountains of the Echoriath, and bearing thence all the stones of the Brithiach

down into Sirion.

"At last beyond hope we find it!" cried Voronwë. "See! Here is the mouth of the Dry River, and that is the road we must take." Then they passed into the gully, and as it turned north and the slopes of the land went steeply up, so its sides rose upon either hand, and Tuor stumbled in the dim

light among the stones with which its rough bed was strewn. "If this is a road," he said, "it is an evil

one for the weary."

"Yet it is the road to Turgon," said Voronwë.

"Then the more do I marvel," said Tuor, "that its entrance lies open and unguarded. I had looked to find a great gate, and strength of guard."

"That you shall yet see," said Voronwë. "This is but the approach. A road I named it; yet upon it none have passed for more than three hundred years, save messengers few and secret, and all the

craft of the Noldor has been expended to conceal it, since the Hidden People entered in. Does it lie

open? Would you have known it, if you had not had one of the Hidden Kingdom for a guide? Or

would you have guessed it to be but the work of the weathers and the waters of the wilderness? And

are there not the Eagles, as you have seen? They are the folk of Thorondor, who dwelt once even on

Thangorodrim ere Morgoth grew so mighty, and dwell now in the Mountains of Turgon since the

fall of Fingolfin. They alone save the Noldor know the Hidden Kingdom and guard the skies above

it, though as yet no servant of the Enemy has dared to fly into the high airs; and they bring much

news to the King of all that moves in the lands without. Had we been Orcs, doubt not that we

should have been seized, and cast from a great height upon the pitiless rocks."

"I doubt it not," said Tuor. "But it comes into my mind to wonder also whether news will not now come to Turgon of our approach swifter than we.

And if that be good or ill. you alone can say."

"Neither good nor ill," said Voronwë. "For we cannot pass the Guarded Gate unmarked, be we looked for or no; and if we come there the Guards will need no report that we are not Orcs. But to

pass we shall need a greater plea than that. For you do not guess, Tuor, the peril that we then shall

face. Blame me not, as one unwarned, for what may then betide; may the power of the Lord of

Waters be shown indeed! For in that hope alone have I been willing to guide you, and if it fails then

more surely shall we die than by all the perils of wild and winter."

But Tuor said: "Forebode no more. Death in the wild is certain; and death at the Gate is yet in

doubt to me, for all your words. Lead me still on!"

Many miles they toiled on in the stones of the Dry River, until they could go no further, and

the evening brought darkness into the deep cleft; they climbed out then on to the east bank, and they

had now come into the tumbled hills that lay at the feet of the mountains. And looking up Tuor saw

that they towered up in a fashion other than that of any mountains that he had seen; for their sides

were like sheer walls, piled each one above and behind the lower, as were they great towers of

many-storeyed precipices. But the day had waned,

and all the lands were grey and misty, and the

Vale of Sirion was shrouded in shadow. Then Voronwë led him to a shallow cave in a hillside that

looked out over the lonely slopes of Dimbar, and they crept within, and there they lay hid; and they

ate their last crumbs food, and were cold, and weary, but slept not. Thus did Tuor and Voronwë

come in the dusk of the eighteenth day of Hísimë, the thirty-seventh of their journey, to the towers

of the Echoriath and the threshold of Turgon, and by the power of Ulmo escaped both the Doom

and the Malice.

When the first glimmer of day filtered grey amid the mists of Dimbar they crept back into the

Dry River, and soon after its course turned eastward, winding up to the very walls of the mountains;

and straight before them there loomed a great precipice, rising sheer and sudden from a steep slope

upon which grew a tangled thicket of thorn-trees. Into this thicket the stony channel entered, and

there it was still dark as night; and they halted, for the thorns grew far down the sides of the gully,

and their lacing branches were a dense roof above it, so low that often Tuor and Voronwë must

crawl under like beasts stealing back to their lair.

But at last, as with great labour they came to the very foot of the cliff, they found an opening,

as it were the mouth of a tunnel worn in the hard rock by waters flowing from the heart of the

mountains. They entered, and within there was no light, but Voronwë went steadily forward, while

Tuor followed with his hand upon his shoulder, bending a little, for the roof was low. Thus for a

time they went on blindly, step by step, until presently they felt the ground beneath their feet had

become level and free from loose stones. Then they halted and breathed deeply, as they stood

listening. The air seemed fresh and wholesome, and they were aware of a great space around and

above them; but all was silent, and not even the drip of water could be heard. It seemed to Tuor that

Voronwë was troubled and in doubt, and he whispered: "Where then is the Guarded Gate? Or have

we indeed now passed it?"

"Nay," said Voronwë. "Yet I wonder, for it is strange that any incomer should creep thus far unchallenged. I fear some stroke in the dark."

But their whispers aroused the sleeping echoes, and they were enlarged and multiplied, and

ran in the roof and the unseen walls, hissing and murmuring as the sound of many stealthy voices.

And even as the echoes died in the stone, Tuor heard out of the heart of the darkness a voice speak

in the Elven-tongues: first in the High Speech of the Noldor, which he knew not; and then in the

tongue of Beleriand, though in a manner somewhat strange to his ears, as of a people long sundered

from their kin.

"Stand!" it said. "Stir not! Or you will die, be you foes or friends."

"We are friends," said Voronwë.

"Then do as we bid," said the voice.

The echo of their voices rolled into silence. Voronwë and Tuor stood still, and it seemed to

Tuor that many slow minute passed, and a fear was in his heart such as no other peril of his road

had brought. Then there came the beat of feet, growing to a tramping loud as the march of trolls in

that hollow place. Suddenly an elven-lantern was unhooded, and its bright ray was turned upon

Voronwë before him, but nothing else could Tuor see save a dazzling star in the darkness; and he

knew that while that beam was upon him he could not move, neither to flee nor to run forward.

For a moment they were held thus in the eye of the light, and then the voice spoke again,

saying: "Show your faces!" And Voronwë cast back his hood, and his face shone in the ray, hard and clear, as if graven in stone; and Tuor marvelled to see to beauty. Then he spoke proudly, saying:

"Know you not whom you see? I am Voronwë son of Aranwë of the House of Fingolfin. Or am I

forgotten in my own land after a few years? Far beyond the thought of Middle-earth I have

wandered, yet I remember your voice, Elemmakil."

"Then Voronwë will remember also the laws of his land," said the voice. "Since by command he went forth, he has the right to return. But not to lead hither any stranger. By that deed his right is void, and he must be led as a prisoner to the king's judgement. As for the stranger, he shall be slain

or held captive at the judgement of the Guard. Lead him hither that I may judge."

Then Voronwë led Tuor towards the light, and as they drew near many Noldor, mail-clad and

armed, stepped forward out of the darkness and surrounded them with drawn swords. And

Elemmakil, captain of the Guard, who bore the bright lamp, looked long and closely at them.

"This is strange in you, Voronwë," he said. "We were long friends. Why then would you set me thus cruelly between the law and my friendship? If you had led hither unbidden one of the other

houses of the Noldor, that were enough. But you have brought to knowledge of the Way a mortal

Man - for by his eyes I perceive his kin. Yet free can he never again go, knowing the secret; and as

one of alien kin that has dared to enter, I should slay him - even though he be your friend and dear

to you."

"In the wide lands without, Elemmakil, many strange thing may befall one, and tasks

unlooked for be laid on one," Voronwë answered. "Other shall the wanderer return than as he set forth. What I nave done, I nave done under command greater than the law of the Guard. The King

alone should judge me, and him that comes with me."

Then Tuor spoke, and feared no longer. "I come with Voronwë son of Aranwë, because he was

appointed to be my guide by the Lord of Waters. To this end was he delivered from the wrath of the

Sea and the Doom of the Valar. For I bear from Ulmo an errand to the son of Fingolfin, and to him

will I speak it."

Thereat Elemmakil looked in wonder upon Tuor. "Who then are you?" he said. "And whence

come you?"

"I am Tuor son of Huor of the House of Hador and the kindred of Húrin, and these names, I

am told, are not unknown in the Hidden Kingdom. From Nevrast I have come through many perils

to seek it."

"From Nevrast?" said Elemmakil. "It is said that none dwell there, since our people departed."

"It is said truly," answered Tuor. "Empty and cold stand the courts of Vinyamar. Yet thence I come. Bring me now to him that built those halls of old."

"In matters so great judgement is not mine," said Elemmakil. "Therefore I will lead you to the light where more may be revealed, and I will deliver you

to the Warden of the Great Gate."

Then he spoke in command, and Tuor and Voronwë were set between tall guards, two before

and three behind them; and their captain led them from the cavern of the Outer Guard, and they

passed, as it seemed, into a straight passage, and there walked long upon a level floor, until a pale

light gleamed ahead. Thus they came at length to a wide arch with tall pillars upon either hand,

hewn in the rock, and between hung a great portcullis of crossed wooden bars, marvellously carved

and studded with nails of iron.

Elemmakil touched it, and it rose silently, and they passed through; and Tuor saw that they

stood at the end of a ravine, the like of which he had never before beheld or imagined in his

thought, long though he had walked in the wild mountains of the North; for beside the Orfalch

Echor Cirith Ninniach was but a groove in the rock. Here the hands of the Valar themselves, in

ancient wars of the world's beginning, had wrested the great mountains asunder, and the sides of the

rift were sheer as if axe-cloven, and they lowered up to heights unguessable. There far aloft ran a

ribbon of sky, and against its deep blue stood black peaks and jagged pinnacles, remote but hard,

cruel as spears. Too high were those mighty walls for the winter sun to overlook, and though it was

now full morning faint stars glimmered above the mountain-tops, and down below all was dim, but

for the pale light of lamps set beside the climbing road. For the floor of the ravine sloped steeply

up, eastward, and upon the left hand Tuor saw beside the stream-bed a wide way, laid and paved

with stone, winding upward till it vanished into shadow.

"You have passed the First Gate, the Gate of Wood," said Elemmakil. "There lies the way. We must hasten."

How far that deep road ran Tuor could not guess, and as he stared onward a great weariness

came upon him like a cloud. A chill wind hissed over the faces of the stones, and he drew his cloak

close about him. "Cold blows the wind from the Hidden Kingdom!" he said.

"Yea, indeed," said Voronwë; "to a stranger it might seen that pride has made the servants of Turgon pitiless. Long and hard seem the leagues of the Seven Gates to the hungry an wayworn."

"If our law were less stern, long ago guile and hatred would have entered and destroyed us.

That you know well," said Elemmakil. "But we are not pitiless. Here there is no food, and the

stranger may not go back through a gate that he has passed. Endure then a little, and at the Second

Gate you shall be eased."

"It is well," said Tuor, and he went forward as he was bidden. After a little he turned, and saw that Elemmakil alone followed with Voronwë. "There is no need more of guards," said Elemmakil, reading his thought. "From the Orfalch there is no escape for Elf or Man, and no returning."

Thus they went on up the steep way, sometimes by long stairs, sometimes by winding slopes,

under the daunting shadow of the cliff, until some half-league from the Wooden Gate Tuor saw that

the way was barred by a great wall built across the ravine from side to side, with stout towers of

stone at either hand. In the wall was a great archway above the road, but it seemed that masons had

blocked it with a single mighty stone. As they drew near its dark and polished face gleamed in the

light of a white lamp that hung above the midst of the arch.

"Here stands the Second Gate, the Gate of Stone," said Elemmakil; and going up to it he

thrust lightly upon it. It turned upon an unseen pivot, until its edge was towards them, and the way

was open upon either side; and they passed through, into a court where stood many armed guards

clad in grey. No word was spoken, but Elemmakil led his charges to a chamber beneath the northern

tower; and there food and wine was brought to them, and they were permitted to rest a while.

"Scant may the fare seem," said Elemmakil to Tuor. "But if your claim be proved, hereafter it shall richly be amended."

"It is enough," said Tuor. "Faint were the heart that needed better healing." And indeed such refreshment did he find in the drink and food of the Noldor that soon he was eager to go on.

After a little space they came to a wall yet higher and stronger than before, and in it was set

the Third Gate, the Gate of Bronze: a great twofold door hung with shields and plates of bronze,

wherein were wrought many figures and strange signs. Upon the wall above its lintel were three

square towers, roofed and clad with copper that by some device of smith-craft were ever bright and

gleamed as fire in the rays of the red lamps ranged like torches along the wall. Again silently they

passed the gate, and saw in the court beyond a yet

greater company of guards in mail that glowed

like dull fire; and the blades of their axes were red. Of the kindred of the Sindar of Nevrast for the

most part were those that held this gate.

Now they came to the most toilsome road, for in the midst of the Orfalch the slope was at the

steepest, and as they climbed Tuor saw the mightiest of the walls looming dark above him. Thus at

last they drew near the Fourth Gate, the Gate of Writhen Iron. High and black was the wall, and lit

with no lamps. Four towers of iron stood upon it, and between the two inner towers was set an

image of a great eagle wrought in iron, even the likeness of King Thorondor himself, as he would

alight upon a mountain from the high airs. But as Tuor stood before the gate it seemed to his

wonder that he was looking through boughs and stems of imperishable trees into a pale glade of the

Moon. For a light came through the traceries of the gate, which were wrought and hammered into

the shapes of trees with writhing roots and woven branches laden with leaves and flowers. And as

he passed through he saw how this could be; for the wall was of great thickness, and there was not

one grill but three in line, so set that to one who approached in the middle of the way each formed

part of the device; but the light beyond was the light of day.

For they had climbed now to a great height above the lowlands where they began, and beyond

the Iron Gate the road ran almost level. Moreover, they had passed the crown and heart of the

Echoriath, and the mountain-towers now fell swiftly down towards the inner hills, and the ravine

opened wider, and its sides became less sheer. Its long shoulders were mantled with white snow,

and the light of the sky snow-mirrored came white as moonlight through a glimmering mist that

filled the air.

Now they passed through the lines of the Iron Guards that stood behind the Gate; black were

their mantles and their mail and long shields, and their faces were masked with vizors bearing each

an eagle's beak. Then Elemmakil went before them and they followed him into the pale light; and

Tuor saw beside the way a sward of grass, where like stars bloomed the white flowers of uilos, the

Evermind that knows no season and withers not; and thus in wonder and lightening of heart he was

brought to the Gate of Silver.

The wall of the Fifth Gate was built of white marble, and was low and broad, and its parapet

was a trellis of silver between five great globes of marble; and there stood many archers robed in

white. The gate was in shape as three parts of a

circle, and wrought of silver and pearl of Nevrast in

likenesses of the Moon; but above the Gate upon the midmost globe stood an image of the White

Tree Telperion, wrought of silver and malachite, with flowers made of great pearls of Balar. And

beyond the Gate in a wide court paved with marble, green and white, stood archers in silver mail

and white-crested helms, a hundred upon either hand. Then Elemmakil led Tuor and Voronwë

through their silent ranks, and they entered upon a long white road, that ran straight towards the

Sixth Gate; and as they went the grass-sward became wider, and among the white stars of uilos

there opened many small flowers like eyes of gold.

So they came to the Golden Gate, the last of the ancient gates of Turgon that were wrought

before the Nirnaeth; and it was much like the Gate of Silver, save that the wall was built of yellow

marble, and the globes and parapet were of red gold; and there were six globes, and in the midst

upon a golden pyramid was set an image of Laurelin, the Tree of the Sun, with flowers wrought of

topaz in long clusters upon chains of gold. And the Gate itself was adorned with discs of gold,

many-rayed, in likenesses of the Sun, set amid devices of garnet and topaz and yellow diamonds. In

the court beyond were arrayed three hundred archers with long bows, and their mail was gilded,

and

tall golden plumes rose from their helmets; and their great round shields were red as flame.

Now sunlight fell upon the further road, for the walls of the hills were low on either side, and

green, but for the snows upon their tops; and Elemmakil hastened forward, for the way was short to

the Seventh Gate, named the Great, the Gate of Steel that Maeglin wrought after the return from the

Nirnaeth, across the wide entrance to the Orfalch Echor.

No wall stood there, but on either hand were two round towers of great height, many-

windowed, tapering in seven storeys to a turret of bright steel, and between the towers there stood a

mighty fence of steel that rusted not, but glittered cold and white. Seven great pillars of steel there

were, tall with the height and girth of strong young trees, but ending in a bitter spike that rose to the sharpness of a needle; and between the pillars were seven cross-bars of steel, and in each space

seven times seven rods of steel upright, with heads like the broad blades of spears. But in the centre,

above the midmost pillar and the greatest, was raised a mighty image of the king-helm of Turgon,

the Crown of the Hidden Kingdom, set about with diamonds.

No gate or door could Tuor see in this mighty hedge of steel, but as he drew near through the

spaces between its bars there came, as it seemed to him, a dazzling light, and he shaded his eyes,

and stood still in dread and wonder. But Elemmakil went forward, and no gate opened to his touch;

but he struck upon a bar, and the fence rang like a harp of many strings, giving forth clear notes in

harmony that ran from tower to tower.

Straightway there issued riders from the towers, but before those of the north tower came one

upon a white horse; and he dismounted and strode towards them. And high and noble as was

Elemmakil, greater and more lordly was Ecthelion, Lord of the Fountains, at that time Warden of

the Great Gate. All in silver was he clad, and upon his shining helm there was set a spike of steel

pointed with a diamond; and as his esquire took his shield it shimmered as if it were bedewed with

drops of rain, that were indeed a thousand studs of crystal.

Elemmakil saluted him and said: "Here have I brought Voronwë Aranwion, returning from

Balar; and here is the stranger that he has led hither, who demands to see the King."

Then Ecthelion turned to Tuor, but he drew his cloak about him and stood silent, facing him;

and it seemed to Voronwë that a mist mantled Tuor and his stature was increased, so that the peak of

his high hood over-topped the helm of the Elf-lord, as it were the crest of a grey sea-wave riding to

the land. But Ecthelion bent his bright glance upon Tuor, and after a silence he spoke gravely,

saying: "You have come to the Last Gate. Know then that no stranger who passes it shall ever go

out again, save by the door of death."

"Speak not ill-boding! If the messenger of the Lord of Waters go by that door, then all those

who dwell here will follow him. Lord of the Fountains, hinder not the messenger of the Lord of

Waters!"

Then Voronwë and all those who stood near looked again in wonder at Tuor, marvelling at his

words and voice. And to Voronwë it seemed as if he heard a great voice, but as of one who called

from afar off. But to Tuor it seemed that he listened to himself speaking, as if another spoke with

his mouth.

For a while Ecthelion stood silent, looking at Tuor, and slowly awe filled his face, as if in the

grey shadow of Tuor's cloak he saw visions from far away. Then he bowed, and went to the fence

and laid hands upon it, and gates opened inward on either side of the pillar of the Crown. Then Tuor

passed through, and coming to a high sward that looked out over the valley beyond, he beheld a

vision of Gondolin amid the white snow. And so entranced was he that for long he could look at

nothing else; for he saw before him at last the vision of his desire out of dreams of longing.

Thus he stood and spoke no word. Silent upon either hand stood a host of the army of

Gondolin; all of the seven kinds of the Seven Gates were there represented; but their captains and

chieftains were upon horses, white and grey. Then even as they gazed on Tuor in wonder, his cloak

fell down, and he stood there before them in the mighty livery of Nevrast. And many were there

who had seen Turgon himself set these things upon the wall behind the High Seat of Vinyamar.

Then Ecthelion said at last: "Now no further proof is needed; and even the name he claims as

son of Huor matters less than this clear truth, that he comes from Ulmo himself."

Here is the full tale of the Tuor and the Fall of Gondolin broken. The rest of it has been lost, but what happened later is known from other accounts, and is set forth here shortly.

Then Tuor looked down upon the fair vale of Tumladen, set as a green jewel amid the

encircling hills; and he saw far off upon the rocky height of Amon Gwareth Gondolin the great, city

of seven names, whose fame and glory is mightiest in song of all dwellings of the Elves in the

Hither Lands. At the bidding of Ecthelion trumpets were blown on the towers of the great gate, and

they echoed in the hills; and far off but clear there

came a sound of answering trumpets blown upon

the white walls of the city, flushed with the rose of dawn upon the plain.

Thus it was that the son of Huor rode across Tumladen, and came to the gate of Gondolin; and

passing up the wide stairways of the city he was brought at last to the Tower of the King, and

looked upon the images of the Trees of Valinor. Then Tuor stood before Turgon son of Fingolfin,

High King of the Noldor, and upon the King's right hand there stood Maeglin his sister-son, but

upon his left hand sat Idril Celebrindal his daughter; and all that heard the voice of Tuor marvelled,

doubting that this were in truth a Man of mortal race, for his words were the words of the Lord of

Waters that came to him in that hour. And he gave warning to Turgon that the Curse of Mandos now

hastened to its fulfilment, when all the works of the Noldor should perish; and he bade him depart,

and abandon the fair and mighty city that he had built, and go down Sirion to the sea.

Then Turgon pondered long the counsel of Ulmo, and there came into his mind the words that

were spoken to him in Vinyamar: 'Love not too well the work of thy hands and the devices of thy

heart; and remember that the true hope of the Noldor lieth in the West, and cometh from the Sea.'

But Turgon was become proud, and Gondolin as beautiful as a memory of Elven Tirion, and he

trusted still in its secret and impregnable strength, though even a Vala should gainsay it; and after

the Nirnaeth Arnoediad the people of that city desired never again to mingle in the woes of Elves

and Men without, nor to return through dread and danger into the West. Shut behind their pathless

and enchanted hills they suffered none to enter, though he fled from Morgoth hate-pursued; and

tidings of the lands beyond came to them faint and far, and they heeded them little. The spies of

Angband sought for them in vain; and their dwelling was as a rumour, and a secret that none could

find. Maeglin spoke ever against Tuor in the councils of the King, and his words seemed the more

weighty in that they went with Turgon's heart; and at the last he rejected the bidding of Ulmo and

refused his counsel. But in the warning of the Vala he heard again the words that were spoken

before the departing Noldor on the coast of Araman long ago; and the fear of treason was wakened

in Turgon's heart. Therefore in that time the very entrance to the hidden door in the Encircling

Mountains was caused to be blocked up; and thereafter none went ever forth from Gondolin on any

errand of peace or war, while that city stood.

Tidings were brought by Thorondor Lord of Eagles of

the fall of Nargothrond, and after of the slaying of Thingol and of Dior his heir, and of the ruin of

Doriath; but Turgon shut his ear to word of the woes without, and vowed to march never at the side

of any son of Fëanor; and his people he forbade ever to pass the leaguer of the hills.

And Tuor remained in Gondolin, for its bliss and its beauty and the wisdom of its people held

him enthralled; and he became mighty in stature and in mind, and learned deeply of the lore of the

exiled Elves. Then the heart of Idril was turned to him, and his to her; and Maeglin's secret hatred

grew ever greater, for he desired above all things to possess her, the only heir of the King of

Gondolin. But so high did Tuor stand in the favour of the King that when he had dwelt there for

seven years Turgon did not refuse him even the hand of his daughter; for though he would not heed

the bidding of Ulmo, he perceived that the fate of the Noldor was wound with the one whom Ulmo

had sent; and he did not forget the words that Huor spoke to him before the host of Gondolin

departed from the Battle of Unnumbered Tears.

Then there was made a great and joyful feast, for Tuor had won the hearts of all that people,

save only of Maeglin and his secret following; and

thus there came to pass the second union of

Elves and Men.

In the spring of the year after was born in Gondolin Eärendil Halfelven, the son of Tuor and

Idril Celebrindal; and that was five hundred years and three since the coming of the Noldor to

Middle-earth. Of surpassing beauty was Eärendil, for a light was in his face as the light of heaven,

and he had the beauty and the wisdom of the Eldar and the strength and hardihood of the Men of

old; and the Sea spoke ever in his ear and heart, even as with Tuor his father.

Then the days of Gondolin were yet full of joy and peace; and none knew that the region

wherein the Hidden Kingdom lay had been at last revealed to Morgoth by the cries of Húrin, when

standing in the wilderness beyond the Encircling Mountains and finding no entrance he called on

Turgon in despair. Thereafter the thought of Morgoth was bent unceasing on the mountainous land

between Anach and the upper waters of Sirion, whither his servants had never passed; yet still no

spy or creature out of Angband could come there because of the vigilance of the eagles, and

Morgoth was thwarted in the fulfilment of his designs. But Idril Celebrindal was wise and far-

seeing, and her heart misgave her, and foreboding crept upon her spirit as a cloud. Therefore in that

time she let prepare a secret way, that should lead down from the city and passing out beneath the

surface of the plain issue far beyond the walls, northward of Amon Gwareth; and she contrived it

that the work was known but to few, and no whisper of it came to Maeglin's ears.

Now on a time, when Eärendil was yet young, Maeglin was lost. For he, as has been told,

loved mining and quarrying after metals above all other craft; and he was master and leader of the

Elves who worked in the mountains distant from the city, seeking after metals for their smithying of

things both of peace and war. But often Maeglin went with few of his folk beyond the leaguer of the

hills, and the King knew not that his bidding was defied; and thus it came to pass, as fate willed,

that Maeglin was taken prisoner by Orcs, and brought to Angband. Maeglin was no weakling or

craven, but the torment wherewith he was threatened cowed his spirit, and he purchased his life and

freedom by revealing to Morgoth the very place of Gondolin and the ways whereby it might be

found and assailed. Great indeed was the Joy of Morgoth, and to Maeglin he promised the lordship

of Gondolin as his vassal, and the possession of Idril Celebrindal, when the city should be taken;

and indeed desire for Idril and hatred for Tuor led Maeglin the easier to his treachery, most

infamous in all the histories of the Elder Days. But Morgoth sent him back to Gondolin, lest any

should suspect the betrayal, and so that Maeglin should aid the assault from within, when the hour

came; and he abode in the halls of the King with smiling face and evil in his heart, while the

darkness gathered ever deeper upon Idril.

At last, in the year when Eärendil was seven years old, Morgoth was ready, and he loosed

upon Gondolin his Balrogs, and his Orcs, and his wolves; and with them came dragons of the brood

of Glaurung, and they were become now many and terrible. The host of Morgoth came over the

northern hills where the height was greatest and the watch least vigilant, and it came at night upon a

time of festival, when all the people of Gondolin were upon the walls to await the rising sun, and

sing their songs at its uplifting; for the morrow was the great feast that they named the Gates of

Summer. But the red light mounted the hills in the north and not in the east; and there was no stay in

the advance of the foe until they were beneath the very walls of Gondolin, and the city was

beleaguered without hope. Of the deeds of desperate valour there done, by the chieftains of the

noble houses and their warriors, and not least by Tuor, much is told in The Fall of Gondolin: of the

battle of Ecthelion of the Fountain with Gothmog Lord of Balrogs in the very square of the King,

where each slew the other, and of the defence of the tower of Turgon by the people of his

household, until the tower was overthrown; and mighty was its fall and the fall of Turgon in its ruin.

Tuor sought to rescue Idril from the sack of the city, but Maeglin had laid hands on her, and

on Eärendil; and Tuor fought with Maeglin on the walls, and cast him far out, and his body as it fell

smote the rocky slopes of Amon Gwareth thrice ere it pitched into the flames below. Then Tuor and

Idril led such remnants of the people of Gondolin as they could gather in the confusion of the

burning down the secret way which Idril had prepared; and of that passage the captains of Angband

knew nothing, and thought not that any fugitives would take a path towards the north and the

highest parts of the mountains and the nighest to Angband. The fume of the burning, and the steam

of the fair fountains of Gondolin withering in the flame of the dragons of the north, fell upon the

vale of Tumladen in mournful mists; and thus was the escape of Tuor and his company aided, for

there was still a long and open road to follow from the tunnel's mouth to the foothills of the

mountains. Nonetheless they came thither, and beyond hope they climbed, in woe and misery, for

the high places were cold and terrible, and they had among them many that were wounded, and

women and children.

There was a dreadful pass, Cirith Thoronath it was named, the Eagles' Cleft, where beneath

the shadow of the highest peaks a narrow path wound its way; on the right hand it was walled by a

precipice, and on the left a dreadful fall leapt into emptiness. Along that narrow way their march

was strung, when they were ambushed by Orcs, for Morgoth had set watchers all about the

encircling hills; and a Balrog was with them. Then dreadful was their plight, and hardly would they

have been saved by the valour of yellow-haired Glorfindel, chief of the House of the Golden Flower

of Gondolin, had not Thorondor come timely to their aid.

Many are the songs that have been sung of the duel of Glorfindel with the Balrog upon a

pinnacle of rock in that high place; and both fell to ruin in the abyss. But the eagles coming stooped

upon the Orcs, and drove them shrieking back; and all were slain or cast into the deeps, so that

rumour of the escape from Gondolin came not until long after to Morgoth's ears. Then Thorondor

bore up Glorfindel's body out of the abyss, and they buried him in a mound of stones beside the

pass; and a green turf came there, and yellow flowers bloomed upon it amid the barrenness of stone,

until the world was changed.

Thus led by Tuor son of Huor the remnant of Gondolin passed over the mountains, and came

down into the Vale of Sirion; and fleeing southward by weary and dangerous marches they came at

length to Nan-tathren, the Land of Willows, for the power of Ulmo yet ran in the great river, and it

was about them. There they rested a while, and were healed of their hurts and weariness; but their

sorrow could not be healed. And they made a feast in memory of Gondolin and of the Elves that had

perished there, the maidens, and the wives, and the warriors of the King; and for Glorfindel the

beloved many were the songs they sang, under the willows of Nan-tathren in the waning of the year.

There Tuor made a song for Eärendil his son, concerning the coming of Ulmo the Lord of Waters to

the shores of Nevrast aforetime; and the sea-longing woke in his heart, and in his son's also.

Therefore Idril and Tuor departed from Nan-tathren, and went southwards down the river to the sea;

and they dwelt there by the mouths of Sirion, and joined their people to the company of Elwing

Dior's daughter, that had fled thither but a little while before. And when the tidings came to Balar of

the fall of Gondolin and the death of Turgon, Ereinion Gil-galad son of Fingon was named High

King of the Noldor in Middle-earth.

But Morgoth thought that his triumph was fulfilled, recking little of the sons of Fëanor, and of

their oath, which had harmed him never and turned always to his mightiest aid; and in his black

thought he laughed, regretting not the one Silmaril that he had lost, for by it as he deemed the last

shred of the people of the Eldar should vanish from Middle-earth and trouble it no more. If he knew

of the dwelling by the waters of Sirion, he gave no sign, biding his time, and waiting upon the

working of oath and lie. Yet by Sirion and the sea there grew up an Elven-folk, the gleanings of

Doriath and Gondolin; and from Balar the mariners of Círdan came among them, and they took to

the waves and the building of ships, dwelling ever nigh to the coasts of Arvernien, under the

shadow of Ulmo's hand.

And it is said that in that time Ulmo came to Valinor out of the deep waters, and spoke there

to the Valar of the need of the Elves; and he called on them to forgive them, and rescue them from

the overmastering might of Morgoth, and win back the Silmarils, wherein alone now bloomed the

light of the Days of Bliss when the Two Trees still shone in Valinor. But Manwë moved not; and of

the counsels of his heart what tale shall tell?

The wise have said that the hour was not yet come, and that only one speaking in person for

the cause of both Elves and Men, pleading for pardon on their misdeeds and pity on their woes,

might move the counsels of the Powers; and the oath of Fëanor perhaps even Manwë could not

loose, until it found its end, and the sons of Fëanor relinquished the Silmarils, upon which they had

laid their ruthless claim. For the light which lit the Silmarils the Valar themselves had made.

In those days Tuor felt old age creep upon him, and ever a longing for the deeps of the Sea

grew stronger in his heart. Therefore he built a great ship, and he named it Eärrámë, which is Sea-

Wing; and with Idril Celebrindal he set sail into the sunset and the West, and came no more into any

tale or song. But in after days it was sung that Tuor alone of mortal Men was numbered among the

elder race, and was joined with the Noldor, whom he loved; and his fate is sundered from the fate of

Men.

Chapter 24

Of the Voyage of Eärendil and

the War of Wrath

Bright Eärendil was then lord of the people that dwelt nigh to Sirion's mouths; and he took to wife

Elwing the fair, and she bore to him Elrond and Elros, who are called the Half-elven. Yet Eärendil

could not rest, and his voyages about the shores of the Hither Lands eased not his unquiet. Two

purposes grew in his heart, blended as one in longing for the wide Sea: he sought to sail thereon,

seeking after Tuor and Idril who returned not; and he thought to find perhaps the last shore, and

bring ere he died the message of Elves and Men to the Valar in the West, that should move their

hearts to pity for the sorrows of Middle-earth.

Now Eärendil became fast in friendship with Círdan the Shipwright, who dwelt on the Isle of

Balar with those of his people who escaped from the sack of the Havens of Brithombar and

Eglarest. With the aid of Círdan Eärendil built Vingilot, the Foam-flower, fairest of the ships of

song; golden were its oars and white its timbers, hewn in the birchwoods of Nimbrethil, and its sails

were as the argent moon. In the Lay of Eärendil is many a thing sung of his adventures in the deep

and in lands untrodden, and in many seas and in many isles; but Elwing was not with him, and she

sat in sorrow by the mouths of Sirion.

Eärendil found not Tuor nor Idril, nor came he ever on that journey to the shores of Valinor,

defeated by shadows and enchantment, driven by repelling winds, until in longing for Elwing he

turned homeward towards the coast of Beleriand. And his heart bade him haste, for a sudden fear

had fallen on him out of dreams; and the winds that

before he had striven with might not now bear

him back as swift as his desire.

Now when first the tidings came to Maedhros that Elwing yet lived, and dwelt in possession

of the Silmaril by the mouths of Sirion, he repenting of the deeds in Doriath withheld his hand. But

in time the knowledge of their oath unfulfilled returned to torment him and his brothers, and

gathering from their wandering hunting-paths they sent messages to the Havens of friendship and

yet of stern demand. Then Elwing and the people of Sirion would not yield the jewel which Beren

had won and Lúthien had worn, and for which Dior the fair was slain; and least of all while

Eärendil their lord was on the sea, for it seemed to them that in the Silmaril lay the healing and the

blessing that had come upon their houses and their ships. And so there came to pass the last and

cruellest of the slayings of Elf by Elf; and that was the third of the great wrongs achieved by the

accursed oath.

For the sons of Fëanor that yet lived came down suddenly upon the exiles of Gondolin and the

remnant of Doriath, and destroyed them. In that battle some of their people stood aside, and some

few rebelled and were slain upon the other part aiding Elwing against their own lords (for such was

the sorrow and confusion in the hearts of the Eldar in those days); but Maedhros and Maglor won

the day, though they alone remained thereafter of the sons of Fëanor, for both Amrod and Amras

were slain. Too late the ships of Círdan and Gil-galad the High King came hasting to the aid of the

Elves of Sirion; and Elwing was gone, and her sons. Then such few of that people as did not perish

in the assault joined themselves to Gil-galad, and went with him to Balar; and they told that Elros

and Elrond were taken captive, but Elwing with the Silmaril upon her breast had cast herself into

the sea.

Thus Maedhros and Maglor gained not the jewel; but it was not lost. For Ulmo bore up

Elwing out of the waves, and he gave her the likeness of a great white bird, and upon her breast

there shone as a star the Silmaril, as she flew over the water to seek Eärendil her beloved. On a time

of night Eärendil at the helm of his ship saw her come towards him, as a white cloud exceeding

swift beneath the moon, as a star over the sea moving in strange course, a pale flame on wings of

storm. And it is sung that she fell from the air upon the timbers of Vingilot, in a swoon, nigh unto

death for the urgency of her speed, and Eärendil took her to his bosom; but in the morning with

marvelling eyes he beheld his wife in her own form

beside him with her hair upon his face, and she

slept.

Great was the sorrow of Eärendil and Elwing for the ruin of the havens of Sirion, and the

captivity of their sons, and they feared that they would be slain; but it was not so. For Maglor took

pity upon Elros and Elrond, and he cherished them, and love grew after between them, as little

might be thought; but Maglor's heart was sick and weary with the burden of the dreadful oath.

Yet Eärendil saw now no hope left in the lands of Middle-earth, and he turned again in despair

and came not home, but sought back once more to Valinor with Elwing at his side. He stood now

most often at the prow of Vingilot, and the Silmaril was bound upon his brow; and ever its light

grew greater as they drew into the West. And the wise have said that it was by reason of the power

of that holy jewel that they came in time to waters that no vessels save those of the Teleri had

known; and they came to the Enchanted Isles and escaped their enchantment; and they came into

the Shadowy Seas and passed their shadows, and they looked upon Tol Eressëa the Lonely Isle, but

tarried not; and at the last they cast anchor in the Bay of Eldamar, and the Teleri saw the coming of

that ship out of the East and they were amazed, gazing from afar upon the light of the Silmaril, and

it was very great. Then Eärendil, first of living Men,

landed on the immortal shores; and he spoke

there to Elwing and to those that were with him, and they were three mariners who had sailed all the

seas besides him: Falathar, Erellont, and Aerandir were their names. And Eärendil said to them:

'Here none but myself shall set foot, lest you fall under the wrath of the Valar. But that peril I will

take on myself alone, for the sake of the Two Kindreds.'

But Elwing answered: 'Then would our paths be sundered for ever; but all thy perils I will

take on myself also.' And she leaped into the white foam and ran towards him; but Eärendil was

sorrowful, for he feared the anger of the Lords of the West upon any of Middle-earth that should

dare to pass the leaguer of Aman. And there they bade farewell to the companions of their voyage,

and were taken from them for ever.

Then Eärendil said to Elwing: 'Await me here; for one only may bring the message that it is

my fate to bear.' And he went up alone into the land, and came into the Calacirya, and it seemed to

him empty and silent; for even as Morgoth and Ungoliant came in ages past, so now Eärendil had

come at a time of festival, and wellnigh all the Elvenfolk were gone to Valimar, or were gathered in

the halls of Manwë upon Taniquetil, and few were left to keep watch upon the walls of Tirion.

But some there were who saw him from afar, and the great light that he bore; and they went in

haste to Valimar. But Eärendil climbed the green hill of Túna and found it bare; and he entered into

the streets of Tirion, and they were empty; and his heart was heavy, for he feared that some evil had

come even to the Blessed Realm. He walked in the deserted ways of Tirion, and the dust upon his

raiment and his shoes was a dust of diamonds, and he shone and glistened as he climbed the long

white stairs. And he called aloud in many tongues, both of Elves and Men, but there were none to

answer him. Therefore he turned back at last towards the sea, thinking to set sail once more upon

Vingelot his ship and abandon his errand, and live for ever upon the sea; but even as he took the

shoreward road one stood upon the hill and called to him in a great voice, crying:

'Hail Eärendil, radiant star, messenger most fair! Hail thou bearer of light before the Sun and

Moon, the looked-for that comest unawares, the longed-for that comest beyond hope! Hail,

splendour of the children of the world, slayer of the dark! Star of the sunset, hail! Hail, herald of the morn!'

That voice was the voice of Eönwë, herald of Manwë, and he came from Valimar, and

summoned Eärendil to come before the Powers of Arda. And Eärendil went into Valinor and to the

halls of Valimar, and never again set foot upon the lands of Men. Then the Valar took counsel

together, and they summoned Ulmo from the deeps of the sea; and Eärendil stood before their faces,

and delivered the errand of the Two Kindreds. Pardon he asked for the Noldor and pity for their

great sorrows, and mercy upon Men and Elves and succour in their need. And his prayer was

granted.

It is told among the Elves that after Eärendil had departed, seeking Elwing his wife, Mandos

spoke concerning his fate; and he said: 'Shall mortal Man step living upon the undying lands, and

yet live?' But Ulmo said: 'For this he was born into the world. And say unto me: whether is he

Eärendil Tuor's son of the line of Hador, or the son of Idril, Turgon's daughter, of the Elven-house of

Finwë?' And Mandos answered: 'Equally the Noldor, who went wilfully into exile, may not return

hither.'

But when all was spoken, Manwë the Elder King gave judgement, and he said: ‘To Eärendil I

remit the ban, and the peril that he took upon himself out of love for the Two Kindreds shall not fall

on him; neither shall it fall upon Elwing his wife, who entered into peril for love of him; save only

in this: they shall not ever walk again among Elves or Men in the Outer Lands. Now all those who

have the blood of mortal Men, in whatever part, great or small, are mortal, unless other doom be

granted to them; but in this matter the power of doom is given to me. This is my decree: to Eärendil

and to Elwing, and to their sons, shall be given leave each to choose freely to which kindred their

fates shall be joined, and under which kindred they shall be judged.'

Now when Eärendil was long time gone Elwing became lonely and afraid; and wandering by

the margin of the sea she came near to Alqualondë, where lay the Telerin fleets. There the Teleri

befriended her, and they listened to her tales of Doriath and Gondolin and the griefs of Beleriand,

and they were filled with pity and wonder; and there Eärendil returning found her, at the Haven of

the Swans. But ere long they were summoned to Valimar; and there the decree of the Elder King

was declared to them.

Then Eärendil said to Elwing: 'Choose thou, for now I am weary of the world.' And Elwing

chose to be judged among the Firstborn Children of Ilúvatar, because of Lúthien; and for her sake

Eärendil chose alike, though his heart was rather with the kindred of Men and the people of his

father. Then at the bidding of the Valar Eönwë went to the shore of Aman, where the companions of

Eärendil still remained, awaiting tidings; and he took a boat, and the three mariners were set

therein, and the Valar drove them away into the East with a great wind. But they took Vingilot, and

hallowed it, and bore it away through Valinor to the uttermost rim of the world; and there it passed

through the Door of Night and was lifted up even into the oceans of heaven.

Now fair and marvellous was that vessel made, and it was filled with a wavering flame, pure

and bright; and Eärendil the Mariner sat at the helm, glistening with dust of elven-gems, and the

Silmaril was bound upon his brow. Far he journeyed in that ship, even into the starless voids; but

most often was he seen at morning or at evening, glimmering in sunrise or sunset, as he came back

to Valinor from voyages beyond the confines of the world.

On those journeys Elwing did not go, for she had not the strength to endure the cold and the

pathless voids, and she loved rather the earth and the sweet winds that blow on sea and hill.

Therefore there was built for her a white tower northward upon the borders of the Sundering Seas;

and thither at times all the sea-birds of the earth repaired. And it is said that Elwing learned the

tongues of birds, who herself had once worn their shape; and she devised wings for herself of white

and silver-grey, and they taught her the craft of flight. And at times, when Eärendil returning drew

near again to Arda, she would fly to meet him, even as she had flown long ago, when she was

rescued from the sea. Then the far-sighted among the Elves that dwelt in the Lonely Isle would see

her like a white bird, shining, rose-stained in the sunset, as she soared in joy to greet the coming of

Vingilot to haven.

Now when first Vingilot was set to sail in the seas of heaven, it rose unlocked for, glittering

and bright; and the people of Middle-earth beheld it from afar and wondered, and they took it for a

sign, and called it Gil-Estel, the Star of High Hope. And when this new star was seen at evening,

Maedhros spoke to Maglor his brother, and he said: 'Surely that is a Silmaril that shines now in the

West?'

And Maglor answered: 'If it be truly the Silmaril which we saw cast into the sea that rises

again by the power of the Valar, then let us be glad; for its glory is seen now by many, and is yet

secure from all evil.' Then the Elves looked up, and despaired no longer; but Morgoth was filled

with doubt.

Yet it is said that Morgoth looked not for the assault that came upon him from the West; for so

great was his pride become that he deemed that none would ever again come with open war against

him. Moreover he thought that he had for ever estranged the Noldor from the Lords of the West, and

that content in their blissful realm the Valar would heed no more his kingdom in the world without;

for to him that is pitiless the deeds of pity are ever strange and beyond reckoning.

But the host of the Valar prepared for battle; and the captain of their host was Eönwë, to

whom Manwe gave his sword, and beneath his white banners marched the Vanyar, the people of

Ingwë, and those also of the Noldor who never departed from Valinor, whose leader was Finarfin

the son of Finwë. Few of the Teleri were willing to go forth to war, for they remembered the slaying

at the Swan-haven, and the rape of their ships; but they hearkened to Elwing, who was the daughter

of Dior Eluchíl and come of their own kindred, and they sent mariners enough to sail the ships that

bore the host of Valinor east over the sea. Yet they stayed aboard their vessels, and none of them set

foot upon the Hither Lands.

Of the march of the host of the Valar to the north of Middle-earth little is said in any tale; for

among them went none of those Elves who had dwelt and suffered in the Hither Lands, and who

made the histories of those days that still are

known; and tidings of these things they only learned

long afterwards from their kinsfolk, the Light-Elves in Valinor. But at the last the might of Valinor

came up out of the West, and the challenge of the trumpets of Eönwë filled the sky; and Beleriand

was ablaze with the glory of their arms, for the host of the Valar were arrayed in forms young and

fair and terrible, and the mountains rang beneath their feet.

The meeting of the hosts of the West and of the North is named the Great Battle, the Battle

Terrible, and the War of Wrath. There was marshalled the whole power of the Throne of Morgoth,

and it had become great beyond count, so that Anfauglith could not contain it; and all the North was

aflame with war.

But it availed him not. The Balrogs were destroyed, save some few that fled and hid

themselves in caverns inaccessible at the roots of the earth; and the uncounted legions of the Ores

perished like straw in a great fire, or were swept like shrivelled leaves before a burning wind. Few

remained to trouble the world for long years after. And such few as were left of the three houses of

the Elf-friends, Fathers of Men, fought upon the part of the Valar; and they were avenged in those

days for Baragund and Barahir, Galdor and Gundor,

Huor and Húrin, and many others of their lords.

But a great part of the sons of Men, whether of the people of Uldor or others new-come out of the

east, marched with the Enemy; and the Elves do not forget it.

Then, seeing that his hosts were overthrown and his power dispersed, Morgoth quailed, and

he dared not to come forth himself. But he loosed upon his foes the last desperate assault that he

had prepared, and out of the pits of Angband there issued the winged dragons, that had not before

been seen; and so sudden and ruinous was the onset of that dreadful fleet that the host of the Valar

was driven back, for the coming of the dragons was with great thunder, and lightning, and a tempest

of fire, and their wings were of steel.

But Eärendil came, shining with white flame, and about Vingilot were gathered all the great

birds of heaven and Thorondor was their captain, and there was battle in the air all the day and

through a dark night of doubt. And ere the rising of the sun Eärendil slew Ancalagon the Black, the

mightiest of the dragon-host, and cast him from the sky; and he fell upon the towers of

Thangorodrim, and they were broken in his ruin. Then the sun rose, and the host of the Valar

prevailed, and well-nigh all the dragons were destroyed; and all the pits of Morgoth were broken

and unroofed, and the might of the Valar descended

into the deeps of the earth. There Morgoth

stood at last at bay, and yet unvaliant. He fled into the deepest of his mines, and sued for peace and

pardon; but his feet were hewn from under him, and he was hurled upon his face. Then he was

bound with the chain Angainor which he had worn aforetime, and his iron crown they beat into a

collar for his neck, and his head was bowed upon his knees. And the two Silmarils which remained

to Morgoth were taken from his crown, and they shone unsullied beneath the sky; and Eönwë took

them, and guarded them.

Thus an end was made of the power of Angband in the North, and' the evil realm was brought

to naught; and out of the deep prisons a multitude of slaves came forth beyond all hope into the

light of day, and they looked upon a world that was changed. For so great was the fury of those

adversaries that the northern regions of the western world were rent asunder, and the sea roared in

through many chasms, and there was confusion and great noise; and rivers perished or found new

paths, and the valleys were upheaved and the hills trod down; and Sirion was no more.

Then Eönwë as herald of the Elder King marched through the western lands summoning the

remnant of the Noldor, and the Dark-elves that had

not yet looked on Valinor, to join with the thralls released and to depart from Middle-earth. But Maedhros and Maglor would not hearken, and they prepared, though now with weariness and loathing, to attempt in despair the fulfilment of their oath; for they would have given battle for the Silmarils, were they withheld, even against the victorious host of Valinor, even though they stood alone against all the world. And they sent a message therefore to Eönwë, bidding him yield up now those jewels which of old Fëanor their father made and Morgoth stole from him.

But Eönwë answered that the right to the work of their father, which the sons of Fëanor formerly possessed, had now perished, because of their many and merciless deeds, being blinded by their oath, and most of all because of their slaying of Dior and the assault upon the Havens. The light of the Silmarils should go now into the West, whence it came in the beginning; and to Valinor must Maedhros and Maglor return, and there abide the judgement of the Valar, by whose decree alone would Eönwë yield the jewels from his charge. Then Maglor desired indeed to submit, for his heart was sorrowful, and he said: The oath says not that we may not bide our time, and it may be that in Valinor all shall be forgiven and forgot, and we shall come into our own in peace.

But Maedhros answered that if they returned to Aman but the favour of the Valar were

withheld from them, then their oath would still remain, but its fulfilment be beyond all hope; and he

said: 'Who can tell to what dreadful doom we shall come, if we disobey the Powers in their own

land, or purpose ever to bring war again into their holy realm?'

Yet Maglor still held back, saying: 'If Manwë and Varda themselves deny the fulfilment of an

oath to which we named them in witness, is it not made void?'

And Maedhros answered: 'But how shall our voices reach to Ilúvatar beyond the Circles of the

World? And by Ilúvatar we swore in our madness, and called the Everlasting Darkness upon us, if

we kept not our word. Who shall release us?'

'If none can release us,' said Maglor, 'then indeed the Everlasting Darkness shall be our lot,

whether we keep our oath or break it; but less evil shall we do in the breaking.'

Yet he yielded at last to the will of Maedhros, and they took counsel together how they should

lay hands on the Silmarils. And they disguised themselves, and came in the night to the camp of

Eönwë, and crept into the place where the Silmarils were guarded; and they slew the guards, and

laid hands on the jewels. Then all the camp was raised against them, and they prepared to die,

defending themselves until the last. But Eönwë would not permit the slaying of the sons of Fëanor;

and departing unfought they fled far away. Each of them took to himself a Silmaril, for they said:

'Since one is lost to us, and but two remain, and we two alone of our brothers, so is it plain that fate would have us share the heirlooms of our father.'

But the jewel burned the hand of Maedhros in pain unbearable; and he perceived that it was as

Eönwë had said, and that his right thereto had become void, and that the oath was vain. And being

in anguish and despair he cast himself into a gaping chasm filled with fire, and so ended; and the

Silmaril that he bore was taken into the bosom of the Earth,

And it is told of Maglor that he could not endure the pain with which the Silmaril tormented

him; and he cast it at last into the Sea, and thereafter he wandered ever upon the shores, singing in

pain and regret beside the waves. For Maglor was mighty among the singers of old, named only

after Daeron of Doriath; but he came never back among the people of the Elves. And thus it came to

pass that the Silmarils found their long homes: one in the airs of heaven, and one in the fires of the

heart of the world, and one in the deep waters.

In those days there was a great building of ships upon the shores of the Western Sea; and

thence in many a fleet the Eldar set sail into the West, and came never back to the lands of weeping

and of war. And the Vanyar returned beneath their white banners, and were borne in triumph to

Valinor; but their joy in victory was diminished, for they returned without the Silmarils from

Morgoth's crown, and they knew that those jewels could not be found or brought together again

unless the world be broken and remade.

And when they came into the West the Elves of Beleriand dwelt upon Tol Eressëa, the Lonely

Isle, that looks both west and east; whence they might come even to Valinor. They were admitted

again to the love of Manwë and the pardon of the Valar; and the Teleri forgave their ancient grief,

and the curse was laid to rest.

Yet not all the Eldalië were willing to forsake the Hither Lands where they had long suffered

and long dwelt; and some lingered many an age in Middle-earth. Among those were Círdan the

Shipwright, and Celeborn of Doriath, with Galadriel his wife, who alone remained of those who led

the Noldor to exile in Beleriand. In Middle-earth dwelt also Gil-galad the High King, and with him

was Elrond Half-elven, who chose, as was granted to him, to be numbered among the Eldar; but

Elros his brother chose to abide with Men. And

from these brethren alone has come among Men the

blood of the Firstborn and a strain of the spirits divine that were before Arda; for they were the sons

of Elwing, Dior's daughter, Lúthien's son, child of Thingol and Melian; and Eärendil their father

was the son of Idril Celebrindal, Turgon's daughter of Gondolin.

But ever as the ages drew on and the Elf folk faded upon earth, they would set sail at eve from

the western shores of this world, until there lingered few anywhere of their lonely companies. This

was the doom of the Gods, when Eönwë and the host of the Valar returned to Valmar and told of all

the things that had been done. Thereafter the Hither Lands of Middle-earth should be for Mankind,

the younger children of the world; but to the Elves, the Firstborn, alone should the gateways of the

West stand ever open. And if the Elves would not come thither and tarried in the lands of Men, then

they should slowly fade and fail. This is the most grievous of the fruits of the lies and works that

Morgoth wrought, that the Eldalie should be sundered and estranged from Men. For a while other

evils that he had devised or nurtured lived on, although he himself was taken away; and Orcs and

Dragons, breeding again in dark places, became names of terror, and did evil deeds; but ere the End

all had perished.

But Morgoth himself the Valar thrust through the Door of Night beyond the Walls of the

World, into the Timeless Void; and a guard is set for ever on those walls, and Eärendil keeps watch

upon the ramparts of the sky. Yet the lies that Melkor, the mighty and accursed, Morgoth Bauglir,

the Power of Terror and of Hate, sowed in the hearts of Elves and Men are a seed that does not die

and cannot be destroyed; and ever and anon it sprouts anew, and will bear dark fruit even unto the

latest days.

Here ends the SILMARILLION. If it has passed from the high and the beautiful to darkness

and ruin, that was of old the fate of Arda Marred; and if any change shall come and the

Marring be amended, Manwë and Varda may know; but they have not revealed it, and it is not

declared in the dooms of Mandos.

AKALLABÊTH

The Downfall of Númenor

It is said by the Eldar that Men came into the world in the time of the Shadow of Morgoth, and they

fell swiftly under his dominion; for he sent his emissaries among them, and they listened to his evil

and cunning words, and they worshipped the Darkness and yet feared it. But there were some that

turned from evil and left the lands of their kindred, and wandered ever westward; for they had heard

a rumour that in the West there was a light which the Shadow could not dim. The servants of

Morgoth pursued them with hatred, and their ways were long and hard; yet they came at last to the

lands that look upon the Sea, and they entered Beleriand in the days of the War of the Jewels. The

Edain these were named in the Sindarin tongue; and they became friends and allies of the Eldar, and

did deeds of great valour in the war against Morgoth.

Of them was sprung, upon the side of his fathers, Bright Eärendil; and in the *Lay of Eärendil*

it is told how at the last, when the victory of Morgoth was almost complete, he built his ship

Vingilot, that Men called Rothinzil, and voyaged upon the unsailed seas, seeking ever for Valinor;

for he desired to speak before the Powers on behalf of the Two Kindreds, that the Valar might have

pity on them and send them help in their uttermost need. Therefore by Elves and Men he is called

Eärendil the Blessed, for he achieved his quest after long labours and many perils, and from Valinor

there came the host of the Lords of the West. But Eärendil came never back to the lands that he had

loved.

In the Great Battle when at last Morgoth was overthrown and Thangorodrim was broken, the

Edain alone of the kindreds of Men fought for the Valar, whereas many others fought for Morgoth.

And after the victory of the Lords of the West those of the evil Men who were not destroyed fled

back into the east, where many of their race were still wandering in the unharvested lands, wild and

lawless, refusing alike the summons of the Valar and of Morgoth. And the evil Men came among

them, and cast over them a shadow of fear, and they took them for kings. Then the Valar forsook for

a time the Men of Middle-earth who had refused their summons and had taken the friends of

Morgoth to be their masters; and Men dwelt in darkness and were troubled by many evil things that

Morgoth had devised in the days of his dominion: demons, and dragons, and misshapen beasts, and

the unclean Orcs that are mockeries of the Children of Ilúvatar. And the lot of Men was unhappy.

But Manwë put forth Morgoth and shut him beyond the World in the Void that is without; and

he cannot himself return again into the World, present and visible, while the Lords of the West are

still enthroned. Yet the seeds that he had planted still grew and sprouted, bearing evil fruit, if any

would tend them. For his will remained and guided his servants, moving them ever to thwart the

will of the Valar and to destroy those that obeyed them. This the Lords of the West knew full well.

When therefore Morgoth had been thrust forth, they

held council concerning the ages that should

come after. The Eldar they summoned to return into the West, and those that hearkened to the

summons dwelt in the Isle of Eressëa; and there is in that land a haven that is named Avallónë, for it

is of all cities the nearest to Valinor, and the tower of Avallónë is the first sight that the mariner

beholds when at last he draws nigh to the Undying Lands over the leagues of the Sea. To the

Fathers of Men of the three faithful houses rich reward also was given. Eönwë came among them

and taught them; and they were given wisdom and power and life more enduring than any others of

mortal race have possessed. A land was made for the Edain to dwell in, neither part of Middle-earth

nor of Valinor, for it was sundered from either by a wide sea; yet it was nearer to Valinor. It was

raised by Ossë out of the depths of the Great Water, and it was established by Aulë and enriched by

Yavanna; and the Eldar brought thither flowers and fountains out of Tol Eressëa. That land the Valar

called Andor, the Land of Gift; and the Star of Eärendil shone bright in the West as a token that all

was made ready, and as a guide over the sea; and Men marvelled to see that silver flame in the paths

of the Sun.

Then the Edain set sail upon the deep waters, following the Star; and the Valar laid a peace

upon the sea for many days, and sent sunlight and a sailing wind, so that the waters glittered before

the eyes of the Edain like rippling glass, and the foam flew like snow before the stems of their

ships. But so bright was Rothinzil that even at morning Men could see it glimmering in the West,

and in the cloudless night it shone alone, for no other star could stand beside it. And setting their

course towards it the Edain came at last over leagues of sea and saw afar the land that was prepared

for them, Andor, the Land of Gift, shimmering in a golden haze. Then they went up out of the sea

and found a country fair and fruitful, and they were glad. And they called that land Elenna, which is

Starwards; but also Anadûnë, which is Westernesse, Númenórë in the High Eldarin tongue.

This was the beginning of that people that in the Grey-elven speech are called the Dúnedain:

the Númenóreans, Kings among Men. But they did not thus escape from the doom of death that

Ilúvatar had set upon all Mankind, and they were mortal still, though their years were long, and they

knew no sickness, ere the shadow fell upon them. Therefore they grew wise and glorious, and in all

things more like to the Firstborn than any other of the kindreds of Men; and they were tall, taller

than the tallest of the sons of Middle-earth; and the

light of their eyes was like the bright stars. But their numbers increased only slowly in the land, for though daughters and sons were born to them,

fairer than their fathers, yet their children were few.

Of old the chief city and haven of Númenor was in the midst of its western coasts, and it was

called Andúnië because it faced the sunset. But in the midst of the land was a mountain tall and

steep, and it was named the Meneltarma, the Pillar of Heaven, and upon it was a high place that was

hallowed to Eru Ilúvatar, and it was open and unroofed, and no other temple or fane was there in the

land of the Númenóreans. At the feet of the mountain were built the tombs of the Kings, and hard

by upon a hill was Armenelos, fairest of cities, and there stood the tower and the citadel that was

raised by Elros son of Eärendil, whom the Valar appointed to be the first King of the Dúnedain.

Now Elros and Elrond his brother were descended from the Three Houses of the Edain, but in

part also both from the Eldar and the Maiar; for Idril of Gondolin and Lúthien daughter of Melian

were their fore-mothers. The Valar indeed may not withdraw the gift of death, which comes to Men

from Ilúvatar, but in the matter of the Half-elven Ilúvatar gave to them the judgement; and they

judged that to the sons of Eärendil should be given

choice of their own destiny. And Elrond chose to remain with the Firstborn, and to him the life of the Firstborn was granted. But to Elros, who chose to be a king of Men, still a great span of years was allotted, many times that of the Men of Middle-earth; and all his line, the kings and lords of the royal house, had long life even according to the measure of the Númenóreans. But Elros lived five hundred years, and ruled the Númenóreans four hundred years and ten.

Thus the years passed, and while Middle-earth went backward and light and wisdom faded, the Dúnedain dwelt under the protection of the Valar and in the friendship of the Eldar, and they increased in stature both of mind and body. For though this people used still their own speech, their kings and lords knew and spoke also the Elven tongue, which they had learned in the days of their alliance, and thus they held converse still with the Eldar, whether of Eressëa or of the west-lands of Middle-earth. And the loremasters among them learned also the High Eldarin tongue of the Blessed Realm, in which much story and song was preserved from the beginning of the world; and they made letters and scrolls and books, and wrote in them many things of wisdom and wonder in the high tide of their realm, of which all is now forgot. So it came to pass that, beside their own names, all the lords of the Númenóreans had also Eldarin

names; and the like with the cities and fair places

that they founded in Númenor and on the shores of the Hither Lands.

For the Dúnedain became mighty in crafts, so that if they had had the mind they could easily

have surpassed the evil kings of Middle-earth in the making of war and the forging of weapons; but

they were become men of peace. Above all arts they nourished shipbuilding and sea-craft, and they

became mariners whose like shall never be again since the world was diminished; and voyaging

upon the wide seas was the chief feat and adventure of their hardy men in the gallant days of their

youth.

But the Lords of Valinor forbade them to sail so far westward that the coasts of Númenor

could no longer be seen; and for long the Dúnedain were content, though they did not fully

understand the purpose of this ban. But the design of Manwë was that the Númenóreans should not

be tempted to seek for the Blessed Realm, nor desire to overpass the limits set to their bliss,

becoming enamoured of the immortality of the Valar and the Eldar and the lands where all things

endure.

For in those days Valinor still remained in the world visible, and there Ilúvatar permitted the

Valar to maintain upon Earth an abiding place, a memorial of that which might have been if

Morgoth had not cast his shadow on the world. This the Númenóreans knew full well; and at times,

when all the air was clear and the sun was in the east, they would look out and descry far off in the

west a city white-shining on a distant shore, and a great harbour and a tower. For in those days the

Númenóreans were far-sighted; yet even so it was only the keenest eyes among them that could see

this vision, from the Meneltarma, maybe, or from some tall ship that lay off their western coast as

far as it was lawful for them to go. For they did not dare to break the Ban of the Lords of the West.

But the wise among them knew that this distant land was not indeed the Blessed Realm of Valinor,

but was Avallónë, the haven of the Eldar upon Eressëa, easternmost of the Undying Lands. And

thence at times the Firstborn still would come sailing to Númenor in oarless boats, as white birds

flying from the sunset. And they brought to Númenor many gifts: birds of song, and fragrant

flowers, and herbs of great virtue. And a seedling they brought of Celeborn, the White Tree that

grew in the midst of Eressëa; and that was in its turn a seedling of Galathilion the Tree of Túna, the

image of Telperion that Yavanna gave to the Eldar in the Blessed Realm. And the tree grew and

blossomed in the courts of the King in Armenelos; Nimloth it was named, and flowered in the

evening, and the shadows of night it filled with its fragrance.

Thus it was that because of the Ban of the Valar the voyages of the Dúnedain in those days

went ever eastward and not westward, from the darkness of the North to the heats of the South, and

beyond the South to the Nether Darkness; and they came even into the inner seas, and sailed about

Middle-earth and glimpsed from their high prows the Gates of Morning in the East. And the

Dúnedain came at times to the shores of the Great Lands, and they took pity on the forsaken world

of Middle-earth; and the Lords of Númenor set foot again upon the western shores in the Dark

Years of Men, and none yet dared to withstand them. For most of the Men of that age that sat under

the Shadow were now grown weak and fearful. And coming among them the Númenóreans taught

them many things. Corn and wine they brought, and they instructed Men in the sowing of seed and

the grinding of grain, in the hewing of wood and the shaping of stone, and in the ordering of their

life, such as it might be in the lands of swift death and little bliss.

Then the Men of Middle-earth were comforted, and here and there upon the western shores

the houseless woods drew back, and Men shook off the yoke of the offspring of Morgoth, and

unlearned their terror of the dark. And they revered

the memory of the tall Sea-kings, and when

they had departed they called them gods, hoping for their return; for at that time the Númenóreans

dwelt never long in Middle-earth, nor made there as yet any habitation of their own. Eastward they

must sail, but ever west their hearts returned.

Now this yearning grew ever greater with the years; and the Númenóreans began to hunger

for the undying city that they saw from afar, and the desire of everlasting life, to escape from death

and the ending of delight, grew strong upon them; and ever as their power and glory grew greater

their unquiet increased. For though the Valar had rewarded the Dúnedain with long life, they could

not take from them the weariness of the world that comes at last, and they died, even their kings of

the seed of Eärendil; and the span of their lives was brief in the eyes of the Eldar. Thus it was that a shadow fell upon them: in which maybe the will of Morgoth was at work that still moved in the

world. And the Númenóreans began to murmur, at first in their hearts, and then in open words,

against the doom of Men, and most of all against the Ban which forbade them to sail into the West.

And they said among themselves: 'Why do the Lords of the West sit there in peace unending,

while we must die and go we know not whither, leaving our home and all that we have made? And

the Eldar die not, even those that rebelled against the Lords. And since we have mastered all seas,

and no water is so wild or so wide that our ships cannot overcome it, why should we not go to

Avallónë and greet there our friends?'

And some there were who said: 'Why should we not go even to Aman, and taste there, were it

but for a day, the bliss of the Powers? Have we not become mighty among the people of Arda?'

The Eldar reported these words to the Valar, and Manwë was grieved, seeing a cloud gather

on the noontide of Númenor. And he sent messengers to the Dúnedain, who spoke earnestly to the

King, and to all who would listen, concerning the fate and fashion of the world.

'The Doom of the World,' they said, 'One alone can change who made it. And were you so to

voyage that escaping all deceits and snares you came indeed to Aman, the Blessed Realm, little

would it profit you. For it is not the land of Manwë that makes its people deathless, but the

Deathless that dwell therein have hallowed the land; and there you would but wither and grow

weary the sooner, as moths in a light too strong and steadfast.'

But the King said: 'And does not Eärendil, my forefather, live? Or is he not in the land of

Aman?'

To which they answered: 'You know that he has a fate apart, and was adjudged to the

Firstborn who die not; yet this also is his doom that he can never return again to mortal lands.

Whereas you and your people are not of the Firstborn, but are mortal Men as Ilúvatar made you. Yet

it seems that you desire now to have the good of both kindreds, to sail to Valinor when you will, and

to return when you please to your homes. That cannot be. Nor can the Valar take away the gifts of

Ilúvatar. The Eldar, you say, are unpunished, and even those who rebelled do not die. Yet that is to

them neither reward nor punishment, but the fulfilment of their being. They cannot escape, and are

bound to this world, never to leave it so long as it lasts, for its life is theirs. And you are punished for the rebellion of Men, you say, in which you had small part, and so it is that you die. But that was

not at first appointed for a punishment. Thus you escape, and leave the world, and are not bound to

it, in hope or in weariness. Which of us therefore should envy the others?"

And the Númenóreans answered: 'Why should we not envy the Valar, or even the least of the

Deathless? For of us is required a blind trust, and a hope without assurance, knowing not what lies

before us in a little while. And yet we also love the Earth and would not lose it.'

Then the Messengers said: 'Indeed the mind of Ilúvatar concerning you is not known to the

Valar, and he has not revealed all things that are to come. But this we hold to be true, that your

home is not here, neither in the Land of Aman nor anywhere within the Circles of the World. And

the Doom of Men, that they should depart, was at first a gift of Ilúvatar. It became a grief to them

only because coming under the shadow of Morgoth it seemed to them that they were surrounded by

a great darkness, of which they were afraid; and some grew wilful and proud and would not yield,

until life was reft from them. We who bear the ever-mounting burden of the years do not clearly

understand this; but if that grief has returned to trouble you, as you say, then we fear that the

Shadow arises once more and grows again in your hearts. Therefore, though you be the Dúnedain,

fairest of Men, who escaped from the Shadow of old and fought valiantly against it, we say to you:

Beware! The will of Eru may not be gainsaid; and the Valar bid you earnestly not to withhold the

trust to which you are called, lest soon it become again a bond by which you are constrained. Hope

rather that in the end even the least of your desires shall have fruit. The love of Arda was set in your hearts by Ilúvatar, and he does not plant to no purpose. Nonetheless, many ages of Men unborn may

pass ere that purpose is made known; and to you it

will be revealed and not to the Valar.'

These things took place in the days of Tar-Ciryatan the Shipbuilder, and of Tar-Atanamir his

son; and they were proud men, eager for wealth, and they laid the men of Middle-earth under

tribute, taking now rather than giving. It was to Tar-Atanamir that the Messengers came; and he was

the thirteenth King, and in his day the Realm of Númenor had endured for more than two thousand

years, and was come to the zenith of its bliss, if not yet of its power. But Atanamir was ill pleased

with the counsel of the Messengers and gave little heed to it, and the greater part of his people

followed him; for they wished still to escape death in their own day, not waiting upon hope. And

Atanamir lived to a great age, clinging to his life beyond the end of all joy; and he was the first of

the Númenóreans to do this, refusing to depart until he was witless and unmanned, and denying to

his son the kingship at the height of his days. For the Lords of Númenor had been wont to wed late

in their long lives and to depart and leave the mastery to their sons when these were come to full

stature of body and mind.

Then Tar-Ancalimon, son of Atanamir, became King, and he was of like mind; and in his day

the people of Númenor became divided. On the one

hand was the greater party, and they were

called the King's Men, and they grew proud and were estranged from the Eldar and the Valar. And

on the other hand was the lesser party, and they were called the Elendili, the Elf-friends; for though

they remained loyal indeed to the King and the House of Elros, they wished to keep the friendship

of the Eldar, and they hearkened to the counsel of the Lords of the West. Nonetheless even they,

who named themselves the Faithful, did not wholly escape from the affliction of their people, and

they were troubled by the thought of death.

Thus the bliss of Westernesse became diminished; but still its might and splendour increased.

For the kings and their people had not yet abandoned wisdom, and if they loved the Valar no longer

at least they still feared them. They did not dare openly to break the Ban or to sail beyond the limits

that had been appointed. Eastwards still they steered their tall ships. But the fear of death grew ever

darker upon them, and they delayed it by all means that they could; and they began to build great

houses for their dead, while their wise men laboured unceasingly to discover if they might the

secret of recalling life, or at the least of the prolonging of Men's days. Yet they achieved only the art of preserving incorrupt the dead flesh of Men, and they filled all the land with silent tombs

in which

the thought of death was enshrined in the darkness. But those that lived turned the more eagerly to

pleasure and revelry, desiring ever more goods and more riches; and after the days of Tar-

Ancalimon the offering of the first fruits to Eru was neglected, and men went seldom any more to

the Hallow upon the heights of Meneltarma in the midst of the land.

Thus it came to pass in that time that the Númenóreans first made great settlements upon the

west shores of the ancient lands; for their own land seemed to them shrunken, and they had no rest

or content therein, and they desired now wealth and dominion in Middle-earth, since the West was

denied. Great harbours and strong towers they made, and there many of them took up their abode;

but they appeared now rather as lords and masters and gatherers of tribute than as helpers and

teachers. And the great ships of the Númenóreans were borne east on the winds and returned ever

laden, and the power and majesty of their kings were increased; and they drank and they feasted and

they clad themselves in silver and gold.

In all this the Elf-friends had small part They alone came now ever to the north and the land

of Gil-galad, keeping their friendship with the Elves and lending them aid against Sauron; and their

haven was Pelargir above the mouths of Anduin the Great. But the King's Men sailed far away to

the south; and the lordships and strongholds that they made have left many rumours in the legends

of Men.

In this Age, as is elsewhere told, Sauron arose again in Middle-earth, and grew, and turned

back to the evil in which he was nurtured by Morgoth, becoming mighty in his service. Already in

the days of Tar-Minastir, the eleventh King of Númenor, he had fortified the land of Mordor and

had built there the Tower of Barad-dûr, and thereafter he strove ever for the dominion of Middle-

earth, to become a king over all kings and as a god unto Men. And Sauron hated the Númenóreans,

because of the deeds of their fathers and their ancient alliance with the Elves and allegiance to the

Valar; nor did he forget the aid that Tar-Minastir had rendered to Gil-galad of old, in that time when

the One Ring was forged and there was war between Sauron and the Elves in Eriador. Now he

learned that the kings of Númenor had increased hi power and splendour, and he hated them the

more; and he feared them, lest they should invade his lands and wrest from him the dominion of the

East. But for a long time he did not dare to challenge the Lords of the Sea, and he withdrew from

the coasts.

Yet Sauron was ever guileful, and it is said that among those whom he ensnared with the Nine

Rings three were great lords of Númenórean race. And when the Úlairi arose that were the Ring-

wraiths, his servants, and the strength of his terror and mastery over Men had grown exceedingly

great, he began to assail the strong places of the Númenóreans upon the shores of the sea.

In those days the Shadow grew deeper upon Númenor; and the lives of the Kings of the

House of Elros waned because of their rebellion, but they hardened their hearts the more against the

Valar. And the nineteenth king took the sceptre of his fathers, and he ascended the throne in the

name of Adunakhôr, Lord of the West, forsaking the Elven-tongues and forbidding their use in his

hearing. Yet hi the Scroll of Kings the name Herunúmen was inscribed in the High-elven speech,

because of ancient custom, which the kings feared to break utterly, lest evil befall Now this title

seemed to the Faithful over-proud, being the title of the Valar; and their hearts were sorely tried

between their loyalty to the House of Elros and their reverence of the appointed Powers. But worse

was yet to come. For Ar-Gimilzôr the twenty-second king was the greatest enemy of the Faithful. In

his day the White Tree was untended and began to decline; and he forbade utterly the use of the

Elven-tongues, and punished those that welcomed the ships of Eressëa, that still came secretly to

the west-shores of the land.

Now the Elendili dwelt mostly in the western regions of Númenor; but Ar-Gimilzôr

commanded all that he could discover to be of this party to remove from the west and dwell in the

east of the land; and there they were watched. And the chief dwelling of the Faithful in the later

days was thus nigh to the harbour of Romenna; thence many set sail to Middle-earth, seeking the

northern coasts where they might speak still with the Eldar in the kingdom of Gil-galad. This was

known to the kings, but they hindered it not, so long as the Elendili departed from their land and did

not return; for they desired to end all friendship between then: people and the Eldar of Eressëa,

whom they named the Spies of the Valar, hoping to keep their deeds and their counsels hidden from

the Lords of the West. But all that they did was known to Manwë, and the Valar were wroth with the

Kings of Númenor, and gave them counsel and protection no more; and the ships of Eressëa came

never again out of the sunset, and the havens of Andúnië were forlorn.

Highest in honour after the house of the kings were

the Lords of Andúnië; for they were of the

line of Elros, being descended from Silmarien, daughter of Tar-Elendil the fourth king of Númenor.

And these lords were loyal to the kings, and revered them; and the Lord of Andúnië was ever

among the chief councillors of the Sceptre. Yet also from the beginning they bore especial love to

the Eldar and reverence for the Valar; and as the Shadow grew they aided the Faithful as they could.

But for long they did not declare themselves openly, and sought rather to amend the hearts of the

lords of the Sceptre with wiser counsels.

There was a lady Inzilbêth, renowned for her beauty, and her mother was Lindórië, sister of

Eärendur, the Lord of Andúnië in the days of Ar-Sakalthôr father of Ar-Gimilzôr. Gimilzôr took her

to wife, though this was little to her liking, for she was in heart one of the Faithful, being taught by her mother; but the kings and their sons were grown proud and not to be gainsaid in their wishes.

No love was there between Ar-Gimilzôr and his queen, or between their sons. Inziladûn, the elder,

was like his mother in mind as in body; but Gimilkhâd, the younger, went with his father, unless he

were yet prouder and more wilful. To him Ar-Gimilzôr would have yielded the sceptre rather than to

the elder son, if the laws had allowed.

But when Inziladûn acceded to the sceptre, he took

again a title in the Elven-tongue as of old,

calling himself Tar-Palantir, for he was far-sighted both in eye and in mind, and even those that

hated him feared his words as those of a true-seer. He gave peace for a while to the Faithful; and he

went once more at due seasons to the Hallow of Eru upon the Meneltarma, which Ar-Gimilzôr had

forsaken. The White Tree he tended again with honour; and he prophesied, saying that when the

Tree perished, then also would the line of the Kings come to its end. But his repentance was too late

to appease the anger of the Valar with the insolence of his fathers, of which the greater part of his

people did not repent. And Gimilkhâd was strong and ungentle, and he took the leadership of those

that had been called the King's Men and opposed the will of his brother as openly as he dared, and

yet more in secret. Thus the days of Tar-Palantir became darkened with grief; and he would spend

much of his time in the west, and there ascended often the ancient tower of King Minastir upon the

hill of Oromët nigh to Andúnië, whence he gazed westward in yearning, hoping to see, maybe,

some sail upon the sea. But no ship came ever again from the West to Númenor, and Avallónë was

veiled in cloud.

Now Gimilkhâd died two years before his two

hundredth year (which was accounted an early

death for one of Elros' line even in its waning), but this brought no peace to the King. For Pharazôn

son of Gimilkhâd had become a man yet more restless and eager for wealth and power than his

father. He had fared often abroad, as a leader in the wars that the Númenóreans made then in the

coastlands of Middle-earth, seeking to extend their dominion over Men; and thus he had won great

renown as a captain both by land and by sea. Therefore when he came back to Númenor, hearing of

his father's death, the hearts of the people were turned to him; for he brought with him great wealth,

and was for the time free in his giving.

And it came to pass that Tar-Palantir grew weary of grief and died. He had no son, but a

daughter only, whom he named Míriel in the Elven-tongue; and to her now by right and the laws of

the Númenóreans came the sceptre. But Pharazôn took her to wife against her will, doing evil in

this and evil also in that the laws of Númenor did not permit the marriage, even in the royal house,

of those more nearly akin than cousins m the second degree. And when they were wedded, he

seized the sceptre into his own hand, taking the title of Ar-Pharazôn (Tar-Calion in the Elven-

tongue); and the name of his queen he changed to Ar-Zimraphel.

The mightiest and proudest was Ar-Pharazôn the Golden of all those that had wielded the

Sceptre of the Sea-Kings since the foundation of Númenor; and three and twenty Kings and Queens

had ruled the Númenóreans before, and slept now in their deep tombs under the mount of

Meneltarma, lying upon beds of gold.

And sitting upon his carven throne in the city of Armenelos in the glory of his power, he

brooded darkly, thinking of war. For he had learned in Middle-earth of the strength of the realm of

Sauron, and of his hatred of Westernesse. And now there came to him the masters of ships and

captains returning out of the East, and they reported that Sauron was putting forth his might, since

Ar-Pharazôn had gone back from Middle-earth, and he was pressing down upon the cities by the

coasts; and he had taken now the title of King of Men, and declared his purpose to drive the

Númenóreans into the sea, and destroy even Númenor, if that might be.

Great was the anger of Ar-Pharazôn at these tidings, and as he pondered long in secret, his

heart was filled with the desire of power unbounded and the sole dominion of his will. And he

determined without counsel of the Valar, or the aid of any wisdom but his own, that the title of King

of Men he would himself claim, and would compel

Sauron to become his vassal and his servant; for

in his pride he deemed that no king should ever arise so mighty as to vie with the Heir of Eärendil.

Therefore he began in that time to smithy great hoard of weapons, and many ships of war he built

and stored them with his arms; and when all was made ready he himself set sail with his host into

the East.

And men saw his sails coming up out of the sunset, dyed as with scarlet and gleaming with

red and gold, and fear fell upon the dwellers by the coasts, and they fled far away. But the fleet

came at last to that place that was called Umbar, where was the mighty haven of the Númenóreans

that no hand had wrought. Empty and silent were all the lands about when the King of the Sea

marched upon Middle-earth. For seven days he journeyed with banner and trumpet, and he came to

a hill, and he went up, and he set there his pavilion and his throne; and he sat him down in the midst

of the land, and the tents of his host were ranged all about him, blue, golden, and white, as a field of tall flowers. Then he sent forth heralds, and he commanded Sauron to come before him and swear

to him fealty.

And Sauron came. Even from his mighty tower of Barad-dûr he came, and made no offer of

battle. For he perceived that the power and majesty of the Kings of the Sea surpassed all rumour of

them, so that he could not trust even the greatest of his servants to withstand them; and he saw not

his time yet to work his will with the Dúnedain. And he was crafty, well skilled to gain what he

would by subtlety when force might not avail. Therefore he humbled himself before Ar-Pharazôn

and smoothed his tongue; and men wondered, for all that he said seemed fair and wise.

But Ar-Pharazôn was not yet deceived, and it came into his mind that, for the better keeping

of Sauron and of his oaths of fealty, he should be brought to Númenor, there to dwell as a hostage

for himself and all his servants in Middle-earth. To this Sauron assented as one constrained, yet in

his secret thought he received it gladly, for it chimed indeed with his desire. And Sauron passed

over the sea and looked upon the land of Númenor, and on the city of Armenelos in the days of its

glory, and he was astounded; but his heart within was filled the more with envy and hate.

Yet such was the cunning of his mind and mouth, and the strength of his hidden will, that ere

three years had passed he had become closest to the secret counsels of the King; for flattery sweet

as honey was ever on his tongue, and knowledge he had of many things yet unrevealed to Men. And

seeing the favour that he had of their lord all the councillors began to fawn upon him, save one

alone, Amandil lord of Andúnië. Then slowly a change came over the land, and the hearts of the

Elf-friends were sorely troubled, and many fell away out of fear; and although those that remained

still called themselves the Faithful, their enemies named them rebels. For now, having the ears of

men, Sauron with many arguments gainsaid all that the Valar had taught; and he bade men think that

in the world, in the east and even hi the west, there lay yet many seas and many lands for their

winning, wherein was wealth uncounted. And still, if they should at the last come to the end of

those lands and seas, beyond all lay the Ancient Darkness. 'And out of it the world was made. For

Darkness alone is worshipful, and the Lord thereof may yet make other worlds to be gifts to those

that serve him, so that the increase of their power shall find no end.'

And Ar-Pharazôn said: 'Who is the Lord of the Darkness?'

Then behind locked doors Sauron spoke to the King, and he lied, saying: 'It is he whose name

is not now spoken; for the Valar have deceived you concerning him, putting forward the name of

Eru, a phantom devised in the folly of their hearts, seeking to enchain Men in servitude to

themselves. For they are the oracle of this Eru, which speaks only what they will. But he that is

their master shall yet prevail, and he will deliver you from this phantom; and his name is Melkor,

Lord of All, Giver of Freedom, and he shall make you stronger than they.'

Then Ar-Pharazôn the King turned back to the worship of the Dark, and of Melkor the Lord

thereof, at first in secret, but ere long openly and in the face of his people; and they for the most

part followed him. Yet there dwelt still a remnant of the Faithful, as has been told, at Romenna and

in the country near, and other few there were here and there in the land. The chief among them, to

whom they looked for leading and courage in evil days, was Amandil, councillor of the King, and

his son Elendil, whose sons were Isildur and Anárion, then young men by the reckoning of

Númenor. Amandil and Elendil were great ship-captains; and they were of the line of Elros Tar-

Minyatur, though not of the ruling house to whom belonged the crown and the throne in the city of

Armenelos. In the days of their youth together Amandil had been dear to Pharazôn, and though he

was of the Elf-friends he remained in his council until the coming of Sauron. Now he was

dismissed, for Sauron hated him above all others in Númenor. But he was so noble, and had been so

mighty a captain of the sea, that he was still held in honour by many of the people, and neither the

King nor Sauron dared to lay hands on him as yet.

Therefore Amandil withdrew to Romenna, and all that he trusted still to be faithful he

summoned to come thither in secret; for he feared that evil would now grow apace, and all the Elf-

friends were in peril. And so it soon came to pass. For the Meneltarma was utterly deserted in those

days; and though not even Sauron dared to defile the high place, yet the King would let no man,

upon pain of death, ascend to it, not even those of the Faithful who kept Ilúvatar in their hearts. And

Sauron urged the King to cut down the White Tree, Nimloth the Fair, that grew in his courts, for it

was a memorial of the Eldar and of the light of Valinor.

At the first the King would not assent to this, since be believed that the fortunes of his house

were bound up with the Tree, as was forespoken by Tar-Palantir. Thus in his folly he who now hated

the Eldar and the Valar vainly clung to the shadow of the old allegiance of Númenor. But when

Amandil heard rumour of the evil purpose of Sauron he was grieved to the heart, knowing that in

the end Sauron would surely have his will. Then he spoke to Elendil and the sons of Elendil,

recalling the tale of the Trees of Valinor; and Isildur said no word, but went out by night and did a

deed for which he was afterwards renowned. For he passed alone in disguise to Armenelos and to

the courts of the King, which were now forbidden to the Faithful; and he came to the place of the

Tree, which was forbidden to all by the orders of Sauron, and the Tree was watched day and night

by guards in his service. At that time Nimloth was dark and bore no bloom, for it was late in the

autumn, and its winter was nigh; and Isildur passed through the guards and took from the Tree a

fruit that hung upon it, and turned to go. But the guard was aroused, and he was assailed, and fought

his way out, receiving many wounds; and he escaped, and because he was disguised it was not

discovered who had laid hands on the Tree. But Isildur came at last hardly back to Rómenna and

delivered the fruit to the hands of Amandil, ere his strength failed him. Then the fruit was planted in

secret, and it was blessed by Amandil; and a shoot arose from it and sprouted in the spring. But

when its first leaf opened then Isildur, who had lain long and come near to death, arose and was

troubled no more by his wounds.

None too soon was this done; for after the assault the King yielded to Sauron and felled the

White Tree, and turned then wholly away from the allegiance of his fathers. But Sauron caused to

be built upon the hill in the midst of the city of the Númenóreans, Armenelos the Golden, a mighty

temple; and it was in the form of a circle at the base, and there the walls were fifty feet in thickness, and the width of the base was five hundred feet across the centre, and the walls rose from the

ground five hundred feet, and they were crowned with a mighty dome. And that dome was roofed

all with silver, and rose glittering in the sun, so that the light of it could be seen afar off; but soon the light was darkened, and the silver became black. For there was an altar of fire in the midst of the

temple, and in the topmost of the dome there was a louver, whence there issued a great smoke. And

the first fire upon the altar Sauron kindled with the hewn wood of Nimloth, and it crackled and was

consumed; but men marvelled at the reek that went up from it, so that the land lay under a cloud for

seven days, until slowly it passed into the west.

Thereafter the fire and smoke went up without ceasing; for the power of Sauron daily

increased, and in that temple, with spilling of blood and torment and great wickedness, men made

sacrifice to Melkor that he should release them from Death. And most often from among the

Faithful they chose their victims; yet never openly on the charge that they would not worship

Melkor, the Giver of Freedom, rather was cause sought against them that they hated the King and

were his rebels, or that they plotted against their kin, devising lies and poisons. These charges were

for the most part false; yet those were bitter days, and hate brings forth hate.

But for all this Death did not depart from the land, rather it came sooner and more often, and

in many dreadful guises. For whereas aforetime

men had grown slowly old, and had laid them down

in the end to sleep, when they were weary at last of the world, now madness and sickness assailed

them; and yet they were afraid to die and go out into the dark, the realm of the lord that they had

taken; and they cursed themselves in their agony. And men took weapons in those days and slew

one another for little cause; for they were become quick to anger, and Sauron, or those whom he

had bound to himself, went about the land setting man against man, so that the people murmured

against the King and the lords, or against any that had aught that they had not; and the men of

power took cruel revenge.

Nonetheless for long it seemed to the Númenóreans that they prospered, and if they were not

increased in happiness, yet they grew more strong, and their rich men ever richer. For with the aid

and counsel of Sauron they multiplied then: possessions, and they devised engines, and they built

ever greater ships. And they sailed now with power and armoury to Middle-earth, and they came no

longer as bringers of gifts, nor even as rulers, but as fierce men of war. And they hunted the men of

Middle-earth and took their goods and enslaved them, and many they slew cruelly upon their altars.

For they built in their fortresses temples and great tombs in those days; and men feared them, and

the memory of the kindly kings of the ancient days faded from the world and was darkened by

many a tale of dread.

Thus Ar-Pharazôn, King of the Land of the Star, grew to the mightiest tyrant that had yet been

in the world since the reign of Morgoth, though in truth Sauron ruled all from behind the throne.

But the years passed, and the King felt the shadow of death approach, as his days lengthened; and

he was filled with fear and wrath. Now came the hour that Sauron had prepared and long had

awaited. And Sauron spoke to the King, saying that his strength was now so great that he might

think to have his will in all things, and be subject to no command or ban.

And he said: 'The Valar have possessed themselves of the land where there is no death; and

they lie to you concerning it, hiding it as best they may, because of their avarice, and their fear lest the Kings of Men should wrest from them the deathless realm and rule the world in their stead. And

though, doubtless, the gift of life unending is not for all, but only for such as are worthy, being men

of might and pride and great lineage, yet against all Justice is it done that this gift, which is his due, should be withheld from the King of Bangs, Ar-Pharazôn, mightiest of the sons of Earth, to whom

Manwë alone can be compared, if even he. But

great kings do not brook denials, and take what is

their due.'

Then Ar-Pharazôn, being besotted, and walking under the shadow of death, for his span was

drawing towards its end, hearkened to Sauron; and he began to ponder in his heart how he might

make war upon the Valar. He was long preparing this design, and he spoke not openly of it, yet it

could not be hidden from all. And Amandil, becoming aware of the purposes of the King, was

dismayed and filled with a great dread, for he knew that Men could not vanquish the Valar in war,

and that ruin must come upon the world, if this war were not stayed. Therefore he called his son,

Elendil, and he said to him:

'The days are dark, and there is no hope for Men, for the Faithful are few. Therefore I am

minded to try that counsel which our forefather Eärendil took of old, to sail into the West, be there

ban or no, and to speak to the Valar, even to Manwë himself, if may be, and beseech his aid ere all

is lost.'

'Would you then betray the King?' said Elendil. 'For you know well the charge that they make

against us, that we are traitors and spies, and that until this day it has been false.'

'If I thought that Manwë needed such a messenger,' said Amandil, I would betray the King.

For there is but one loyalty from which no man can be absolved in heart for any cause. But it is for

mercy upon Men and their deliverance from Sauron the Deceiver that I would plead, since some at

least have remained faithful. And as for the Ban, I will suffer in myself the penalty, lest all my

people should become guilty.'

'But what think you, my father, is like to befall those of your house whom you leave behind,

when your deed becomes known?'

'It must not become known,' said Amandil. 'I will prepare my going in secret, and I will set

sail into the east, whither daily the ships depart from our havens; and thereafter, as wind and chance

may allow, I will go about, through south or north, back into the west, and seek what I may find.

But for you and your folk, my son, I counsel that you should prepare yourselves other ships, and put

aboard all such things as your hearts cannot bear to part with; and when the ships are ready, you

should lie in the haven of Romenna, and give out among men that you purpose, when you see your

time, to follow me into the east. Amandil is no longer so dear to our kinsman upon the throne that

he will grieve over much, if we seek to depart, for a season or for good. But let it not be seen that

you intend to take many men, or he will be troubled, because of the war that he now plots, for

which he will need all the force that he may gather. Seek out the Faithful that are known still to be

true, and let them join you in secret, if they are willing to go with you, and share in your design.'

'And what shall that design be?' said Elendil.

'To meddle not in the war, and to watch,' answered Amandil. 'Until I return I can say no more.

But it is most like that you shall fly from the Land of the Star with no star to guide you; for that land is defiled. Then you shall lose all that you have loved, foretasting death in life, seeking a land of

exile elsewhere. But east or west the Valar alone can say.'

Then Amandil said farewell to all his household, as one that is about to die. 'For,' said he, 'it

may well prove that you will see me never again; and that I shall show you no such sign as Eärendil

showed long ago. But hold you ever in readiness, for the end of the world that we have known is

now at hand.'

It is said that Amandil set sail in a small ship at night, and steered first eastward, and then

went about and passed into the west. And he took with him three servants, dear to his heart, and

never again were they heard of by word or sign in this world, nor is there any tale or guess of their

fate. Men could not a second time be saved by any such embassy, and for the treason of Númenor

there was no easy absolving.

But Elendil did all that his father had bidden, and his ships lay off the east coast of the land;

and the Faithful put aboard their wives and their children, and their heirlooms, and great store of

goods. Many things there were of beauty and power, such as the Númenóreans had contrived in the

days of their wisdom, vessels and jewels, and scrolls of lore written in scarlet and black. And Seven

Stones they had, the gift of the Eldar; but in the ship of Isildur was guarded the young tree, the

scion of Nimloth the Fair. Thus Elendil held himself in readiness, and did not meddle in the evil

deeds of those days; and ever he looked for a sign that did not come. Then he journeyed in secret to

the western shores and gazed out over the sea, for sorrow and yearning were upon him, and he

greatly loved his father. But naught could he descry save the fleets of Ar-Pharazôn gathering in the

havens of the west.

Now aforetime in the isle of Númenor the weather was ever apt to the needs and liking of

Men: rain in due season and ever in measure; and sunshine, now warmer, now cooler, and winds

from the sea. And when the wind was in the west, it seemed to many that it was filled with a

fragrance, fleeting but sweet, heart-stirring, as of flowers that bloom for ever in undying meads and

have no names on mortal shores. But all this was now changed; for the sky itself was darkened, and

there were storms of rain and hail in those days, and violent winds; and ever and anon a great ship

of the Númenóreans would founder and return not to haven, though such a grief had not till then

befallen them since the rising of the Star. And out of the west there would come at times a great

cloud in the evening, shaped as it were an eagle, with pinions spread to the north and the south; and

slowly it would loom up, blotting out the sunset, and then uttermost night would fall upon

Númenor. And some of the eagles bore lightning beneath their wings, and thunder echoed between

sea and cloud.

Then men grew afraid. 'Behold the Eagles of the Lords of the West!' they cried. 'The Eagles of

Manwë are come upon Númenor!' And they fell upon their faces.

Then some few would repent for a season, but others hardened their hearts, and they shook

their fists at heaven, saying: 'The Lords of the West have plotted against us. They strike first. The

next blow shall be ours!' These words the King himself spoke, but they were devised by Sauron.

Now the lightnings increased and slew men upon the hills, and in the fields, and in the streets

of the city; and a fiery bolt smote the dome of the Temple and shore it asunder, and it was wreathed

in flame. But the Temple itself was unshaken, and Sauron stood there upon the pinnacle and defied

the lightning and was unharmed; and in that hour men called him a god and did all that he would.

When therefore the last portent came they heeded it little. For the land shook under them, and a

groaning as of thunder underground was mingled with the roaring of the sea, and smoke issued

from the peak of the Meneltarma. But all the more did Ar-Pharazôn press on with his armament.

In that time the fleets of the Númenóreans darkened the sea upon the west of the land, and

they were like an archipelago of a thousand isles; their masts were as a forest upon the mountains,

and their sails like a brooding cloud; and their banners were golden and black. And all things waited

upon the word of Ar-Pharazôn; and Sauron withdrew into the inmost circle of the Temple, and men

brought him victims to be burned.

Then the Eagles of the Lords of the West came up out of the dayfall, and they were arrayed as

for battle, advancing in a line the end of which diminished beyond sight; and as they came their

wings spread ever wider, grasping the sky. But the West burned red behind them, and they glowed

beneath, as though they were lit with a flame of

great anger, so that all Númenor was illumined as

with a smouldering fire; and men looked upon the faces of their fellows, and it seemed to them that

they were red with wrath.

Then Ar-Pharazôn hardened his heart, and he went aboard his mighty ship, Alcarondas, Castle

of the Sea. Many-oared it was and many-masted, golden and sable; and upon it the throne of Ar-

Pharazôn was set. Then he did on his panoply and his crown, and let raise his standard, and he gave

the signal for the raising of the anchors; and in that hour the trumpets of Númenor outrang the

thunder.

Thus the fleets of the Númenóreans moved against the menace of the West; and there was

little wind, but they had many oars and many strong slaves to row beneath the lash. The sun went

down, and there came a great silence. Darkness fell upon the land, and the sea was still, while the

world waited for what should betide. Slowly the fleets passed out of the sight of the watchers in the

havens, and their lights faded, and night took them; and in the morning they were gone. For a wind

arose in the east and it wafted them away; and they broke the Ban of the Valar, and sailed into

forbidden seas, going up with war against the Deathless, to wrest from them everlasting life within

the Circles of the World.

But the fleets of Ar-Pharazôn came up out of the deeps of the sea and encompassed Avallónë

and all the isle of Eressëa, and the Eldar mourned, for the light of the setting sun was cut off by the

cloud of the Númenóreans. And at last Ar-Pharazôn came even to Aman, the Blessed Realm, and

the coasts of Valinor; and still all was silent, and doom hung by a thread. For Ar-Pharazôn wavered

at the end, and almost he turned back. His heart misgave him when he looked upon the soundless

shores and saw Taniquetil shining, whiter than snow, colder than death, silent, immutable, terrible

as the shadow of the light of Ilúvatar. But pride was now his master, and at last he left his ship and

strode upon the shore, claiming the land for his own, if none should do battle for it. And a host of

the Númenóreans encamped in might about Túna, whence all the Eldar had fled.

Then Manwë upon the Mountain called upon Ilúvatar, and for that time the Valar laid down

their government of Arda. But Ilúvatar showed forth his power, and he changed the fashion of the

world; and a great chasm opened in the sea between Númenor and the Deathless Lands, and the

waters flowed down into it, and the noise and smoke of the cataracts went up to heaven, and the

world was shaken. And all the fleets of the Númenóreans were drawn down into the abyss, and they

were drowned and swallowed up for ever. But Ar-Pharazôn the King and the mortal warriors that

had set foot upon the land of Aman were buried under falling hills: there it is said that they lie

imprisoned in the Caves of the Forgotten, until the Last Battle and the Day of Doom.

But the land of Aman and Eressëa of the Eldar were taken away and removed beyond the

reach of Men for ever. And Andor, the Land of Gift, Númenor of the Kings, Elenna of the Star of

Eärendil, was utterly destroyed. For it was nigh to the east of the great rift, and its foundations were

overturned, and it fell and went down into darkness, and is no more. And there is not now upon

Earth any place abiding where the memory of a time without evil is preserved. For Ilúvatar cast

back the Great Seas west of Middle-earth, and the Empty Lands east of it, and new lands and new

seas were made; and the world was diminished, for Valinor and Eressëa were taken from it into the

realm of hidden things.

In an hour unlocked for by Men this doom befell, on the nine and thirtieth day since the

passing of the fleets. Then suddenly fire burst from the Meneltarma, and there came a mighty wind

and a tumult of the earth, and the sky reeled, and the hills slid, and Númenor went down into the

sea, with all its children and its wives and its maidens and its ladies proud; and all its gardens and

its balls and its towers, its tombs and its riches, and its jewels and its webs and its things painted

and carven, and its lore: they vanished for ever. And last of all the mounting wave, green and cold

and plumed with foam, climbing over the land, took to its bosom Tar-Míriel the Queen, fairer than

silver or ivory or pearls. Too late she strove to ascend the steep ways of the Meneltarma to the holy

place; for the waters overtook her, and her cry was lost in the roaring of the wind.

But whether or no it were that Amandil came indeed to Valinor and Manwë hearkened to his

prayer, by grace of the Valar Elendil and his sons and their people were spared from the ruin of that

day. For Elendil had remained in Romenna, refusing the summons of the King when he set forth to

war; and avoiding the soldiers of Sauron that came to seize him and drag him to the fires of the

Temple, he went aboard his ship and stood off from the shore, waiting on the time. There he was

protected by the land from the great draught of the sea that drew all towards the abyss, and

afterwards he was sheltered from the first fury of the storm. But when the devouring wave rolled

over the land and Númenor toppled to its fall, then he would have been overwhelmed and would

have deemed it the lesser grief to perish, for no wrench of death could be more bitter than the loss

and agony of that day; but the great wind took him, wilder than any wind that Men had known,

roaring from the west, and it swept his ships far away; and it rent their sails and snapped their

masts, hunting the unhappy men like straws upon the water.

Nine ships there were: four for Elendil, and for Isildur three, and for Anárion two; and they

fled before the black gale out of the twilight of doom into the darkness of the world. And the deeps

rose beneath them in towering anger, and waves like unto mountains moving with great caps of

writhen snow bore them up amid the wreckage of the clouds, and after many days cast them away

upon the shores of Middle-earth. And all the coasts and seaward regions of the western world

suffered great change and ruin in that time; for the seas invaded the lands, and shores foundered,

and ancient isles were drowned, and new isles were uplifted; and hills crumbled and rivers were

turned into strange courses.

Elendil and his sons after founded kingdoms in Middle-earth; and though their lore and craft

was but an echo of that which had been ere Sauron came to Númenor, yet very great it seemed to

the wild men of the world. And much is said in other lore of the deeds of the heirs of Elendil in the

age that came after, and of their strife with Sauron that not yet was ended.

For Sauron himself was filled with great fear at the wrath of the Valar, and the doom that Eru

laid upon sea and land. It was greater far than aught he had looked for, hoping only for the death of

the Númenóreans and the defeat of their proud king. And Sauron, sitting in his black seat in the

midst of the Temple, had laughed when he heard the trumpets of Ar-Pharazôn sounding for battle;

and again he had laughed when he heard the thunder of the storm; and a third time, even as he

laughed at his own thought, thinking what he would do now in the world, being rid of the Edain for

ever, he was taken in the midst of his mirth, and his seat and his temple fell into the abyss. But

Sauron was not of mortal flesh, and though he was robbed now of that shape in which he had

wrought so great an evil, so that he could never again appear fair to the eyes of Men, yet his spirit

arose out of the deep and passed as a shadow and a black wind over the sea, and came back to

Middle-earth and to Mordor that was his home. There he took up again his great Ring in Barad-dûr,

and dwelt there, dark and silent, until he wrought himself a new guise, an image of malice and

hatred made visible; and the Eye of Sauron the Terrible few could endure.

But these things come not into the tale of the Drowning of Númenor, of which now all is told.

And even the name of that land perished, and Men spoke thereafter not of Elenna, nor of Andor the

Gift that was taken away, nor of Númenórë on the confines of the world; but the exiles on the

shores of the sea, if they turned towards the West in the desire of their hearts, spoke of Mar-nu-

Falmar that was whelmed in the waves, Akallabêth the Downfallen, Atalantë in the Eldarin tongue.

* * *

Among the Exiles many believed that the summit of the Meneltarma, the Pillar of Heaven,

was not drowned for ever, but rose again above the waves, a lonely island lost in the great waters;

for it had been a hallowed place, and even in the days of Sauron none had defiled it And some there

were of the seed of Eärendil that afterwards sought for it, because it was said among loremasters

that the far-sighted men of old could see from the Meneltarma a glimmer of the Deathless Land. For

even after the ruin the hearts of the Dúnedain were still set westwards; and though they knew

indeed that the world was changed, they said: 'Avallónë is vanished from the Earth and the Land of

Aman is taken away, and in the world of this present darkness they cannot be found. Yet once they

were, and therefore they still are, in true being and in the whole shape of the world as at first it was devised.'

For the Dúnedain held that even mortal Men, if so blessed, might look upon other times than

those of their bodies' life; and they longed ever to escape from the shadows of their exile and to see

in some fashion fee light that dies not; for the sorrow of the thought of death had pursued them over

the deeps of the sea. Thus it was that great mariners among them would still search the empty seas,

hoping to come upon the Isle of Meneltarma, and there to see a vision of things that were. But they

found it not. And those that sailed far came only to the new lands, and found them like to the old

lands, and subject to death. And those that sailed furthest set but a girdle about the Earth and

returned weary at last to the place of their beginning; and they said:

'All roads are now bent.'

Thus in after days, what by the voyages of ships, what by lore and star-craft, the kings of Men

knew that the world was indeed made round, and yet the Eldar were permitted still to depart and to

come to the Ancient West and to Avallónë, if they would. Therefore the loremasters of Men said that

a Straight Road must still be, for those that were permitted to find it. And they taught that, while the new world fell away, the old road and the path of the memory of the West still went on, as it were a

mighty bridge invisible that passed through the air of breath and of flight (which were bent now as

the world was bent), and traversed Ilmen which flesh unaided cannot endure, until it came to Tol

Eressëa, the Lonely Isle, and maybe even beyond, to Valinor, where the Valar still dwell and watch

the unfolding of the story of the world. And tales and rumours arose along the shores of the sea

concerning mariners and men forlorn upon the water who, by some fate or grace or favour of the

Valar, had entered in upon the Straight Way and seen the face of the world sink below them, and so

had come to the lamplit quays of Avallónë, or verily to the last beaches on the margin of Aman, and

there had looked upon the White Mountain, dreadful and beautiful, before they died.

OF THE RINGS OF POWER

AND THE THIRD AGE

in which these tales come to

their end

Of old there was Sauron the Maia, whom the Sindar in Beleriand named Gorthaur. In the beginning

of Arda Melkor seduced him to his allegiance, and he became the greatest and most trusted of the

servants of the Enemy, and the most perilous, for he could assume many forms, and for long if he

willed he could still appear noble and beautiful, so as to deceive all but the most wary.

When Thangorodrim was broken and Morgoth overthrown, Sauron put on his fair hue again

and did obeisance to Eönwë the herald of Manwë, and abjured all his evil deeds. And some hold

that this was not at first falsely done, but that Sauron in truth repented, if only out of fear, being

dismayed by the fall of Morgoth and the great wrath of the Lords of the West. But it was not within

the power of Eönwë to pardon those of his own order, and he commanded Sauron to return to Aman

and there receive the judgement of Manwë. Then Sauron was ashamed, and he was unwilling to

return in humiliation and to receive from the Valar a sentence, it might be, of long servitude in proof

of his good faith; for under Morgoth his power had been great. Therefore when Eönwë departed he

hid himself in Middle-earth; and he fell back into evil, for the bonds that Morgoth bad laid upon

him were very strong.

* * *

In the Great Battle and the tumults of the fall of Thangorodrim there were mighty convulsions

in the earth, and Beleriand was broken and laid waste; and northward and westward many lands

sank beneath the waters of the Great Sea. In the east, in Ossiriand, the walls of Ered Luin were

broken, and a great gap was made in them towards the south, and a gulf of the sea flowed in. Into

that gulf the River Lhûn fell by a new course, and it was called therefore the Gulf of Lhûn. That

country had of old been named Lindon by the Noldor, and this name it bore thereafter; and many of

the Eldar still dwelt there, lingering, unwilling yet to forsake Beleriand where they had fought and

laboured long. Gil-galad son of Fingon was their king, and with him was Elrond Half-elven, son of

Eärendil the Mariner and brother of Elros first king of Númenor.

Upon the shores of the Gulf of Lhûn the Elves built their havens, and named them Mithlond;

and there they held many ships, for the harbourage was good. From the Grey Havens the Eldar ever

and anon set sail, fleeing from the darkness of the days of Earth; for by the mercy of the Valar the

Firstborn could still follow the Straight Road and return, if they would, to their kindred in Eressëa

and Valinor beyond the encircling seas.

Others of the Eldar there were who crossed the mountains of Ered Luin in that age and passed

into the inner lands. Many of these were Teleri, survivors of Doriath and Ossiriand; and they

established realms among the Silvan Elves in woods and mountains far from the sea, for which

nonetheless they ever yearned in their hearts. Only in Eregion, which Men called Hollin, did Elves

of Noldorin race establish a lasting realm beyond the Ered Luin. Eregion was nigh to the great

mansions of the Dwarves that were named Khazad-dûm, but by the Elves Hadhodrond, and

afterwards Moria. From Ost-in-Edhil, the city of the Elves, the highroad ran to the west gate of

Khazad-dûm, for a friendship arose between Dwarves and Elves, such as has never elsewhere been,

to the enrichment of both those peoples. In Eregion the craftsmen of the Gwaith-i-Mírdain, the

People of the Jewel-smiths, surpassed in cunning all that have ever wrought, save only Fëanor

himself; and indeed greatest in skill among them was Celebrimbor, son of Curufin, who was

estranged from his father and remained in Nargothrond when Celegorm and Curufin were driven

forth, as is told in the Quenta Silmarillion.

Elsewhere in Middle-earth there was peace for many years; yet the lands were for the most

part savage and desolate, save only where the

people of Beleriand came. Many Elves dwelt there indeed, as they had dwelt through the countless years, wandering free in the wide lands far from the Sea; but they were Avari, to whom the deeds of Beleriand were but a rumour and Valinor only a distant name. And in the south and in the further east Men multiplied; and most of them turned to evil, for Sauron was at work.

Seeing the desolation of the world, Sauron said in his heart that the Valar, having overthrown Morgoth, had again forgotten Middle-earth; and his pride grew apace. He looked with hatred on the Eldar, and he feared the Men of Númenor who came back at whiles in their ships to the shores of Middle-earth; but for long he dissembled his mind and concealed the dark designs that he shaped in his heart.

Men he found the easiest to sway of all the peoples of the Earth; but long he sought to persuade the Elves to his service, for he knew that the Firstborn had the greater power; and he went far and wide among them, and his hue was still that of one both fair and wise. Only to Lindon he did not come, for Gil-galad and Elrond doubted him and his fair-seeming, and though they knew not who in truth he was they would not admit him to that land. But elsewhere the Elves received him gladly, and few among them hearkened to the messengers from Lindon bidding them beware; for

Sauron took to himself the name of Annatar, the Lord of Gifts, and they had at first much profit

from his friendship. And he said to them: "Alas, for the weakness of the great! For a mighty king is Gil-galad, and wise in all lore is Master Elrond, and yet they will not aid me in my labours. Can it

be that they do not desire to see other lands become as blissful as their own? But wherefore should

Middle-earth remain for ever desolate and dark, whereas the Elves could make it as fair as Eressëa,

nay even as Valinor? And since you have not returned thither, as you might, I perceive that you love

this Middle-earth, as do I. Is it not then our task to labour together for its enrichment, and for the

raising of all the Elven-kindreds that wander here untaught to the height of that power and

knowledge which those have who are beyond the Sea?'

It was in Eregion that the counsels of Sauron were most gladly received, for in that land the

Noldor desired ever to increase the skill and subtlety of their works. Moreover they were not at

peace in their hearts, since they had refused to return into the West, and they desired both to stay in

Middle-earth, which indeed they loved, and yet to enjoy the bliss of those that had departed.

Therefore they hearkened to Sauron, and they learned of him many things, for his knowledge was

great. In those days the smiths of Ost-in-Edhil surpassed all that they had contrived before; and they

took thought, and they made Rings of Power. But Sauron guided their labours, and he was aware of

all that they did; for his desire was to set a bond upon the Elves and to bring them under his

vigilance.

Now the Elves made many rings; but secretly Sauron made One Ring to rule all the others,

and their power was bound up with it, to be subject wholly to it and to last only so long as it too

should last. And much of the strength and will of Sauron passed into that One Ring; for the power

of the Elven-rings was very great, and that which should govern them must be a thing of surpassing

potency; and Sauron forged it in the Mountain of Fire in the Land of Shadow. And while he wore

the One Ring he could perceive all the things that were done by means of the lesser rings, and he

could see and govern the very thoughts of those that wore them.

But the Elves were not so lightly to be caught. As soon as Sauron set the One Ring upon his

finger they were aware of him; and they knew him, and perceived that he would be master of them,

and of an that they wrought. Then in anger and fear they took off their rings. But he, finding that he

was betrayed and that the Elves were not deceived, was filled with wrath; and he came against them

with open war, demanding that all the rings should be delivered to him, since the Elven-smiths

could not have attained to their making without his lore and counsel. But the Elves fled from him;

and three of their rings they saved, and bore them away, and hid them.

Now these were the Three that had last been made, and they possessed the greatest powers.

Narya, Nenya, and Vilya, they were named, the Rings of Fire, and of Water, and of Air, set with

ruby and adamant and sapphire; and of all the Elven-rings Sauron most desired to possess them, for

those who had them in their keeping could ward off the decays of time and postpone the weariness

of the world. But Sauron could not discover them, for they were given into the hands of the Wise,

who concealed them and never again used them openly while Sauron kept the Ruling Ring.

Therefore the Three remained unsullied, for they were forged by Celebrimbor alone, and the hand

of Sauron had never touched them; yet they also were subject to the One.

From that time war never ceased between Sauron and the Elves; and Eregion was laid waste,

and Celebrimbor slain, and the doors of Moria were shut. In that time the stronghold and refuge of

Imladris, that Men called Rivendell, was founded by

Elrond Half-elven; and long it endured. But

Sauron gathered into his hands all the remaining Rings of Power; and he dealt them out to the other

peoples of Middle-earth, hoping thus to bring under his sway all those that desired secret power

beyond the measure of their kind. Seven Rings he gave to the Dwarves; but to Men he gave nine,

for Men proved in this matter as in others the readiest to his will. And all those rings that he

governed he perverted, the more easily since he had a part in their making, and they were accursed,

and they betrayed in the end all those that used them. The Dwarves indeed proved tough and hard to

tame; they ill endure the domination of others, and the thoughts of their hearts are hard to fathom,

nor can they be turned to shadows. They used their rings only for the getting of wealth; but wrath

and an over-mastering greed of gold were kindled in their hearts, of which evil enough after came

to the profit of Sauron. It is said that the foundation of each of the Seven Hoards of the Dwarf-kings

of old was a golden ring; but all those hoards long ago were plundered and the Dragons devoured

them, and of the Seven Rings some were consumed in fire and some Sauron recovered.

Men proved easier to ensnare. Those who used the Nine Rings became mighty in their day,

kings, sorcerers, and warriors of old. They obtained glory and great wealth, yet it turned to their

undoing. They had, as it seemed, unending life, yet life became unendurable to them. They could

walk, if they would, unseen by all eyes in this world beneath the sun, and they could see things in

worlds invisible to mortal men; but too often they beheld only the phantoms and delusions of

Sauron. And one by one, sooner or later, according to their native strength and to the good or evil of

their wills in the beginning, they fell under the thraldom of the ring that they bore and under the

domination of the One, which was Sauron's. And they became for ever invisible save to him that

wore the Ruling Ring, and they entered into the realm of shadows. The Nazgûl were they, the

Ringwraiths, the Enemy's most terrible servants; darkness went with them, and they cried with the

voices of death.

Now Sauron's lust and pride increased, until he knew no bounds, and he determined to make

himself master of all things in Middle-earth, and to destroy the Elves, and to compass, if he might,

the downfall of Númenor. He brooked no freedom nor any rivalry, and he named himself Lord of

the Earth. A mask he still could wear so that if he wished he might deceive the eyes of Men,

seeming to them wise and fair. But he ruled rather by force and fear, if they might avail; and those

who perceived his shadow spreading over the world called him the Dark Lord and named him the

Enemy; and he gathered again under his government all the evil things of the days of Morgoth that

remained on earth or beneath it, and the Orcs were at his command and multiplied like flies. Thus

the Black Years began, which the Elves call the Days of Flight. In that time many of the Elves of

Middle-earth fled to Lindon and thence over the seas never to return; and many were destroyed by

Sauron and his servants. But in Lindon Gil-galad still maintained his power, and Sauron dared not

as yet to pass the Mountains of Ered Luin nor to assail the Havens; and Gil-galad was aided by the

Númenóreans. Elsewhere Sauron reigned, and those who would be free took refuge in the

fastnesses of wood and mountain, and ever fear pursued them. In the east and south well nigh all

Men were under his dominion, and they grew strong in those days and built many towns and walls

of stone, and they were numerous and fierce in war and aimed with iron. To them Sauron was both

king and god; and they feared him exceedingly, for he surrounded his abode with fire.

Yet there came at length a stay in the onslaught of Sauron upon the westlands. For, as is told

in tile *Akallabêth*, he was challenged by the might of Númenor. So great was the power and

splendour of the Númenóreans in the noontide of their realm that the servants of Sauron would not

withstand them, and hoping to accomplish by cunning what he could not achieve by force, he left

Middle-earth for a while and went to Númenor as a hostage of Tar-Calion the King. And there he

abode, until at the last by his craft he had corrupted the hearts of most of that people, and set them

at war with the Valar, and so compassed their ruin, as he had long desired. But that ruin was more

terrible than Sauron had foreseen, for he had forgotten the might of the Lords of the West in their

anger. The world was broken, and the land was swallowed up, and the seas rose over it, and Sauron

himself went down into the abyss. But his spirit arose and fled back on a dark wind to Middle-earth,

seeking a home. There he found that the power of Gil-galad had grown great in the years of his

absence, and it was spread now over wide regions of the north and west, and had passed beyond the

Misty Mountains and the Great River even to the borders of Greenwood the Great, and was drawing

nigh to the strong places where once he had dwelt secure. Then Sauron withdrew to his fortress in

the Black Land and meditated war.

In that time those of the Númenóreans who were saved from destruction fled eastward, as is

told in the *Akallabêth*. The chief of these were Elendil the Tall and his sons, Isildur and Anárion.

Kinsmen of the King they were, descendants of Elros, but they had been unwilling to listen to

Sauron, and had refused to make war on the Lords of the West. Manning their ships with all who

remained faithful they forsook the land of Númenor ere ruin came upon it. They were mighty men

and their ships were strong and tall, but the tempests overtook them, and they were borne aloft on

hills of water even to the clouds, and they descended upon Middle-earth like birds of the storm.

Elendil was cast up by the waves in the land of Lindon, and he was befriended by Gil-galad.

Thence he passed up the River Lhûn, and beyond Ered Luin he established his realm, and his

people dwelt in many places in Eriador about the courses of the Lhûn and the Baranduin; but his

chief city was at Annúminas beside the water of Lake Nenuial. At Fornost upon the North Downs

also the Númenóreans dwelt, and in Cardolan, and in the hills of Rhudaur; and towers they raised

upon Emyn Beraid and upon Amon Sûl; and there remain many barrows and ruined works in those

places, but the towers of Emyn Beraid still look towards the sea.

Isildur and Anárion were borne away southwards, and at the last they brought their ships up

the Great River Anduin, that flows out of Rhovanion into the western sea in the Bay of

Belfalas;

and they established a realm in those lands that were after called Gondor, whereas the Northern

Kingdom was named Arnor. Long before in the days of their power the mariners of Númenor had

established a haven and strong places about the mouths of Anduin, in despite of Sauron in the Black

Land that lay nigh upon the east. In the later days to this haven came only the Faithful of Númenor,

and many therefore of the folk of the coastlands in that region were in whole or in part akin to the

Elf-friends and the people of Elendil, and they welcomed his sons. The chief city of this southern

realm was Osgiliath, through the midst of which the Great River flowed; and the Númenóreans built

there a great bridge, upon which there were towers and houses of stone wonderful to behold, and

tall ships came up out of the sea to the quays of the city. Other strong places they built also upon

either hand: Minas Ithil, the Tower of the Rising Moon, eastward upon a shoulder of the Mountains

of Shadow as a threat to Mordor; and to the westward Minas Anor, the Tower of the Setting Sun, at

the feet of Mount Mindolluin, as a shield against the wild men of the dales. In Minas Ithil was the

house of Isildur, and in Minas Anor the house of Anárion, but they shared the realm between them

and their thrones were set side by side in the Great Hall of Osgiliath. These were the chief

dwellings of the Númenóreans in Gondor, but other works marvellous and strong they built in the

land in the days of their power, at the Argonath, and at Aglarond, and at Erech; and in the circle of

Angrenost, which Men called Isengard, they made the Pinnacle of Orthanc of unbreakable stone.

Many treasures and great heirlooms of virtue and wonder the Exiles had brought from

Númenor; and of these the most renowned were the Seven Stones and the White Tree. The White

Tree was grown from the fruit of Nimloth the Fair that stood in the courts of the Bang at Armenelos

in Númenor, ere Sauron burned it; and Nimloth was in its turn descended from the Tree of Tirion,

that was an image of the Eldest of Trees, White Telperion which Yavanna caused to grow in the land

of the Valar. The Tree, memorial of the Eldar and of the light of Valinor, was planted in Minas Ithil

before the house of Isildur, since he it was that had saved the fruit from destruction; but the Stones

were divided.

Three Elendil took, and his sons each two. Those of Elendil were set in towers upon Emyn

Beraid, and upon Amon Sûl, and in the city of Annúminas. But those of his sons were at Minas Ithil

and Minas Anor, and at Orthanc and in Osgiliath.

Now these Stones had this virtue that those who looked therein might perceive in them things far off, whether in place or in time. For the most part they revealed only things near to another kindred Stone, for the Stones each called to each; but those who possessed great strength of will and of mind might learn to direct their gaze whither they would. Thus the Númenóreans were aware of many things that their enemies wished to conceal, and little escaped their vigilance in the days of their might.

It is said that the towers of Emyn Beraid were not built indeed by the Exiles of Númenor, but were raised by Gil-galad for Elendil, his friend; and the Seeing Stone of Emyn Beraid was set in Elostirion, the tallest of the towers. Thither Elendil would repair, and thence he would gaze out over the sundering seas, when the yearning of exile was upon him; and it is believed that thus he would at whiles see far away even the Tower of Avallónë upon Eressëa, where the Masterstone abode, and yet abides. These stones were gifts of the Eldar to Amandil, father of Elendil, for the comfort of the Faithful of Númenor in their dark days, when the Elves might come no longer to that land under the shadow of Sauron. They were called the Palantíri, those that watch from afar; but all those that were brought to Middle-earth long ago were lost.

Thus the Exiles of Númenor established their realms in Arnor and in Gondor; but ere many

years had passed it became manifest that their enemy, Sauron, had also returned. He came in secret,

as has been told, to his ancient kingdom of Mordor beyond the Ephel Dúath, the Mountains of

Shadow, and that country marched with Gondor upon the east. There above the valley of Gorgoroth

was built his fortress vast and strong, Barad-dûr, the Dark Tower; and there was a fiery mountain in

that land that the Elves named Orodruin. Indeed for that reason Sauron had set there his dwelling

long before, for he used the fire that welled there from the heart of the earth in his sorceries and in

his forging; and in the midst of the Land of Mordor he had fashioned the Ruling Ring. There now

he brooded in the dark, until he had wrought for himself a new shape; and it was terrible, for his fair

semblance had departed for ever when he was cast into the abyss at the drowning of Númenor. He

took up again the great Ring and clothed himself in power; and the malice of the Eye of Sauron few

even of the great among Elves and Men could endure.

Now Sauron prepared war against the Eldar and the Men of Westernesse, and the fires of the

Mountain were wakened again. Wherefore seeing the smoke of Orodruin from afar, and perceiving

that Sauron had returned, the Númenóreans named

that mountain anew Amon Amarth, which is

Mount Doom. And Sauron gathered to him great strength of his servants out of the east and the

south; and among them were not a few of the high race of Númenor. For in the days of the sojourn

of Sauron in that land the hearts of well nigh all its people had been turned towards darkness.

Therefore many of those who sailed east in that time and made fortresses and dwellings upon the

coasts were already bent to his will, and they served him still gladly in Middle-earth. But because of

the power of Gil-galad these renegades, lords both mighty and evil, for the most part took up their

abodes in the southlands far away; yet two there were, Herumor and Fuinur, who rose to power

among the Haradrim, a great and cruel people that dwelt in the wide lands south of Mordor beyond

the mouths of Anduin.

When therefore Sauron saw his time he came with great force against the new realm of

Gondor, and he took Minas Ithil, and he destroyed the White Tree of Isildur that grew there. But

Isildur escaped, and taking with him a seedling of the Tree he went with his wife and his sons by

ship down the River, and they sailed from the mouths of Anduin seeking Elendil. Meanwhile

Anárion held Osgiliath against the Enemy, and for

that time drove him back to the mountains; but

Sauron gathered his strength again, and Anárion knew that unless help should come his kingdom

would not long stand.

Now Elendil and Gil-galad took counsel together, for they perceived that Sauron would grow

too strong and would overcome all his enemies one by one, if they did not unite against him.

Therefore they made that League which is called the Last Alliance, and they marched east into

Middle-earth gathering a great host of Elves and Men; and they halted for a while at Imladris. It is

said that the host that was there assembled was fairer and more splendid in arms than any that has

since been seen in Middle-earth, and none greater has been mustered since the host of the Valar

went against Thangorodrim.

From Imladris they crossed the Misty Mountains by many passes and marched down the

River Anduin, and so came at last upon the host of Sauron on Dagorlad, the Battle Plain, which lies

before the gate of the Black Land. All living things were divided in that day, and some of every

kind, even of beasts and birds, were found in either host, save the Elves only. They alone were

undivided and followed Gil-galad. Of the Dwarves few fought upon either side; but the kindred of

Durin of Moria fought against Sauron.

The host of Gil-galad and Elendil had the victory, for the might of the Elves was still great in

those days, and the Númenóreans were strong and tall, and terrible in their wrath. Against Aeglos

the spear of Gil-galad none could stand; and the sword of Elendil filled Orcs and Men with fear, for

it shone with the light of the sun and of the moon, and it was named Narsil.

Then Gil-galad and Elendil passed into Mordor and encompassed the stronghold of Sauron;

and they laid siege to it for seven years, and suffered grievous loss by fire and by the darts and bolts of the Enemy, and Sauron sent many sorties against them. There in the valley of Gorgoroth Anárion

son of Elendil was slain, and many others. But at the last the siege was so strait that Sauron himself

came forth; and he wrestled with Gil-galad and Elendil, and they both were slain, and the sword of

Elendil broke under him as he fell. But Sauron also was thrown down, and with the hilt-shard of

Narsil Isildur cut the Ruling Ring from the hand of Sauron and took it for his own. Then Sauron

was for that time vanquished, and he forsook his body, and his spirit fled far away and hid in waste

places; and he took no visible shape again for many long years.

Thus began the Third Age of the World, after the Eldest Days and the Black Years; and there

was still hope in that time and the memory of

mirth, and for long the White Tree of the Eldar

flowered in the courts of the Kings of Men, for the seedling which he had saved Isildur planted in

the citadel of Anor in memory of his brother, ere he departed from Gondor. The servants of Sauron

were routed and dispersed, yet they were not wholly destroyed; and though many Men turned now

from evil and became subject to the heirs of Elendil, yet many more remembered Sauron in their

hearts and hated the kingdoms of the West. The Dark Tower was levelled to the ground, yet its

foundations remained, and it was not forgotten. The Númenóreans indeed set a guard upon the land

of Mordor, but none dared dwell there because of the terror of the memory of Sauron, and because

of the Mountain of Fire that stood nigh to Barad-dûr; and the valley of Gorgoroth was filled with

ash. Many of the Elves and many of the Númenóreans and of Men who were their allies had

perished in the Battle and the Siege; and Elendil the Tall and Gil-galad the High King were no

more. Never again was such a host assembled, nor was there any such league of Elves and Men; for

after Elendil's day the two kindreds became estranged.

The Ruling Ring passed out of the knowledge even of the Wise in that age; yet it was not

unmade. For Isildur would not surrender it to Elrond and Círdan who stood by. They counselled him

to cast it into the fire of Orodruin nigh at hand, in which it had been forged, so that it should perish, and the power of Sauron be for ever diminished, and he should remain only as a shadow of malice

in the wilderness. But Isildur refused this counsel, saying: ‘This I will have as were-gild for my

father's death, and my brothers. Was it not I that dealt the Enemy his death-blow?' And the Ring that

he held seemed to him exceedingly fair to look on; and he would not suffer it to be destroyed.

Taking it therefore he returned at first to Minas Anor, and there planted the White Tree in memory

of his brother Anárion. But soon he departed, and after he had given counsel to Meneldil, his

brother's son, and had committed to him the realm of the south, he bore away the Ring, to be an

heirloom of his house, and marched north from Gondor by the way that Elendil had come; and he

forsook the South Kingdom, for he purposed to take up his father's realm in Eriador, far from the

shadow of the Black Land.

But Isildur was overwhelmed by a host of Orcs that lay in wait in the Misty Mountains; and

they descended upon him at unawares in his camp between the Greenwood and the Great River,

nigh to Loeg Ningloron, the Gladden Fields, for he was heedless and set no guard, deeming that all

his foes were overthrown. There well nigh all his people were slain, and among them were his three

elder sons, Elendur, Aratan, and Ciryon; but his wife and his youngest son, Valandil, he had left in

Imladris when he went to the war. Isildur himself escaped by means of the Ring, for when he wore

it he was invisible to all eyes; but the Orcs hunted him by scent and slot, until he came to the River

and plunged in. There the Ring betrayed him and avenged its maker, for it slipped from his finger as

he swam, and it was lost in the water. Then the Orcs saw him as he laboured in the stream, and they

shot him with many arrows, and that was his end. Only three of his people came ever back over the

mountains after long wandering; and of these one was Ohtar his esquire, to whose keeping he had

given the shards of the sword of Elendil.

Thus Narsil came in due time to the hand of Valandil, Isildur's heir, in Imladris; but the blade

was broken and its light was extinguished, and it was not forged anew. And Master Elrond foretold

that this would not be done until the Ruling Ring should be found again and Sauron should return;

but the hope of Elves and Men was that these things might never come to pass.

Valandil took up his abode in Annúminas, but his folk were diminished, and of the

Númenóreans and of the Men of Eriador there remained now too few to people the land or to

maintain all the places that Elendil had built; in Dagorlad, and in Mordor, and upon the Gladden

Fields many had fallen. And it came to pass after the days of Eärendur, the seventh king that

followed Valandil, that the Men of Westernesse, the Dúnedain of the North, became divided into

petty realms and lordships, and their foes devoured them one by one. Ever they dwindled with the

years, until their glory passed, leaving only green mounds in the grass. At length naught was left of

them but a strange people wandering secretly in the wild, and other men knew not their homes nor

the purpose of their journeys, and save in Imladris, in the house of Elrond, their ancestry was

forgotten. Yet the shards of the sword were cherished during many lives of Men by the heirs of

Isildur; and their line, from father to son, remained unbroken.

In the south the realm of Gondor endured, and for a time its splendour grew, until it recalled

the wealth and majesty of Númenor ere it fell High towers the people of Gondor built, and strong

places, and havens of many ships; and the Winged Crown of the Kings of Men was held in awe by

people of many lands and tongues. For many a year the White Tree grew before the King's house in

Minas Anor, the seed of that tree which Isildur brought out of the deeps of the sea from Númenor;

and the seed before that came from Avallónë, and before that from Valinor in the Day before days

when the world was young.

Yet at the last, in the wearing of the swift years of Middle-earth, Gondor waned, and the line

of Meneldil son of Anárion failed. For the blood of the Númenóreans became much mingled with

that of other men, and their power and wisdom was diminished, and their life-span was shortened,

and the watch upon Mordor slumbered. And in the days of Telemnar, the third and twentieth of the

line of Meneldil, a plague came upon dark winds out of the east, and it smote the King and his

children, and many of the people of Gondor perished. Then the forts on the borders of Mordor were

deserted, and Minas Ithil was emptied of its people; and evil entered again into the Black Land

secretly, and the ashes of Gorgoroth were stirred as by a cold wind, for dark shapes gathered there.

It is said that these were indeed the Úlairi, whom Sauron called the Nazgûl, the Nine Ringwraiths

that had long remained hidden, but returned now to prepare the ways of their Master, for he had

begun to grow again.

And in the days of Eärnil they made their first stroke, and they came by night out of Mordor

over the passes of the Mountains of Shadow, and took Minas Ithil for their abode; and they made it

a place of such dread that none dared to look upon it. Thereafter it was called Minas Morgul, the

Tower of Sorcery; and Minas Morgul was ever at war with Minas Anor in the west. Then Osgiliath,

which in the waning of the people had long been deserted, became a place of ruins and a city of

ghosts. But Minas Anor endured, and it was named anew Minas Tirith, the Tower of Guard; for

there the kings caused to be built in the citadel a white tower, very tall and fair, and its eye was

upon many lands. Proud still and strong was that city, and in it the White Tree still flowered for a

while before the house of the Kings; and there the remnant of the Númenóreans still defended the

passage of the River against the terrors of Minas Morgul and against all the enemies of the West,

Orcs and monsters and evil Men; and thus the lands behind them, west of Anduin, were protected

from war and destruction.

Still Minas Tirith endured after the days of Eärnur, son of Eärnil, and the last King of Gondor.

He it was that rode alone to the gates of Minas Morgul to meet the challenge of the Morgul-lord;

and he met him in single combat, but he was betrayed by the Nazgûl and taken alive into the city of

torment, and no living man saw him ever again. Now Eärnur left no heir, but when the line of the

Kings failed the Stewards of the house of Mardil the Faithful ruled the city and its ever-shrinking

realm; and the Rohirrim, the Horsemen of the North, came and dwelt in the green land of Rohan,

which before was named Calenardhon and was a part of the kingdom of Condor; and the Rohirrim

aided the Lords of the City in their wars. And northward, beyond the Falls of Rauros and the Gates

of Argonath, there were as yet other defences, powers more ancient of which Men knew little,

against whom the things of evil did not dare to move, until in the ripening of time their dark lord,

Sauron, should come forth again. And until that time was come, never again after the days of Eärnil

did the Nazgûl dare to cross the River or to come forth from their city in shape visible to Men.

In all the days of the Third Age, after the fall of Gil-galad, Master Elrond abode in Imladris,

and he gathered there many Elves, and other folk of wisdom and power from among all the kindreds

of Middle-earth, and he preserved through many lives of Men the memory of all that had been fair;

and the house of Elrond was a refuge for the weary and the oppressed, and a treasury of good

counsel and wise lore. In that house were harboured the Heirs of Isildur, in childhood and old age,

because of the kinship of their blood with Elrond himself, and because he knew in his wisdom that

one should come of their line to whom a great part was appointed in the last deeds of that Age. And

until that time came the shards of Elendil's sword were given into the keeping of Elrond, when the

days of the Dúnedain darkened and they became a wandering people.

In Eriador Imladris was the chief dwelling of the High Elves; but at the Grey Havens of

Lindon there abode also a remnant of the people of Gil-galad the Elvenking. At times they would

wander into the lands of Eriador, but for the most part they dwelt near the shores of the sea,

building and tending the elven-ships wherein those of the Firstborn who grew weary of the world

set sail into the uttermost West Círdan the Shipwright was lord of the Havens and mighty among the

Wise.

Of the Three Rings that the Elves had preserved unsullied no open word was ever spoken

among the Wise, and few even of the Eldar knew where they were bestowed. Yet after the fall of

Sauron their power was ever at work, and where they abode there mirth also dwelt and all things

were unstained by the griefs of time. Therefore ere the Third Age was ended the Elves perceived

that the Ring of Sapphire was with Elrond, in the fair valley of Rivendell, upon whose house the

stars of heaven most brightly shone; whereas the Ring of Adamant was in the Land of Lórien where

dwelt the Lady Galadriel. A queen she was of the woodland Elves, the wife of Celeborn of Doriath,

yet she herself was of the Noldor and remembered the Day before days in Valinor, and she was the

mightiest and fairest of all the Elves that remained in Middle-earth. But the Red Ring remained

hidden until the end, and none save Elrond and Galadriel and Círdan knew to whom it had been

committed.

Thus it was that in two domains the bliss and beauty of the Elves remained still undiminished

while that Age endured: in Imladris; and in Lothlórien, the hidden land between Celebrant and

Anduin, where the trees bore flowers of gold and no Orc or evil thing dared ever come. Yet many

voices were heard among the Elves foreboding that, if Sauron should come again, then either he

would find the Ruling Ring that was lost, or at the best his enemies would discover it and destroy it;

but in either chance the powers of the Three must then fail and all things maintained by them must

fade, and so the Elves should pass into the twilight and the Dominion of Men begin.

And so indeed it has since befallen: the One and the Seven and the Nine are destroyed; and

the Three have passed away, and with them the Third Age is ended, and the Tales of the Eldar in

Middle-earth draw to then-close. Those were the Fading Years, and in them the last flowering of the

Elves east of the Sea came to its winter. In that time the Noldor walked still in the Hither Lands,

mightiest and fairest of the children of the world, and their tongues were still heard by mortal ears.

Many things of beauty and wonder remained on earth in that time, and many things also of evil and

dread: Orcs there were and trolls and dragons and fell beasts, and strange creatures old and wise in

the woods whose names are forgotten; Dwarves still laboured in the hills and wrought with patient

craft works of metal and stone that none now can rival. But the Dominion of Men was preparing

and all things were changing, until at last the Dark Lord arose in Mirkwood again.

Now of old the name of that forest was Greenwood the Great, and its wide halls and aisles

were the haunt of many beasts and of birds of bright song; and there was the realm of King

Thranduil under the oak and the beech. But after many years, when well nigh a third of that age of

the world had passed, a darkness crept slowly through the wood from the southward, and fear

walked there in shadowy glades; fell beasts came hunting, and cruel and evil creatures laid there

their snares.

Then the name of the forest was changed and Mirkwood it was called, for the nightshade lay

deep there, and few dared to pass through, save only in the north where Thranduil’s people still held

the evil at bay. Whence it came few could tell, and it was long ere even the Wise could discover it.

It was the Shadow of Sauron and the sign of his return. For coming out of the wastes of the East he

took up his abode in the south of the forest, and slowly he grew and took shape there again; in a

dark hill he made his dwelling and wrought there his sorcery, and all folk feared the Sorcerer of Dol

Guldur, and yet they knew not at first how great was their peril.

Even as the first shadows were felt in Mirkwood there appeared in the west of Middle-earth

the Istari, whom Men called the Wizards. None knew at that time whence they were, save Círdan of

the Havens, and only to Elrond and to Galadriel did he reveal that they came over the Sea. But

afterwards it was said among the Elves that they were messengers sent by the Lords of the West to

contest the power of Sauron, if he should arise again, and to move Elves and Men and all living

things of good will to valiant deeds. In the likeness of Men they appeared, old but vigorous, and

they changed little with the years, and aged but slowly, though great cares lay on them; great

wisdom they had, and many powers of mind and hand. Long they journeyed far and wide among

Elves and Men, and held converse also with beasts and with birds; and the peoples of Middle-earth

gave to them many names, for their true names they did not reveal. Chief among them were those

whom the Elves called Mithrandir and Curunír, but Men in the North named Gandalf and Saruman.

Of these Curunír was the eldest and came first, and after him came Mithrandir and Radagast, and

others of the Istari who went into the east of Middle-earth, and do not come into these tales.

Radagast was the friend of all beasts and birds; but Curunír went most among Men, and he was

subtle in speech and skilled in all the devices of smith-craft. Mithrandir was closest in counsel with

Elrond and the Elves. He wandered far in the North and West and made never in any land any

lasting abode; but Curunír journeyed into the East, and when he returned he dwelt at Orthanc in the

Ring of Isengard, which the Númenóreans made in the days of their power.

Ever most vigilant was Mithrandir, and he it was that most doubted the darkness in

Mirkwood, for though many deemed that it was wrought by the Ringwraiths, he feared that it was

indeed the first shadow of Sauron returning; and he went to Dol Guldur, and the Sorcerer fled from

him, and there was a watchful peace for a long while. But at length the Shadow returned and its

power increased; and in that time was first made the Council of the Wise that is called the White

Council, and therein were Elrond and Galadriel and Círdan, and other lords of the Eldar, and with

them were Mithrandir and Curunír. And Curunír (that was Saruman the White) was chosen to be

their chief, for he had most studied the devices of Sauron of old. Galadriel indeed had wished that

Mithrandir should be the Lead of the Council, and Saruman begrudged them that, for his pride and

desire of mastery was grown great; but Mithrandir refused the office, since he would have no ties

and no allegiance, save to those who sent him, and he would abide in no place nor be subject to any

summons. But Saruman now began to study the lore of the Rings of Power, their making and their

history.

Now the Shadow grew ever greater, and the hearts of Elrond and Mithrandir darkened.

Therefore on a time Mithrandir at great peril went again to Dol Guldur and the pits of the Sorcerer,

and he discovered the truth of his fears, and escaped. And returning to Elrond he said:

‘True, alas, is our guess. This is not one of the Úlairi, as many have long supposed. It is

Sauron himself who has taken shape again and now grows apace; and he is gathering again all the

Rings to his hand; and he seeks ever for news of the One, and of the Heirs of Isildur, if they live still on earth.’

And Elrond answered: ‘In the hour that Isildur took the Ring and would not surrender it, this

doom was wrought, that Sauron should return.’

‘Yet the One was lost,' said Mithrandir, ‘and while it still lies hid, we can master the Enemy, if

we gather our strength and tarry not too long.'

Then the White Council was summoned; and Mithrandir urged them to swift deeds, but

Curunír spoke against him, and counselled them to wait yet and to watch.

‘For I believe not,’ said he, ‘that the One will ever be found again in Middle-earth. Into

Anduin it fell, and long ago, I deem, it was rolled to the Sea. There it shall lie until the end, when

all this world is broken and the deeps are removed.'

Therefore naught was done at that time, though Elrond's heart misgave him, and he said to

Mithrandir:

'Nonetheless I forbode that the One will yet be found, and then war will arise again, and in

that war this Age will be ended. Indeed in a second darkness it will end, unless some strange chance

deliver us that my eyes cannot see.’

'Many are the strange chances of fee world,’ said Mithrandir, 'and help oft shall come from the

hands of the weak when the Wise falter.'

Thus the Wise were troubled, but none as yet perceived that Curunír had turned to dark

thoughts and was already a traitor in heart: for he desired that he and no other should find the Great

Ring, so that he might wield it himself and order all

the world to his will Too long he had studied

the ways of. Sauron in hope to defeat him, and now he envied him as a rival rather than hated his

works. And he deemed that the Ring, which was Sauron's, would seek for its master as he became

manifest once more; but if he were driven out again, then it would lie hid. Therefore he was willing

to play with peril and let Sauron be for a time, hoping by his craft to forestall both his friends and

the Enemy, when the Ring should appear.

He set a watch upon the Gladden Fields; but soon he discovered that the servants of Dol

Guldur were searching all the ways of the River in that region. Then he perceived that Sauron also

had learned of the manner of Isildur's end, and he grew afraid and withdrew to Isengard and

fortified it; and ever he probed deeper into the lore of the Rings of Power and the art of their

forging. But he spoke of none of this to the Council, hoping still that he might be the first to hear

news of the Ring. He gathered a great host of spies, and many of these were birds; for Radagast lent

him his aid, divining naught of his treachery, and deeming that this was but part of the watch upon

the Enemy.

But ever the shadow in Mirkwood grew deeper, and

to Dol Guldur evil things repaired out of

all the dark places of the world; and they were united again under one will, and their malice was

directed against the Elves and the survivors of Númenor. Therefore at last the Council was again

summoned and the lore of the Rings was much debated; but Mithrandir spoke to the Council,

saying:

‘It is not needed that the Ring should be found, for while it abides on earth and is not unmade,

still the power that it holds will live, and Sauron will grow and have hope. The might of the Elves

and the Elf-friends is less now than of old. Soon he will be too strong for you, even without the

Great Ring; for he rules the Nine, and of the Seven he has recovered three. We must strike.'

To this Curunír now assented, desiring that Sauron should be thrust from Dol Guldur, which

was nigh to the River, and should have leisure to search there no longer. Therefore, for the last time,

he aided the Council, and they put forth their strength; and they assailed Dol Guldur, and drove

Sauron from his hold, and Mirkwood for a brief while was made wholesome again.

But their stroke was too late. For the Dark Lord had foreseen it, and he had long prepared all

his movements; and the Úlairi, his Nine Servants, had gone before him to make ready for his

coming. Therefore his flight was but a feint, and he

soon returned, and ere the Wise could prevent

him he re-entered his kingdom in Mordor and reared once again the dark towers of Barad-dûr. And

in that year the White Council met for the last time, and Curunír withdrew to Isengard, and took

counsel with none save himself.

Orcs were mustering, and far to the east and the south the wild peoples were arming. Then in

the midst of gathering fear and the rumour of war the foreboding of Elrond was proved true, and the

One Ring was indeed found again, by a chance more strange than even Mithrandir had foreseen;

and it was hidden from Curunír and from Sauron. For it had been taken from Anduin long ere they

sought for it, being found by one of the small fisher-folk that dwelt by the River, ere the Kings

failed in Condor; and by its finder it was brought beyond search into dark hiding under the roots of

the mountains. There it dwelt, until even in the year of the assault upon Dol Guldur it was found

again, by a wayfarer, fleeing into the depths of the earth from the pursuit of the Orcs, and passed

into a far distant country, even to the land of the Periannath, the Little People, the Halflings, who

dwelt in the west of Eriador. And ere that day they had been held of small account by Elves and by

Men, and neither Sauron nor any of the Wise save Mithrandir had in all their counsels given thought

to them.

Now by fortune and his vigilance Mithrandir first learned of the Ring, ere Sauron had news of

it; yet he was dismayed and in doubt. For too great was the evil power of this thing for any of the

Wise to wield, unless like Curunír he wished himself to become a tyrant and a dark lord in his turn;

but neither could it be concealed from Sauron for ever, nor could it be unmade by the craft of the

Elves. Therefore with the help of the Dúnedain of the North Mithrandir set a watch upon the land of

the Periannath and bided his time. But Sauron had many ears, and soon he heard rumour of the One

Ring, which above all things he desired, and he sent forth the Nazgûl to take it. Then war was

kindled, and in battle with Sauron the Third Age ended even as it had begun.

But those who saw the things that were done in that time, deeds of valour and wonder, have

elsewhere told the tale of the War of the Ring, and how it ended both in victory unlocked for and in

sorrow long foreseen. Here let it be said that in those days the Heir of Isildur arose in the North, and he took the shards of the sword of Elendil, and in Imladris they were reforged; and he went then to

war, a great captain of Men. He was Aragorn son of Arathorn, the nine and thirtieth heir in the right

line from Isildur, and yet more like to Elendil than any before him. Battle there was in Rohan, and

Curunír the traitor was thrown down and Isengard broken; and before the City of Gondor a great

field was fought, and the Lord of Morgul, Captain of Sauron, there passed into darkness; and the

Heir of Isildur led the host of the West to the Black Gates of Mordor.

In that last battle were Mithrandir, and the sons of Elrond, and the King of Rohan, and lords

of Gondor, and the Heir of Isildur with the Dúnedain of the North. There at the last they looked

upon death and defeat, and all their valour was in vain; for Sauron was too strong. Yet in that hour

was put to the proof that which Mithrandir had spoken, and help came from the hands of the weak

when the Wise faltered. For, as many songs have since sung, it was the Periannath, the Little

People, dwellers in hillsides and meadows, that brought them deliverance.

For Frodo the Halfling, it is said, at the bidding of Mithrandir took on himself the burden, and

alone with his servant he passed through peril and darkness and came at last in Sauron's despite

even to Mount Doom; and there into the Fire where it was wrought he cast the Great Ring of Power,

and so at last it was unmade and its evil consumed.

Then Sauron failed, and he was utterly vanquished

and passed away like a shadow of malice;

and the towers of Barad-dûr crumbled in ruin, and at the rumour of their fall many lands trembled.

Thus peace came again, and a new Spring opened on earth; and the Heir of Isildur was crowned

King of Gondor and Arnor, and the might of the Dúnedain was lifted up and their glory renewed. In

the courts of Minas Anor the White Tree flowered again, for a seedling was found by Mithrandir in

the snows of Mindolluin that rose tall and white above the City of Gondor; and while it still grew

there the Elder Days were not wholly forgotten in the hearts of the Kings.

Now all these things were achieved for the most part by the counsel and vigilance of

Mithrandir, and in the last few days he was revealed as a lord of great reverence, and clad in white

he rode into battle; but not until the time came for him to depart was it known that he had long

guarded the Red Ring of Fire. At the first that Ring had been entrusted to Círdan, Lord of the

Havens; but he had surrendered it to Mithrandir, for he knew whence he came and whither at last he

would return.

‘Take now this Ring,’ he said; 'for thy labours and thy cares will be heavy, but in all it will

support thee and defend thee from weariness. For this is the Ring of Fire, and herewith, maybe, thou

shalt rekindle hearts to the valour of old in a world that grows chill. But as for me, my heart is with

the Sea, and I will dwell by the grey shores, guarding the Havens until the last ship sails. Then I

shall await thee.'

White was that ship and long was it a-building, and long it awaited the end of which Círdan

had spoken. But when all these things were done, and the Heir of Isildur had taken up the lordship

of Men, and the dominion of the West had passed to him, then it was made plain that the power of

the Three Rings also was ended, and to the Firstborn the world grew old and grey. In that time the

last of the Noldor set sail from the Havens and left Middle-earth for ever. And latest of all the

Keepers of the Three Rings rode to the Sea, and Master Elrond took there the ship that Círdan had

made ready. In the twilight of autumn it sailed out of Mithlond, until the seas of the Bent World fell

away beneath it, and the winds of the round sky troubled it no more, and borne upon the high airs

above the mists of the world it passed into the Ancient West, and an end was come for the Eldar of

story and of song.

Appendices

The legend of the Awaking of the Quendi (Cuivienyarna)

According to the legend, preserved in almost identical form among both the Elves of Aman

and the Sindar, the Three Clans were in the beginning derived from the three Elf-fathers: Imin, Tata,

and Enel (sc. One, Two, Three), and those whom each chose to join his following. So they had at

first simply the names Minyar 'Firsts', Tatyar 'Seconds', and Nelyar 'Thirds'. These numbered, out of

the original 144 Elves that first awoke, 14, 56, and 74; and these proportions were approximately

maintained until the Separation.

A form of this legend is found in a single typescript with carbon copy. On one copy my father

wrote (and similarly but more briefly on the other): 'Actually written (in style and simple notions)

to be a surviving Elvish "fairytale" or child's tale, mingled with counting-lore'. Corrections to either copy are taken up in the text that follows.

While their first bodies were being made from the 'flesh of Arda' the Quendi slept 'in the

womb of the Earth', beneath the green sward, and awoke when they were full-grown. But the First

Elves (also called the Unbegotten, or the Eru-begotten) did not all wake together. Eru had so

ordained that each should lie beside his or her 'destined spouse'. But three Elves awoke first of all,

and they were elf-men, for elf-men are more strong in body and more eager and adventurous in

strange places. These three Elf-fathers are named in the ancient tales Imin, Tata, and Enel. They

awoke in that order, but with little time between each; and from them, say the Eldar, the words for

one, two, and three were made: the oldest of all numerals. *

Imin, Tata and Enel awoke before their spouses, and the first thing that they saw was the stars,

for they woke in the early twilight before dawn. And the next thing they saw was their destined

spouses lying asleep on the green sward beside them. Then they were so enamoured of their beauty

that their desire for speech was immediately quickened and they began to 'think of words' to speak

and sing in. And being impatient they could not wait but woke up their spouses. Thus, the Eldar say,

the first thing that each elf-woman saw was her spouse, and her love for him was her first love; and

her love and reverence for the wonders of Arda came later.

Now after a time, when they had dwelt together a little, and had devised many words, Imin

and Iminyë, Tata and Tatië, Enel and Enelyë walked together, and left the green dell of their

waking, and they came soon to another larger dell and found there six pairs of Quendi, and the stars

were again shining in the morrow-dim and the elf-men were just waking.

Then Imin claimed to be the eldest and to have the right of first choice; and he said: 'I choose

these twelve to be my companions.' And the elf-men woke their spouses, and when the eighteen

Elves had dwelt together a little and had learned many words and devised more, they walked on

together, and soon in another even deeper and wider hollow they found nine pairs of Quendi, and

the elf-men had just waked in the starlight.

Then Tata claimed the right of second choice, and he said: 'I choose these eighteen to be my

companions.' Then again the elf-men woke their spouses, and they dwelt and spoke together, and

devised many new sounds and longer words; and then the thirty-six walked abroad together, until

they came to a grove of birches by a stream, and there they found twelve pairs of Quendi, and the

elf-men likewise were just standing up, and looking at the stars through the birch boughs.

* [footnote to the text] The Eldarin words referred to are *Min, Atta* (or *Tata), Nel.* The reverse is probably historical.

The Three had no names until they had developed

language, and were given (or took) names after they had devised numerals (or at least the first twelve).

Then Enel claimed the right of third choice, and he said: 'I choose these twenty-four to be my

companions.' Again the elf-men woke their spouses; and for many days the sixty Elves dwelt by the

stream, and soon they began to make verse and song to the music of the water.

At length they all set out together again. But Imin noticed that each rime they had found more

Quendi than before, and he thought to himself: 'I have only twelve companions (although I am the

eldest); I will take a later choice.' Soon they came to a sweet-smelling firwood on a hill-side, and

there they found eighteen pairs of Quendi, and all were still sleeping. It was still night and clouds

were in the sky. But before dawn a wind came, and roused the elf-men, and they woke and were

amazed at the stars; for all the clouds were blown away and the stars were bright from east to west.

And for a long rime the eighteen new Quendi took no heed of the others, but looked at the lights of

Menel. But when at last they turned their eyes back to earth they beheld their spouses and woke

them to look at the stars, crying to them elen, elen! And so the stars got their name.

Now Imin said: 'I will not choose again yet'; and

Tata, therefore, chose these thirty-six to be

his companions; and they were tall and dark-haired and strong like fir-trees, and from them most of

the Ñoldor later were sprung.

And the ninety-six Quendi now spoke together, and the newly-waked devised many new and

beautiful words, and many cunning artifices of speech; and they laughed, and danced upon the hill-

side, until at last they desired to find more companions. Then they all set out again together, until

they came to a lake dark in the twilight; and there was a great cliff about it upon the east-side, and a waterfall came down from the height, and the stars glittered on the foam. But the elf-men were

already bathing in the waterfall, and they had waked their spouses. There were twenty-four pairs;

but as yet they had no formed speech, though they sang sweetly and their voices echoed in the

stone, mingling with the rush of the falls.

But again Imin withheld his choice, thinking 'next rime it will be a great company'. Therefore

Enel said: 'I have the choice, and I choose these forty-eight to be my companions.' And the hundred

and forty-four Quendi dwelt long together by the lake, until they all became of one mind and

speech, and were glad.

At length Imin said: 'It is time now that we should go on and seek more companions.' But

most of the others were content. So Imin and Iminyë and their twelve companions set out, and they

walked long by day and by twilight in the country about the lake, near which all the Quendi had

awakened - for which reason it is called Cuiviénen. But they never found any more companions, for

the tale of the First Elves was complete.

And so it was that the Quendi ever after reckoned in twelves, and that 144 was for long their

highest number, so that in none of their later tongues was there any common name for a greater

number. And so also it came about that the 'Companions of Imin' or the Eldest Company (of whom

came the Vanyar) were nonetheless only fourteen in all, and the smallest company; and the

'Companions of Tata' (of whom came the Ñoldor) were fifty-six in all; but the 'Companions of Enel'

although the Youngest Company were the largest; from them came the Teleri (or Lindar), and they

were in the beginning seventy-four in all.

Now the Quendi loved all of Arda that they had yet seen, and green things that grew and the

sun of summer were their delight; but nonetheless they were ever moved most in heart by the Stars,

and the hours of twilight in clear weather, at 'morrow-dim' and at 'even-dim', were the times of their

greatest joy. For in those hours in the spring of the year they had first awakened to life in Arda. But

the Lindar, above all the other Quendi, from their beginning were most in love with water, and sang

before they could speak.

Miriel

The body of Miriel lay at rest in Lorien, until the escape of Melkor the Marrer and the

Darkening of Valinor. In that evil time Finwe was slain by the Marrer himself, and his body was

burned as by lightning stroke and was destroyed. Then Miriel and Finwe met again in Mandos, and

lo! Miriel was glad of the meeting, and her sadness was lightened; and the will in which she had

been set was released.And when she learned of Finwe all that had befallen since her departure (for

she had given no heed to it, nor asked tidings, until then) she was greatly moved; and she said to

Finwe in her thought: 'I erred in leaving thee and our son, or at the least in not soon returning after

brief repose; for had I done so he might have grown wiser. But the children of Indis shall redress his

errors and therefore I am glad that they should have being, and Indis hath my love. How should I

bear grudge against one who received what I rejected and cherished what I abandoned. Would that I

might set all the Tale of our people and of thee and thy children in a tapestry of many colours, as a

memorial brighter than memory! For though I am cut off now from the world, and I accept that

Doom as just, I would still watch and record all that befalls those dear to me, and their offspring

also. I feel again the call of my body and its skills.

And Finwe said to Vaire: 'Dost thou hear the prayer and desire of Miriel? Why will Mandos

refuse this redress of her griefs, that her being may not be void and without avail? Behold! I instead

will abide with Mandos for ever, and so make amends. For surely, if I remain unhoused, and forgo

life in Arda, then his Doom will be inviolate.'

'So thou may deem,' answered Vaire; 'yet Mandos is stern, and he will not readily permit a

vow to be revoked. Also he will consider not only Miriel and thee, but Indis and thy children, whom

thou seemest to forget, pitying now Miriel only.'

'Thou art unjust to me in thy thought,' said Finwe. 'It is unlawful to have two wives, but one

may love two women, each differently, and without diminishing one love by another. Love of Indis

did not drive out love of Miriel; so now pity for Miriel doth not lessen my heart's care for Indis. But

Indis parted from me without death. I had not seen her for many years, and when the Marrer smote

me I was alone. She hath dear children to comfort her, and her love, I deem, is now most for

Ingoldo. His father she may miss; but not the father of Feanaro! But above all her heart now yearns

for the halls of Ingwe and the peace of the Vanyar, far from the strife of the Noldor. Little comfort

should I bring her, if I returned; and the lordship of the Noldor hath passed to my sons.'

But when Mandos was approached he said to Finwe: 'It is well that thou desirest not to return,

for this I should have forbidden, until the present griefs are long passed. But it is better still that

thou hast made this offer, to deprive thyself, of thy free will, and out of pity for another. This is a

counsel of healing, out of which good may grow.'

Therefore when Nienna came to him and renewed her prayer for Miriel, he consented,

accepting the abnegation of Finwe as her ransom. Then the fe'a of Miriel was released and came

before Manwe and received his blessing; and she went then to Lorien and re-entered her body, and

awoke again, as one that cometh out of a deep sleep; and she arose and her body was refreshed. But

after she had stood in the twilight of Lorien a long while in thought, remembering her former life,

and all the tidings that she had learned, her heart was still sad, and she had no desire to return to her own people. Therefore she went to the doors of the House of Vaire and prayed to be admitted; and

this prayer was granted, although in that House none of the Living dwelt nor have others ever

entered it in the body. But Miriel was accepted by Vaire and became her chief handmaid; and all

tidings of the Noldor down the years from their beginning were brought to her, and she wove them

in webs historial, so fair and skilled that they seemed to live, imperishable, shining with a light of

many hues fairer than are known in Middle-earth. This labour Finwe is at times permitted to look

upon. And still she is at work, though her name has been changed. For now she is named Firiel,

which to the Eldar signifies 'She that died', and also 'She that sighed'. As fair as the webs of Firiel is praise that is given seldom even to works of the Eldar.

Of the marriage laws and customs of the Eldar, their children, and other matters touching thereon

The Eldar grew in bodily form slower than Men, but in mind more swiftly. They learned to

speak before they were one year old; and in the same time they learned to walk and to dance, for

their wills came soon to the mastery of their bodies. Nonetheless there was less difference between

the two Kindreds, Elves and Men, in early youth; and a man who watched elf-children at play might

well have believed that they were the children of Men, of some fair and happy people. For in their

early days elf-children delighted still in the world about them, and the fire of their spirit had not

consumed them, and the burden of memory was still light upon them.

This same watcher might indeed have wondered at the small limbs and stature of these

children, judging their age by their skill in words and grace in motion. For at the end of the third

year mortal children began to outstrip the Elves, hastening on to a full stature while the Elves

lingered in the first spring of childhood. Children of Men might reach their full height while Eldar

of the same age were still in body like to mortals of no more than seven years. Not until the fiftieth

year did the Eldar attain the stature and shape in which their lives would afterwards endure, and for

some a hundred years would pass before they were full-grown.

The Eldar wedded for the most part in their youth and soon after their fiftieth year. They had

few children, but these were very dear to them. Their families, or houses, were held together by

love and a deep feeling for kinship in mind and body; and the children needed little governing or

teaching. There were seldom more than four children in any house, and the number grew less as

ages passed; but even in days of old, while the Eldar

were still few and eager to increase their kind,

Fëanor was renowned as the father of seven sons, and the histories record none that surpassed him.

The Eldar wedded once only in life, and for love or at the least by free will upon either part.

Even when in after days, as the histories reveal, many of the Eldar in Middle-earth became

corrupted, and their hearts darkened by the shadow that lies upon Arda, seldom is any tale told of

deeds of lust among them.

Marriage, save for rare ill chances or strange fates, was the natural course of life for all the

Eldar. It took place in this way. Those who would afterwards become wedded might choose one

another early in youth, even as children (and indeed this happened often in days of peace); but

unless they desired soon to be married and were of fitting age, the betrothal awaited the judgement

of the parents of either party.

In due time the betrothal was announced at a meeting of the two houses concerned, and the

betrothed gave silver rings one to another. According to the laws of the Eldar this betrothal was

bound then to stand for one year at least, and it often stood for longer. During this time it could be

revoked by a public return of the rings, the rings then being molten and not again used for a

betrothal. Such was the law; but the right of

revoking was seldom used, for the Eldar do not err

lightly in such choice. They are not easily deceived by their own kind; and their spirits being

masters of their bodies, they are seldom swayed by the desires of the body only, but are by nature

continent and steadfast.

Nonetheless among the Eldar, even in Aman, the desire for marriage was not always fulfilled.

Love was not always re turned; and more than one might desire one other for spouse. Concerning

this, the only cause by which sorrow entered the bliss of Aman, the Valar were in doubt. Some held

that it came from the marring of Arda, and from the Shadow under which the Eldar awoke; for

thence only (they said) comes grief or disorder. Some held that it came of love itself, and of the

freedom of each fea, and was a mystery of the nature of the Children of Eru.

After the betrothal it was the part of the betrothed to appoint the time of their wedding, when

at least one year had passed. Then at a feast, again shared by the two houses, the marriage was

celebrated. At the end of the feast the betrothed stood forth, and the mother of the bride and the

father of the bridegroom joined the hands of the pair and blessed them. For this blessing there was a

solemn form, but no mortal has heard it; though the

Eldar say that Varda was named in witness by

the mother and Manwe by the father; and moreover that the name of Eru was spoken (as was

seldom done at any other time). The betrothed then received back one from the other their silver

rings (and treasured them); but they gave in exchange slender rings of gold, which were worn upon

the index of the right hand. Among the Noldor also it was a custom that the bride's mother should

give to the bridegroom a jewel upon a chain or collar; and the bridegroom's father should give a like

gift to the bride. These gifts were sometimes given before the feast. (Thus the gift of Galadriel to

Aragorn, since she was in place of Arwen's mother, was in part a bridal gift and earnest of the

wedding that was later accomplished.)

But these ceremonies were not rites necessary to marriage; they were only a gracious mode by

which the love of the parents was manifested, and the union was recognized which would join not

only the betrothed but their two houses together. It was the act of bodily union that achieved

marriage, and after which the indissoluble bond was complete. In happy days and times of peace it

was held ungracious and contemptuous of kin to forgo the ceremonies, but it was at all times lawful

for any of the Eldar, both being unwed, to marry

thus of free consent one to another without

ceremony or witness (save blessings exchanged and the naming of the Name); and the union so

joined was alike indissoluble. In days of old, in times of trouble, in flight and exile and wandering,

such marriages were often made.

As for the begetting and bearing of children: a year passes between the begetting and the birth

of an elf-child, so that the days of both are the same or nearly so, and it is the day of begetting that is remembered year by year. For the most part these days come in the Spring. It might be thought

that, since the Eldar do not (as Men deem) grow old in body, they may bring forth children at any

time in the ages of their lives. But this is not so. For the Eldar do indeed grow older, even if slowly: the limit of their lives is the life of Arda, which though long beyond the reckoning of Men is not

endless, and ages also. Moreover their body and spirit are not separated but coherent. As the weight

of the years, with all their changes of desire and thought, gathers upon the spirit of the Eldar, so do

the impulses and moods of their bodies change. This the Eldar mean when they speak of their spirits

consuming them; and they say that ere Arda ends all the Eldalie on earth will have become as spirits

invisible to mortal eyes, unless they will to be seen by some among Men into whose minds they

may enter directly.

Also the Eldar say that in the begetting, and still more in the bearing of children, greater share

and strength of their being, in mind and in body, goes forth than in the making of mortal children.

For these reasons it came to pass that the Eldar brought forth few children; and also that their time

of generation was in their youth or earlier life, unless strange and hard fates befell them. But at

whatever age they married, their children were born within a short space of years after their

wedding. (Short as the Eldar reckoned time. In mortal count there was often a long interval between

the wedding and the first child-birth, and even longer between child and child.) For with regard to

generation the power and the will are not among the Eldar distinguishable. Doubtless they would

retain for many ages the power of generation, if the will and desire were not satisfied; but with the

exercise of the power the desire soon ceases, and the mind turns to other things. The union of love

is indeed to them great delight and joy, and the 'days of the children', as they call them, remain in

their memory as the most merry in life; but they have many other powers of body and of mind

which their nature urges them to fulfil. Thus, although the wedded remain so for ever, they do not

necessarily dwell or house together at all times; for without considering the chances and separations

of evil days, wife and husband, albeit united, remain persons individual having each gifts of mind

and body that differ. Yet it would seem to any of the Eldar a grievous thing if a wedded pair were

sundered during the bearing of a child, or while the first years of its childhood lasted. For which

reason the Eldar would beget children only in days of happiness and peace if they could.

In all such things, not concerned with the bringing forth of children, the neri and nissi (that is,

the men and women) of the Eldar are equal - unless it be in this (as they themselves say) that for the

nissi the making of things new is for the most part shown in the forming of their children, so that

invention and change is otherwise mostly brought about by the neri. There are, how- ever, no

matters which among the Eldar only a ner can think or do, or others with which only a nis is

concerned. There are indeed some differences between the natural inclinations of neri and nissi, and

other differences that have been established by custom (varying in place and in time, and in the

several races of the Eldar). For instance, the arts of healing, and all that touches on the care of the

body, are among all the Eldar most practised by the nissi; whereas it was the elven-men who bore

arms at need. And the Eldar deemed that the dealing of death, even when lawful or under necessity,

diminished the power of healing, and that the virtue of the nissi in this matter was due rather to their abstaining from hunting or war than to any special power that went with their womanhood. Indeed

in dire straits or desperate defence, the nissi fought valiantly, and there was less difference in

strength and speed between elven-men and elven-women that had not borne child than is seen

among mortals. On the other hand many elven-men were great healers and skilled in the lore of

living bodies, though such men abstained from hunting, and went not to war until the last need. As

for other matters, we may speak of the customs of the Noldor (of whom most is known in Middle-

earth). Among the Noldor it may be seen that the making of bread is done mostly by women; and

the making of the lembas is by ancient law reserved to them. Yet the cooking and preparing of other

food is generally a task and pleasure of men. The nissi are more often skilled in the tending of fields

and gardens, in playing upon instruments of music, and in the spinning, weaving, fashioning, and

adornment of all threads and cloths; and in matters of lore they love most the histories of the Eldar

and of the houses of the Noldor; and all matters of kinship and descent are held by them in memory.

But the neri are more skilled as smiths and wrights, as carvers of wood and stone, and as jewellers.

It is they for the most part who compose musics and make the instruments, or devise new ones; they

are the chief poets and students of languages and inventors of words. Many of them delight in

forestry and in the lore of the wild, seeking the friendship of all things that grow or live there in

freedom. But all these things, and other matters of labour and play, or of deeper knowledge

concerning being and the life of the World, may at different times be pursued by any among the

Noldor, be they neri or nissi.

OF NAMING.

This is the manner in which the naming of children was achieved among the Noldor. Soon

after birth the child was named. It was the right of the father to devise this first name, and he it was that announced it to the child's kindred upon either side. It was called, therefore, the father-name,

and it stood first, if other names were afterwards added. It remained unaltered, 3 for it lay not in the choice of the child.

But every child among the Noldor (in which point, maybe, they differed from the other Eldar)

had also the right to name himself or herself. Now the first ceremony, the announcement of the

father-name, was called the Essecarme or 'Name-making'. Later there was another ceremony called

the Essecilme or 'Name-choosing'. This took place at no fixed date after the Essecarme, but could

not take place before the child was deemed ready and capable of lamatyave4, as the Noldor called it: that is, of individual pleasure in the sounds and forms of words. The Noldor were of all the Eldar

the swiftest in acquiring word-mastery; but even among them few before at least the seventh year

had become fully aware of their own individual lamatyave, or had gained a complete mastery of the

3 Save for such changes as might befall its spoken form in the passing of the long years; for (as is elsewhere told) even the tongues of the Eldar were subject to change.

4 This lamatyave was held a mark of individuality, and more important indeed than others, such as stature, colour, and features of face.

inherited language and its structure, so as to express this tyave skilfully within its limits. The

Essecilme, therefore, the object of which was the expression of this personal characteristic,' usually

took place at or about the end of the tenth year.

In elder times the 'Chosen Name', or second name, was usually freshly devised, and though

framed according to the structure of the language of the day, it often had no previous significance.

In later ages, when there was a great abundance of names already in existence, it was more often

selected from names that were known. But even so some modification of the old name might be

made.

Now both these names, the father-name and the chosen name, were 'true names', not

nicknames; but the father-name was public, and the chosen name was private, especially when used

alone. Private, not secret. The chosen names were regarded by the Noldor as part of their personal

property, like (say) their rings, cups, or knives, or other possessions which they could lend, or share

with kindred and friends, but which could not be taken without leave. The use of the chosen name,

except by members of the same house (parents, sisters, and brothers), was a token of closest

intimacy and love, when permitted. It was, therefore, presumptuous or insulting to use it without

permission. 5 Since, however, the Eldar were by nature immortal within Arda, but were by no means changeless, after a time one might wish for a new name. 6 He might then devise for himself a new chosen name. But this did not abrogate the former name, which remained part of the 'full title' of

any Noldo: that is the sequence of all the names that had been acquired in the course of life.

These deliberate changes of chosen name were not frequent. 'There was another source of the

variety of names borne by any one of the Eldar, which in the reading of their histories may to us

seem bewildering. This was found in the Anessi: the given (or added) names. Of these the most

important were the so-called 'mother-names'. Mothers often gave to their children special names of

their own choosing. The most notable of these were the 'names of insight', essi tercenye, or of

'foresight', apacenye. In the hour of birth, or on some other occasion of moment, the mother might

give a name to her child, indicating some dominant feature of its nature as perceived by her, or

some foresight of its special fate.' These names had authority, and were regarded as true names

when solemnly given, and were public not private if placed (as was sometimes done) immediately

after the father-name.

All other 'given names' were not true names, and indeed might not be recognized by the

person to whom they were applied, unless they were actually adopted or self-given. Names, or

nicknames, of this kind might be given by anyone, not necessarily by members of the same house or

kin, in memory of some deed, or event, or in token of some marked feature of body or mind. They

were seldom included in the 'full title', but when they were, because of their wide use and fame,

they were set at the end in some form such as this: 'by some called Telcontar' (that is Strider); or

'sometimes known as Mormacil' (that is Blacksword).

The amilessi tercenye, or mother-names of insight, had a high position, and in general use

sometimes replaced, both within the family and without, the father-name and chosen name, though

the father-name (and the chosen among those of the Eldar that had the custom of the essecilme)

remained ever the true or primary name, and a necessary part of any 'full title'. The 'names of

insight' were more often given in the early days of the Eldar, and in that time they came more

5 This sentiment had thus nothing to do with 'magic' or with taboos, such as are found among Men.

6 The Eldar hold that, apart from ill chances and the destruction of their bodies, they may in the course of their years each exercise and enjoy all the varied talents of their kind, whether of skill or of lore, though in different order and in different degrees. With such changes of 'mind-mood' or inwisti their lamatyaver might also change. But such changes or progressions were in fact seen most among the neri, for the nissi, even as they came sooner to maturity, remained then more steadfast and were less desirous of change. According to the Eldar, the only 'character' of any person that was not subject to change was the difference of sex. For this they held to belong not only to the body (hroa) but also to the mind (indo) equally: that is, to the person as a whole. This person or individual they often called esse' (that is

'name'), but it was also called erde, or 'singularity'. Those who returned from Mandos, therefore, after the death of their first body, returned always to the same name and to the same sex as formerly.

readily into public use, because it was then still the custom for the father-name of a son to be a

modification of the father's name (as Finwë' - CuruFinwë) or a patronymic (as Finwion 'son of

Finwë'). The father-name of a daughter would likewise often be derived from the name of the

mother.

Renowned examples of these things are found in the early histories. Thus Finwë, first lord of

the Noldor, first named his eldest son Finwion; but later when his talent was revealed this was

modified to CuruFinwë. But the name of insight which his mother Miriel gave to him in the hour of

birth was Feanaro 'Spirit of Fire'; 7 and by this name he became known to all, and he is so called in all the histories. (It is said that he also took this name as his chosen name, in honour of his mother,

whom he never saw.) Elwe, lord of the Teleri, became widely known by the anesse or given name

Sindicollo 'Greycloak', and hence later, in the changed form of the Sindarin tongue, he was called

Elu Thingol. Thingol indeed was the name most used for him by others, though Elu or Elu-thingol

remained his right title in his own realm.

OF DEATH AND THE SEVERANCE OF FEA AND HROA

It must be understood that what has yet been said concerning Eldarin marriage refers to its

right course and nature in a world unmarred, or to the manners of those uncorrupted by the Shadow

and to days of peace and order. But nothing, as has been said, utterly avoids the Shadow upon Arda

or is wholly unmarred, so as to proceed unhindered upon its right courses. In the Elder Days, and in

the ages before the Dominion of Men, there were times of great trouble and many griefs and evil

chances; and Death afflicted all the Eldar, as it did all other living things in Arda save the Valar

only: for the visible form of the Valar proceeds from their own will and with regard to their true

being is to be likened rather to the chosen raiment of Elves and Men than to their bodies.

Now the Eldar are immortal within Arda according to their right nature. But if a fea (or spirit)

indwells in and coheres with a hroa (or bodily form) that is not of its own choice but ordained, and

is made of the flesh or substance of Arda itself, then the fortune of this union must be vulnerable by

the evils that do hurt to Arda, even if that union be by nature and purpose permanent. For in spite of

this union, which is of such a kind that according to unmarred nature no living person incarnate

may be without a fea, nor without a hroa, yet fea and hroa are not the same things; and though the

fea cannot be broken or disintegrated by any violence from without, the hroa can be hurt and may

be utterly destroyed.

If then the hroa be destroyed, or so hurt that it ceases to have health, sooner or later it 'dies'.

That is: it becomes painful for the fea to dwell in it, being neither a help to life and will nor a

delight to use, so that the fea departs from it, and its function being at an end its coherence is

unloosed, and it returns again to the general orma of Arda. Then the fea is, as it were, houseless, and

it becomes invisible to bodily eyes (though clearly perceptible by direct awareness to other fear).

This destruction of the hroa, causing death or the unhousing of the fea, was soon experienced

by the immortal Eldar, when they awoke in the marred and overshadowed realm of Arda. Indeed in

their earlier days death came more readily; for their bodies were then less different from the bodies

of Men, and the command of their spirits over their bodies less complete.

This command was, nonetheless, at all times greater than it has ever been among Men. From

their beginnings the chief difference between Elves and Men lay in the fate and nature of their

spirits. The fear of the Elves were destined to dwell in Arda for all the life of Arda, and the death of the flesh did not abrogate that destiny. Their fear were tenacious therefore of life 'in the raiment of

Arda', and far excelled the spirits of Men in power over that 'raiment', even from the first days

protecting their bodies from many ills and assaults (such as disease), and healing them swiftly of

injuries, so that they recovered from wounds that would have proved fatal to Men.

7 Though the form Fëanor, which is more often used, was a blend of Q[uenya] Feanaro and S[indarin] Faenor.

As ages passed the dominance of their fear ever increased, 'consuming' their bodies (as has

been noted). The end of this process is their 'fading', as Men have called it; for the body becomes at

last, as it were, a mere memory held by the fea; and that end has already been achieved in many

regions of Middle-earth, so that the Elves are indeed deathless and may not be destroyed or

changed. Thus it is that the further we go back in the histories, the more often do we read of the

death of the Elves of old; and in the days when the minds of the Eldalie were young and not yet

fully awake death among them seemed to differ little from the death of Men.

What then happened to the houseless fea? The answer to this question the Elves did not know

by nature. In their beginning (so they report) they believed, or guessed, that they 'entered into

Nothing', and ended like other living things that they knew, even as a tree that was felled and

burned. Others guessed more darkly that they passed into 'the Realm of Night' and into the power of

the 'Lord of Night'. These opinions were plainly derived from the Shadow under which they awoke;

and it was to deliver them from this shadow upon their minds, more even than from the dangers of

Arda marred, that the Valar desired to bring them to the light of Aman.

It was in Aman that they learned of Manwe that each fea was imperishable within the life of

Arda, and that its fate was to inhabit Arda to its end. Those fear, therefore, that in the marring of

Arda suffered unnaturally a divorce from their hroar remained still in Arda and in Time. But in this

state they were open to the direct instruction and command of the Valar. As soon as they were

disbodied they were summoned to leave the places of their life and death and go to the 'Halls of

Waiting': Mandos, in the realm of the Valar. If they obeyed this summons different opportunities lay

before them. The length of time that they dwelt in Waiting was partly at the will of Namo the Judge,

lord of Mandos, partly at their own will. The happiest fortune, they deemed, was after the Waiting

to be re-born, for so the evil and grief that they had suffered in the curtailment of their natural

course might be redressed.

OF RE-BIRTH AND OTHER DOOMS OF THOSE THAT GO TO MANDOS.

Now the Eldar hold that to each elf-child a new fea is given, not akin to the fear of the parents

(save in belonging to the same order and nature); and this fea either did not exist before birth, or is

the fea of one that is re-born.

The new fea, and therefore in their beginning all fear, they believe to come direct from Eru

and from beyond Ea. Therefore many of them hold that it cannot be asserted that the fate of the

Elves is to be confined within Arda for ever and with it to cease. This last opinion they draw from

their own thought, for the Valar, having had no part in the devising of the Children of Eru, do not

know fully the purposes of Eru concerning them, nor the final ends that he prepares for them.

But they did not reach these opinions at once or without dissent. In their youth, while their

knowledge and experience were small and they had not yet received the instruction of the Valar (or

had not yet fully understood it), many still held that in the creation of their kind Eru had committed

this power to them: to beget children in all ways like to themselves, body and indwelling spirit; and

that therefore the fea of a child came from its parents as did its hroa.

Yet always some dissented, saying: 'Indeed a living person may resemble the parents and be

perceived as a blending, in various degrees, of these two; but this resemblance is most reasonably

related to the hrondo. It is strongest and clearest in early youth, while the body is dominant and

most like the bodies of its parents.' (This is true of all elf-children.) 'Whereas in all children, though in some it may be more marked and sooner apparent, there is a part of character not to be

understood from parentage, to which it may indeed be quite contrary. This difference is most

reasonably attributed to the fea, new and not akin to the parents; for it becomes clearer and stronger

as life proceeds and the fea increases in mastery.'

Later when the Elves became aware of re-birth this argument was added: 'If the fear of

children were normally derived from the parents and akin to them, then re-birth would be unnatural

and unjust. For it would deprive the second parents, without consent, of one half of their parentage,

intruding into their kin a child half alien.'

Nonetheless, the older opinion was not wholly void. For all the Eldar, being aware of it in

themselves, spoke of the passing of much strength, both of mind and of body, into their children, in

bearing and begetting. Therefore they hold that the fea, though unbegotten, draws nourishment from

the parents before the birth of the child: directly from the fea of the mother while she bears and

nourishes the hrondo, and mediately but equally from the father, whose fea is bound in union with

the mother's and supports it.

It was for this reason that all parents desired to dwell together during the year of bearing, and

regarded separation at that time as a grief and injury, depriving the child of some part of its

fathering. 'For,' said they, 'though the union of the fear of the wedded is not broken by distance of

place, yet in creatures that live as spirits embodied fea communes with fea in full only when the

bodies dwell together.'

A houseless fea that chose or was permitted to return to life re-entered the incarnate world

through child-birth. Only thus could it return. 8 For it is plain that the provision of a bodily house for a fea, and the union of fea with hrondo, was committed by Eru to the Children, to be achieved in the

act of begetting.

As for this re-birth, it was not an opinion, but known and certain. For the fea re-born became

a child indeed, enjoying once more all the wonder and newness of childhood; but slowly, and only

after it had acquired a knowledge of the world and mastery of itself, its memory would awake; until,

when the re-born elf was full-grown, it recalled all

its former life, and then the old life, and the

'waiting', and the new life became one ordered history and identity. This memory would thus hold a

double joy of childhood, and also an experience and knowledge greater than the years of its body.

In this way the violence or grief that the re-born had suffered was redressed and its being was

enriched. For the Re-born are twice nourished, and twice parented, 9 and have two memories of the joy of awaking and discovering the world of living and the splendour of Arda. Their life is,

therefore, as if a year had two springs and though an untimely frost followed after the first, the

second spring and all the summer after were fairer and more blessed.

The Eldar say that more than one re-birth is seldom recorded. But the reasons for this they do

not fully know. Maybe, it is so ordered by the will of Eru; while the Re-born (they say) are stronger,

having greater mastery of their bodies and being more patient of griefs. But many, doubtless, that

have twice died do not wish to return.

Re-birth is not the only fate of the houseless fear. The Shadow upon Arda caused not only

misfortune and injury to the body. It could corrupt the mind; and those among the Eldar who were

darkened in spirit did unnatural deeds, and were capable of hatred and malice. Not all who died

suffered innocently. Moreover, some fear in grief or weariness gave up hope, and turning away from

life relinquished their bodies, even though these might have been healed or were indeed unhurt. 10

Few of these latter desired to be re-born, not at least until they had been long in 'waiting'; some

never returned. Of the others, the wrong-doers, many were held long in 'waiting', and some were not

permitted to take up their lives again.

8 Save in rare and strange cases: that is, where the body that the fea had forsaken was whole, and remained still coherent and incorrupt. But this could seldom happen; for death unwilling could occur only when great violence was done to the body; and in death by will, such as at times befell because of utter weariness or great grief, the fea would not desire to return, until the body, deserted by the spirit, was dissolved. This happened swiftly in Middle-earth. In Aman only was there no decay. Thus Miriel was there rehoused in her own body, as is hereafter told.

9 In some cases a fea re-born might have the same parents again. For instance, if its first body had died in early youth.

But this did not often happen; neither did a fea necessarily re-enter its own former kin, for often a great length of time passed before it wished or was permitted to return.

10 Though the griefs might be great and wholly unmerited, and death (or rather the abandonment of life) might be, therefore, understand- able and innocent, it was held that the refusal to return to life, after repose in Mandos, was a fault, showing a

weakness or lack of courage in the fea.

For there was, for all the fear of the Dead, a time of Waiting, in which, howsoever they had

died, they were corrected, instructed, strengthened, or comforted, according to their needs or

deserts. If they would consent to this. But the fea in its nakedness is obdurate, and remains long in

the bondage of its memory and old purposes (especially if these were evil).

Those who were healed could be re-born, if they desired it: none are re-born or sent back into

life unwilling. The others remained, by desire or command, fear unbodied, and they could only

observe the unfolding of the Tale of Arda from afar, having no effect therein. For it was a doom of

Mandos that only those who took up life again might operate in Arda, or commune with the fear of

the Living, even with those that had once been dear to them.

Concerning the fate of other elves, especially of the Darkelves who refused the summons to

Aman, the Eldar know little. The Re-born report that in Mandos there are many elves, and among

them many of the Alamanyar, but that there is in the Halls of Waiting little mingling or communing

of kind with kind, or indeed of any one fea with another. For the houseless fea is solitary by nature,

and turns only towards those with whom, maybe, it formed strong bonds of love in life.

The fea is single, and in the last impregnable. It cannot be brought to Mandos. It is

summoned; and the summons proceeds from just authority, and is imperative; yet it may be refused.

Among those who refused the summons (or rather invitation) of the Valar to Aman in the first years

of the Elves, refusal of the summons to Mandos and the Halls of Waiting is, the Eldar say, frequent.

It was less frequent, however, in ancient days, while Morgoth was in Arda, or his servant Sauron

after him; for then the fea unbodied would flee in terror of the Shadow to any refuge - unless it were

already committed to the Darkness and passed then into its dominion. In like manner even of the

Eldar some who had become corrupted refused the summons, and then had little power to resist the

counter-summons of Morgoth.

But it would seem that in these after-days more and more of the Elves, be they of the Eldalie

in origin or be they of other kinds, who linger in Middle-earth now refuse the summons of Mandos,

and wander houseless in the world, 11 unwilling to leave it and unable to inhabit it, haunting trees or springs or hidden places that once they knew. Not all of these are kindly or unstained by the

Shadow. Indeed the refusal of the summons is in itself a sign of taint.

It is therefore a foolish and perilous thing, besides being a wrong deed forbidden justly by the

appointed Rulers of Arda, if the Living seek to commune with the Unbodied, though the houseless

may desire it, especially the most unworthy among them. For the Unbodied, wandering in the

world, are those who at the least have refused the door of life and remain in regret and self-pity.

Some are filled with bitterness, grievance, and envy. Some were enslaved by the Dark Lord and do

his work still, though he himself is gone. They will not speak truth or wisdom. To call on them is

folly. To attempt to master them and to make them servants of one own's will is wickedness. Such

practices are of Morgoth; and the necromancers are of the host of Sauron his servant.

Some say that the Houseless desire bodies, though they are not willing to seek them lawfully

by submission to the judgement of Mandos. The wicked among them will take bodies, if they can,

unlawfully. The peril of communing with them is, therefore, not only the peril of being deluded by

fantasies or lies: there is peril also of destruction. For one of the hungry Houseless, if it is admitted to the friendship of the Living, may seek to eject the fea from its body; and in the contest for

mastery the body may be gravely injured, even if it he not wrested from its rightful habitant. Or the

Houseless may plead for shelter, and if it is admitted, then it will seek to enslave its host and

use

both his will and his body for its own purposes. It is said that Sauron did these things, and taught

his followers how to achieve them.

Thus it may be seen that those who in latter days hold that the Elves are dangerous to Men

and that it is folly or wickedness to seek converse with them do not speak without reason. For how,

11 For only those who willingly go to Mandos may be re-born. Re-birth is a grace, and comes of the power that Eru committed to the Valar for the ruling of Arda and the redress of its marring. It does not lie in the power of any fea in itself. Only those return whom, after Mandos has spoken the doom of release, Manwe and Varda bless.

it may be asked, shall a mortal distinguish the kinds? On the one hand, the Houseless, rebels at least

against the Rulers, and maybe even deeper under the Shadow; on the other, the Lingerers, whose

bodily forms may no longer be seen by us mortals, or seen only dimly and fitfully. Yet the answer is

not in truth difficult. Evil is not one thing among Elves and another among Men. Those who give

evil counsel, or speak against the Rulers (or if they dare, against the One), are evil, and should be

shunned whether bodied or unbodied. Moreover, the Lingerers are not houseless, though they may

seem to be. They do not desire bodies, neither do they seek shelter, nor strive for mastery over body

or mind. Indeed they do not seek converse with Men at all, save maybe rarely, either for the doing

of some good, or because they perceive in a Man's spirit some love of things ancient and fair. Then

they may reveal to him their forms (through his mind working outwardly, maybe), and he will

behold them in their beauty. Of such he may have no fear, though he may feel awe of them. For the

Houseless have no forms to reveal, and even if it were within their power (as some Men say) to

counterfeit elvish forms, deluding the minds of Men with fantasies, such visions would be marred

by the evil of their intent. For the hearts of true Men uprise in joy to behold the true likenesses of

the First-born, their elder kindred; and this joy nothing evil can counterfeit. So spoke AElfwine.

The Shibboleth of Feanor.

The case of the Quenya change of p to s.

The history of the Eldar is now fixed and the adoption of Sindarin by the Exiled Noldor

cannot be altered. Since Sindarin made great use of p, the change p > s must have occurred in

Noldorin Quenya in Valinor before the rebellion and exile of the Noldor, though not necessarily

long before it (in Valinorian reckoning of time). The change cannot therefore be explained as a

development (that is a sound-substitution of s for an un-familiar p) in Quenya of the Third Age:

either due to the Elves] themselves, since they were familiar with p; or to such people as the

Numenorean scholars in Gondor, since p occurred in the l Common Speech, and also in the Sindarin

which was still used as a spoken language among the upper classes, especially in Minas Tirith.

The use by Galadriel, as reported in The Lord of the Rings, must therefore be normal. It is not

however an obstacle to the use of p in representing the classical book-Quenya, pre-Exilic or post-

Exilic, in grammars, dictionaries or transcripts. It is in fact desirable, since the older p was always

kept distinct in writing from original s. This in Exilic conditions, which made necessary the writing

down anew from memory of many of the pre-Exilic works of lore and song, implies a continuing

memory of the sound p, and the places in which it had previously occurred; also probably a dislike

of the change to s in the colloquial Quenya on the part of the scholars. It is in any case impossible to believe that any of the Noldor ever became unfamiliar with the sound p as such. In Valinor they

dwelt between the Vanyar (Ingwi) and the Teleri (Lindar), with whom they were in com-munication

and sometimes intermarried. The Vanyar spoke virtually the same language (Quenya) and retained

in daily use; the Teleri spoke a closely related language still largely intel-ligible to the Noldor, and it also used p. The Noldor were, even compared with other Eldar, talented linguists, and if p did not

occur in the language that they learned in childhood -which could only be the case with the

youngest generations of those who set out from Aman -they would have had no difficulty in

acquiring it.

The change p > s must therefore have been a conscious and deliberate change agreed to and

accepted by a majority of the Noldor, however initiated, after the separation of their dwellings from

the Vanyar. It must have occurred after the birth of Miriel, but (probably) before the birth of Feanor.

The special connexion of these two persons with the change and its later history needs some

consideration.

The change was a general one, based primarily on phonetic 'taste' and theory, but it had not

yet become universal. It was attacked by the loremasters, who pointed out that the damage this

merging would do in confusing stems and their derivatives that had been distinct in sound and sense

had not yet been sufficiently considered. The chief of the linguistic loremasters at that time was

Feanor. He insisted that p was the true pronunciation for all who cared for or fully understood their

language. But in addition to linguistic taste and wisdom he had other motives. He was the eldest of

Finwe's sons and the only child of his first wife Miriel. She was a Noldorin Elda of slender and

graceful form, and of gentle disposition, though as was later dis-covered in matters far more grave,

she could show an ultimate obstinacy that counsel or command would only make more obdurate.

She had a beautiful voice and a delicate and clear enunciation, though she spoke swiftly and took

pride in this skill. Her chief talent, however, was a marvellous dexterity of hand. This she employed

in embroidery, which though achieved in what even the Eldar thought a speed of haste was finer

and more intricate than any that had before been seen. She was therefore called Perinde

(Needlewoman) -a name which she had indeed already been given as a 'mother-name'. She adhered

to the pronunciation p (it had still been usual in her childhood), and she desired that all her kin

should adhere to it also, at the least in the pronunciation of her name. Feanor loved his mother

dearly, though except in obstinacy their characters were widely different. He was not gentle. He was

proud and hot-tempered, and opposition to his will he met not with the quiet steadfastness of his

mother but with fierce resentment. He was restless in mind and body, though like Miriel he could

become wholly absorbed in works of the finest skill of hand; but he left many things unfinished.

Feanaro was his mother-name, which Miriel gave him in recognition of his impetuous character (it

meant 'spirit of fire'). While she lived she did much with gentle counsel to soften and restrain him.

Her death was a lasting grief to Feanor, and both directly and by its further consequences a main

cause of his later disastrous influence on the history of the Noldor. The death of Miriel Perinde -

death of an 'immortal' Elda in the deathless land of Aman -was a matter of grave anxiety to the

Valar, the first presage of the Shadow that was to fall on Valinor. The matter of Finwe and Miriel

and the judgement that the Valar after long debate finally delivered upon it is elsewhere told. Only

those points that may explain the conduct of Feanor are here recalled. Miriel's death was of free

will: she forsook her body and her fea went to the Halls of Waiting, while her body lay as if asleep

in a garden. She said that she was weary in body and spirit and desired peace. The cause of her

weariness she believed to be the bearing of Feanor, great in mind and body beyond the measure of

the Eldar. Her weariness she had endured until he was full grown, but she could endure it no longer.

The Valar and all the Eldar were grieved by the sorrow of Finwe, but not dismayed: all things

could be healed in Aman, and when they were rested her fea and its body could be re-united and

return to the joy of life in the Blessed Realm. But Miriel was reluctant, and to all the pleas of her

husband and her kin that were reported to her, and to the solemn counsels of the Valar, she would

say no more than 'not yet'. Each time that she was approached she became more fixed in her

determination, until at last she would listen no more, saying only: 'I desire peace. Leave me in peace

here! I will not return. That is my will.'

So the Valar were faced by the one thing that they could neither change nor heal: the free will

of one of the Children of Eru, which it was unlawful for them to coerce -and in such a case useless,

since force could not achieve its purpose. And after some years they were faced by another grave

perplexity. When it became clear at last that Miriel would never of her own will return to life in the

body within any span of time that could give him hope, Finwe's sorrow became embittered. He

forsook his long vigils by her sleeping body and sought to take up his own life again; but he

wandered far and wide in loneliness and found no joy in anything that he did. There was a fair lady

of the Vanyar, Indis of the House of Ingwe. She had

loved Finwe in her heart, ever since the days

when the Vanyar and the Noldor lived close together. In one of his wanderings Finwe met her again

upon the inner slopes of Oiolosse, the Mountain of Manwe and Varda; and her face was lit by the

golden light of Laurelin that was shining in the plain of Ezellohar below. In that hour Finwe

perceived in her eyes the love that had before been hidden from him. So it came to pass that Finwe

and Indis desired to be wedded, and Finwe sought the counsel of the Valar.

The long debate that they held on the matter may be passed over briefly. They were obliged to

choose between two courses: condemning Finwe to bereavement of a wife for ever, or allow-ing

one of the Eldar to take a second wife. The former seemed a cruel injustice, and contrary to the

nature of the Eldar. The second they had thought unlawful, and some still held to that opinion. The

end of the Debate was that the marriage of Finwe and Indis was sanctioned. It was judged that

Finwe's bereave-ment was unjust, and by persisting in her refusal to return Miriel had forfeited all

rights that she had in the case; for either she was now capable of accepting the healing of her body

by the Valar, or else her fea was mortally sick and beyond their power, and she was indeed 'dead',

no longer capable of becoming again a living

member of the kindred of the Eldar. 'So she must

remain until the end of the world. For from the moment that Finwe and Indis are joined in marriage

all future change and choice will be taken from her and she will never again be permitted to take

bodily shape. Her present body will swiftly wither and pass away, and the Valar will not restore it.

For none of the Eldar may have two wives both alive in the world.' These were the words of

Manwe, and an answer to the doubts that some had felt. For it was known to all the Valar that they

alone had the power to heal or restore the body for the re-housing of a fea that should in the later

chances of the world be deprived; but that to Manwe also was given the right to refuse the return of

the fea.

During the time of his sorrow Finwe had little comfort from Feanor. For a while he also had

kept vigil by his mother's body, but soon he became wholly absorbed again in his own works and

devices. When the matter of Finwe and Indis arose he was disturbed, and filled with anger and

resentment; though it is not recorded that he attended the Debate or paid heed to the reasons given

for the judgement, or to its terms except in one point: that Miriel was condemned to remain for

ever

discarnate, so that he could never again visit her or speak with her, unless he himself should die.

This grieved him, and he grudged the happiness of Finwe and Indis, and was unfriendly to their

children, even before they were born. How this ill will grew and festered in the years that followed

is the main matter of the first part of The Silmarillion: the Dark-ening of Valinor. Into the strife and confusion of loyalties in that time this seemingly trivial matter, the change of p to s, was caught up

to its embitterment, and to lasting detriment to the Quenya tongue. Had peace been maintained

there can be no doubt that the advice of Feanor, with which all the other lore-masters privately or

openly agreed, would have prevailed. But an opinion in which he was certainly right was rejected

because of the follies and evil deeds into which he was later led. He made it a personal matter: he

and his sons adhered to p, and they demanded that all those who were sincere in their support

should do the same. Therefore those who resented his arro-gance, and still more those whose

support later turned to hatred, rejected his shibboleth. Indis was a Vanya, and it might be thought

that she would in this point at least have pleased Feanor, since the Vanyar adhered to p. Nonetheless

Indis adopted s. Not as Feanor believed in belittlement of Miriel, but in loyalty to Finwe. For after

the rejection of his prayers by Miriel Finwe accepted the change (which had now become almost

universal among his people), although in deference to Miriel he had adhered to p while she lived.

Therefore Indis said: 'I have joined the people of the Noldor, and I will speak as they do.' So it came

about that to Feanor the rejection of p became a symbol of the rejection of Miriel, and of himself,

her son, as the chief of the Noldor next to Finwe. This, as his pride grew and his mood darkened, he

thought was a 'plot' of the Valar, inspired by fear of his powers, to oust him and give the leadership

of the Noldor to those more servile. So Feanor would call himself Son of the Perinde, and when his

sons in their childhood asked why their kin in the house of Finwe used s for p he answered: 'Take

no heed! We speak as is right, and as King Finwe himself did before he was led astray. We are his

heirs by right and the elder house. Let them sa-si, if they can speak no better.' There can thus be no

doubt that the majority of the Exiles used s for p in their daily speech; for in the event (after

Morgoth had contrived the murder of Finwe) Feanor was deprived of the leadership, and the greater

part of the Noldor who forsook Valinor marched

under the command of Fingolfin, the eldest son of

Indis. Fingolfin was his father's son, tall, dark, and proud, as were most of the Noldor, and in the

end in spite of the enmity between him and Feanor he joined with full will in the rebellion and the

exile, though he continued to claim the kingship of all the Noldor.

The case of Galadriel and her brother Finrod is somewhat different. They were the children of

Finarfin, Indis' second son. He was of his mother's kind in mind and body, having the golden hair of

the Vanyar, their noble and gentle temper, and their love of the Valar. As well as he could he kept

aloof from the strife of his brothers and their estrangement from the Valar, and he often sought

peace among the Teleri, whose language he learned. He wedded Earwen, the daughter of King

Olwe, and his children were thus the kin of King Elwe Pindikollo (in Sindarin Elu Thingol) of

Doriath in Beleriand, for he was the brother of Olwe; and this kinship influenced their decision to

join in the Exile, and proved of great importance later in Beleriand. Finrod was like his father in his

fair face and golden hair, and also in noble and generous heart, though he had the high courage of

the Noldor and in his youth their eagerness and unrest; and he had also from his Telerin mother a

love of the sea and dreams of far lands that he had never seen. Galadriel was the greatest of the

Noldor, except Feanor maybe, though she was wiser than he, and her wisdom increased with the

long years.

Her mother-name was Nerwen 'man-maiden', and she grew to be tall beyond the measure even

of the women of the Noldor; she was strong of body, mind, and will, a match for both the

loremasters and the athletes of the Eldar in the days of their youth. Even among the Eldar she was

accounted beautiful, and her hair was held a marvel unmatched. It was golden like the hair of her

father and her foremother Indis, but richer and more radiant, for its gold was touched by some

memory of the star-like silver of her mother; and the Eldar said that the light of the Two Trees,

Laurelin and Telperion, had been snared in her tresses. Many thought that this saying first gave to

Feanor the thought of imprisoning and blending the light of the Trees that later took shape in his

hands as the Silmarils. For Feanor beheld the hair of Galadriel with wonder and delight. He begged

three times for a tress, but Galadriel would not give him even one hair. These two kinsfolk, the

greatest of the Eldar of Valinor, were unfriends for ever.

Galadriel was born in the bliss of Valinor, but it was not long, in the reckoning of the Blessed

Realm, before that was dimmed; and thereafter she had no peace within. For in that testing time

amid the strife of the Noldor she was drawn this way and that. She was proud, strong, and self-

willed, as were all the descend-ants of Finwe save Finarfin; and like her brother Finrod, of all her

kin the nearest to her heart, she had dreams of far lands and dominions that might be her own to

order as she would with-out tutelage. Yet deeper still there dwelt in her the noble and generous

spirit (ore) of the Vanyar, and a reverence for the Valar that she could not forget. From her earliest

years she had a marvellous gift of insight into the minds of others, but judged them with mercy and

understanding, and she withheld her good will from none save only Feanor. In him she perceived a

dark-ness that she hated and feared, though she did not perceive that the shadow of the same evil

had fallen upon the minds of all the Noldor, and upon her own.

So it came to pass that when the light of Valinor failed, for ever as the Noldor thought, she

joined the rebellion against the Valar who commanded them to stay; and once she had set foot upon

that road of exile, she would not relent, but rejected the last message of the Valar, and came under

the Doom of Mandos. Even after the merciless assault upon the Teleri and the rape of their ships,

though she fought fiercely against Feanor in defence

of her mother's kin, she did not turn back. Her

pride was unwilling to return, a defeated suppliant for pardon; but now she burned with desire to

follow Feanor with her anger to what-ever lands he might come, and to thwart him in all ways that

she could. Pride still moved her when, at the end of the Elder Days after the final overthrow of

Morgoth, she refused the pardon of the Valar for all who had fought against him, and remained in

Middle-earth. It was not until two long ages more had passed, when at last all that she had desired

in her youth came to her hand, the Ring of Power and the dominion of Middle-earth of which she

had dreamed, that her wisdom was full grown and she rejected it, and passing the last test departed

from Middle-earth for ever.

The change to s had become general among the Noldor long before the birth of Galadriel and

no doubt was familiar to her. Her father Finarfin, however, loved the Vanyar (his mother's people)

and the Teleri, and in his house p was used, Finarfin being moved by Feanor neither one way or the

other but doing as he wished. It is clear nonetheless that opposition to Feanor soon became a

dominant motive with Galadriel, while her pride did not take the form of wishing to be different

from her own people. So while she knew well the history of their tongue and all the reasons of the

loremasters, she certainly used s in her own daily

speech. Her Lament -spoken before she knew of

the pardon (and indeed honour) that the Valar gave her -harks back to the days of her youth in

Valinor and to the darkness of the years of Exile while the Blessed Realm was closed to all the

Noldor in Middle-earth. Whatever she may have done later, when Feanor and all his sons had

perished, and Quenya was a language of lore known and used only by the dwindling remnant of the

High Elves (of Noldorin descent), she would in this song certainly have used s.

The s was certainly used in Beleriand by nearly all the Noldor. And it was in this form

(though with knowledge of its history and the difference in spelling) that Quenya was handed on to

the loremasters of the Atani, so that in Middle-earth it lingered on among the learned, and a source

of high and noble names in Rivendell and in Gondor into the Fourth Age.

Note on Mother-names.

The Eldar in Valinor had as a rule two names, or essi. The first-given was the father-name,

received at birth. It usually recalled the father's name, resembling it in sense or form; sometimes it

was simply the father's name, to which some

distinguishing pre-fix in the case of a son might be

added later when the child was full-grown. The mother-name was given later, often some years

later, by the mother; but sometimes it was given soon after birth. For the mothers of the Eldar were

gifted with deep insight into their children's characters and abilities, and many had also the gift of

prophetic foresight.

In addition any of the Eldar might acquire an epesse ('after-name'), not necessarily given by

their own kin, a nickname -mostly given as a title of admiration or honour. Later some among the

exiles gave themselves names, as disguises or in reference to their own deeds and personal history:

such names were called kilmessi 'self-names' (literally names of personal choice).

The 'true names' remained the first two, but in later song and history any of the four might

become the name generally used and recognized. The true names were not however forgotten by the

scribes and loremasters or the poets, and they might often be introduced without comment. To this

difficulty -as it proved to those who in later days tried to use and adapt Elvish traditions of the First Age as a background to the legends of their own heroes of that time and their descendants -was

added the alteration of the Quenya names of the Noldor, after their settlement in Beleriand and

adoption of the Sindarin tongue.

The names of Finwe's descendants.

Few of the oldest names of the Eldar are recorded, except those of the four leaders of the

hosts on the Great Journey: Ingwe of the Vanyar; Finwe of the Noldor; and the brothers Elwe and

Olwe of the Teleri. It is not certain that these names had any 'meaning', that is any intentional

reference to or connexion with other stems already existing in primitive Eldarin; in any case they

must have been formed far back in the history of Elvish speech. They consist each of a stem (ing-,

fin-, el-, ol-) followed by a 'suffix' -we. The suffix appears frequently in other Quenya names of the

First Age, such as Voronwe, generally but not exclusively masculine. This the loremasters explained

as being not in origin a suffix, though it survived in Quenya only as a final element in names, but an

old word for 'person', deriva-tive of a stem EWE. This took as a second element in a com-pound the

form we; but as an independent word ewe, preserved in Telerin as eve 'a person, somebody

(unnamed)'. In Old Quenya it survived in the form eo ((ew + the pronominal suffix -o 'a person,

somebody'), later replaced by namo; also in the Old Quenya adjective wera, Quenya vera 'personal,

private, own'.

The first elements were often later explained as related to Quenya inga 'top, highest point'

used adjectivally as a prefix, as in ingaran 'high-king', ingor 'summit of a mountain'; to Com-mon

Eldarin PHIN 'hair', as in Quenya fine 'a hair', finde 'hair, especially of the head', finda 'having hair,

-haired'; and to the stem el, elen 'star'. Of these the most probable is the relation to inga; for the

Vanyar were regarded, and regarded themselves, as the leaders and principal kindred of the Eldar,

as they were the eldest; and they called themselves the Ingwer -in fact their king's proper title was

Ingwe lngweron 'chief of the chieftains'. The others are doubtful. All the Eldar had beautiful hair

(and were especially attracted by hair of exceptional loveliness), but the Noldor were not specially

remarkable in this respect, and there is no reference to Finwe as having had hair of exceptional

length, abundance, or beauty beyond the measure of his people. There is nothing known to connect

Elwe more closely with the stars than all the other Eldar; and the name seems invented to go as a

pair with Olwe, for which no 'meaning' was suggested. OL as a simple stem seems not to have

occurred in Eldarin, though it appears in certain 'extended' stems, such as olos/r 'dream', olob

'branch' (Quenya olba); neither of which seems to

be old enough, even if suitable in sense, to have

any connexion with the name of the Ciriaran (mariner king) of the Teleri of Valinor.

It must be realized that the names of the Eldar were not necessarily 'meaningful', though

composed to fit the style and structure of their spoken languages; and that even when made or

partly made of stems with a meaning these were not neces-sarily combined according to the normal

modes of composition observed in ordinary words. Also that when the Eldar arrived in Aman and

settled there they had already a long history behind them, and had developed customs to which they

adhered, and also their languages had been elaborated and changed and were very different from

their primitive speech as it was before the coming of Orome. But since they were immortal or more

properly said 'indefinitely longeval' many of the oldest Eldar had names devised long before, which

had been unchanged except in the accommodation of their sounds to the changes observed in their

language as compared with Primitive Eldarin. This accommodation was mainly of the 'unheeded'

kind: that is, personal names being used in daily speech followed the changes in that speech -though

these were recognized and observed. The changes from the Quenya names of the Noldor to Sindarin

forms when they settled in Beleriand in Middle-earth were on the other hand artificial and

deliberate. They were made by the Noldor themselves. This was done because of the sensitiveness

of the Eldar to languages and their styles. They felt it absurd and distasteful to call living persons

who spoke Sindarin in daily life by names in quite a different linguistic mode.

The Noldor of course fully understood the style and mode of Sindarin, though their learning

of this difficult language was swift; but they did not necessarily understand the detail of its relation to Quenya. At first, except in the few words which the great changes in the Sindarin form of Telerin

in Middle-earth had left unaltered or plainly similar, none of them understood or were yet interested

in the linguistic history. It was at this early period that the translation of most of their Quenya

names took place. In consequence these translations, though fitted entirely to Sindarin in form and

style, were often inaccurate: that is, they did not always precisely correspond in sense; nor were the

equated elements always actually the nearest Sindarin forms of the Quenya elements -sometimes

they were not histori-cally related at all, though they were more or less similar in sound.

It was, however, certainly the contact with Sindarin and the enlargement of their experience

of linguistic change (especially the much swifter and more uncontrolled shifts observable in

Middle-earth) that stimulated the studies of the linguistic lore-masters, and it was in Beleriand that

theories concerning Primi-tive Eldarin and the interrelation of its known descendants were

developed. In this Feanor played little part, except in so far as his own work and theories before the

Exile had laid the foun-dations upon which his successors built. He himself perished too early in the

war against Morgoth, largely because of his recklessness, to do more than note the differences

between the dialects of North Sindarin (which was the only one he had time to learn) and the

Western.

The learning of the loremasters was available to all who were interested; but as the hopeless

war dragged on, and after its earlier and deceptive successes passed through defeats and disasters to

utter ruin of the Elvish realms, fewer and fewer of the Eldar had opportunity for 'lore' of any kind.

An account of the years of the Siege of Angband in chronicle form would seem to leave neither

place nor time for any of the arts of peace; but the years were long, and in fact there were intervals

as long as many lives of Men and secure places long defended in which the High Eldar in exile

laboured to recover what they could of the beauty and wisdom of their former home. All peace and

all strongholds were at last destroyed by Morgoth; but if any won-der how any lore and treasure

was preserved from ruin, it may be answered: of the treasure little was preserved, and the loss of

things of beauty great and small is incalculable; but the lore of the Eldar did not depend on

perishable records, being stored in the vast houses of their minds. When the Eldar made records in

written form, even those that to us would seem voluminous, they did only summarise, as it were,

for the use of others whose lore was maybe in other fields of knowledge, matters which were kept

for ever undimmed in intricate detail in their minds.

Here are some of the chief names of Finwe and his descendants.

1. Finwe for whom no other names are recorded except his title Noldoran 'King of the

Noldor'. His first wife was Miriel (first name) Perinde (mother-name). The names of her kin are not

recorded. Her names were not translated. His second wife was Indis, which means 'great or valiant

woman'. No other names are recorded. She is said to have been the daughter of King Ingwe's sister.

2. The only child of Miriel was afterwards usually called Feanor. His first name was Finwe

(minya), afterwards enlarged when his talents

developed to Kurufinwe. His mother-name was in

Quenya, as given by Miriel, Feanaro 'spirit of fire'. Feanor is the form nearly always used in

histories and legends, but is as it stands only half Sindarized: the genuine Sindarin form was

Faenor; the form Feanor (the e is only a device of transcription, not needed in the original) probably

arose through scribal con-fusion, especially in documents written in Quenya, in which ea was

frequent but ae did not normally occur.

3. Finwe had four children by Indis: a daughter Findis, a son, a daughter Irime, and a son.

Findis was made by combining the names of her parents. Little is said of her in The Silmarillion.

She did not go into exile, but went with her mother after the slaying of Finwe and they abode

among the Vanyar in grief until such time as it seemed good to Manwe to restore Finwe to life. His

second daughter was named Irien and her mother-name was Lalwende (laughing maiden). By this

name, or in shortened form Lalwen, she was generally known. She went into exile with her brother

Fingolfin, who was most dear to her of all her kin; but her name was not changed, since Lalwen

fitted the style of Sindarin well enough.

To his sons Finwe gave his own name as he had done to Feanor. This maybe was done to

assert their claim to be his legitimate sons, equal in that respect to his eldest child Kurufinwe

Fayanaro, but there was no intention of arousing discord among the brothers, since nothing in the

judgement of the Valar in any way impaired Feanor's position and rights as his eldest son. Nothing

indeed was ever done to impair them, except by Feanor himself; and in spite of all that later

happened his eldest son remained nearest to Finwe's heart. As with Feanor, Finwe later added

prefixes to their name: the elder he called Nolofinwe, and the younger Arafinwe. Nolo was the stem

of words referring to wisdom, and Ara, ar-a prefixed form of the stem Ara-'noble'. Feanor felt

aggrieved both by the use of his father's name for his two younger brothers, and again by the

prefixes that were added; for his pride was growing and clouding his reason: he thought himself not

only the greatest master of Kurwe (which was true) but also of Nolme (which was not true, save in

matters of language), and certainly the noblest of the children of Finwe (which might have proved

true, if he had not become the proudest and most arrogant).

The Noldor in exile as a rule chose one only of their names to be given a Sindarin shape; this

was the name, usually, which each preferred (for various reasons), though the ease of 'trans-lation'

and its fitting into Sindarin style was also considered. On Feanor, Faenor see above. Nolofinwe

(one of the first to be changed) was given the form Fingolfin, that is Finwe Nolofinwe was given a

Sindarin style in sounds, and combined in one name. A most unusual procedure, and not imitated in

any other name. It was not a translation. The element Quenya nolo-was merely given its equivalent

Sindarin form gol. Finwe was simply reduced to fin in both places; thus was produced a name very

much in Sindarin style but without meaning in that language. (If Finwe had been treated as a word

of this form would have been, had it occurred anciently in Sindarin, it would have been Finu -but in

the Northern dialect Fim, as in Curu-fim.) Fingolfin had prefixed the name Finwe to Nolofinwe

before the Exiles reached Middle-earth. This was in pursuance of his claim to be the chieftain of all

the Noldor after the death of Finwe, and so enraged Feanor that it was no doubt one of the reasons

for his treachery in abandoning Fingolfin and stealing away with all the ships. The prefixion in the

case of Finarfin was made by Finrod only after the death of Fingolfin in single combat with

Morgoth. The Noldor then became divided into separate kingships under Fingon son of Fingolfin,

Turgon his younger brother, Maedros son of Feanor, and Finrod son of Arfin; and the following of

Finrod had become the greatest.

4. The children of Fingolfin. Fingolfin's wife Anaire refused to leave Aman, largely because

of her friendship with Earwen wife of Arafinwe (though she was a Noldo and not one of the Teleri).

But all her children went with their father: Findekano, Turu-kano, Arakano, and Irisse his daughter

and third child; she was under the protection of Turukano who loved her dearly, and of Elenwe his

wife. Findekano had no wife or child; neither had Arakano.

These names were probably father-names, though Arakano had been the mother-name of

Fingolfin. Kano meant in Quenya 'commander', usually as the title of a lesser chief, especially one

acting as the deputy of one higher in rank. The Sindarizing of these names as Fingon and Turgon

shows knowledge of the sound-changes distinguishing Sindarin from Telerin, but disregards

meaning. If these names had actually been ancient Sindarin names they would at the time of the

coming of the Exiles have taken the forms Fingon and Turgon, but they would not have had their

Quenya meanings, if interpretable at all. Possibly

they would have conveyed 'Hair-shout' and

'Master-shout' [see note 36]. But this did not matter much since old Sindarin names had by that time

frequently become obscured by sound-changes and were taken as names and not analysed. With

regard to Findekano / Fingon it may be noted that the first element was certainly Quenya finde 'hair'

-a tress or plait of hair (cf. findesse' a head of hair, a person's hair as a whole), but this is not

conclusive proof that the name Finwe was or was thought to be derived from this stem. It would

have been suffi-cient for Fingolfin to give to his eldest son a name beginning with fin-as an 'echo' of

the ancestral name, and if this was also specially applicable it would have been approved as a good

invention. In the case of Fingon it was suitable; he wore his long dark hair in great plaits braided

with gold. Arakano was the tallest of the brothers and the most im-petuous, but his name was never

changed to Sindarin form, for he perished in the first battle of Fingolfin's host with the Orks, the

Battle of the Lammoth (but the Sindarin form Argon was often later given as a name by Noldor and

Sindar in memory of his valour).

Irisse who went ever with the people of Turgon was called Ireth, by substitution of Sindarin -

eth (< -itta) frequent in feminine names for Quenya -isse. Elenwe her mother had no Sindarin name,

for she never reached Beleriand. She perished in the crossing of the Ice; and Turgon was thereafter

unappeasable in his enmity for Feanor and his sons. He had himself come near to death in the bitter

waters when he attempted to save her and his daughter Itaril, whom the breaking of treacherous ice

had cast into the cruel sea. Itaril he saved; but the body of Elenwe was covered in fallen ice.

Itaril, or in longer form Itarille, was the only child in the third generation from Finwe to go

with the exiles, save only Arothir son of Angrod brother of Finrod. Both have renown in the legends

of the Silmarillion; but Itaril had a great destiny, for she was the mother of Ardamir. Earendil. Her

name in Sindarin form was Idril, but this also was only an alteration of form, for neither of the

Quenya stems that the name contains were found in Sindarin.

5. The children of Finarfin. These were named: Findarato Ingoldo; Angarato; Aikanaro; and

Nerwende Artanis, surnamed Alatariel. The wife of Angarato was named Eldalote, and his son

Artaher. The most renowned of these were the first and the fourth (the only daughter), and only of

these two are the mother-names remembered. The names of Sindarin form by which they were

usually called in later song and legend were Finrod, Angrod (with wife Edellos and son Arothir),

Aegnor, and Galadriel.

The names Findarato and Angarato were Telerin in form (for Finarfin spoke the language of

his wife's people); and they proved easy to render into Sindarin in form and sense, because of the

close relationship of the Telerin of Aman to the language of their kin, the Sindar of Beleriand, in

spite of the great changes that it had undergone in Middle-earth. (Artafinde and Artanga would have

been their more natural Quenya forms, arta-the equivalent of arata-preceding, as in Artanis and

Artaher.) The order of the elements in compounds, especially personal names, remained fairly free

in all three Eldarin languages; but Quenya preferred the (older) order in which adjectival stems

preceded, while in Telerin and Sindarin the adjectival elements often were placed second, especially

in later-formed names, according to the usual placing of adjectives in the ordinary speech of those

languages. In names however that ended in old words referring to status, rank, profession, race or

kindred and so on the adjec-tival element still in Sindarin, following ancient models, might be

placed first. Quenya Artaher (stem artaher-) 'noble lord' was correctly Sindarized as Arothir.

Edellos translated Eldalote according to sense: Elven-flower'. Angarato became naturally

Angrod. It is probable that both brothers first received the name Arato, later differentiated. The

Find-in Findarato referred to hair, but in this case to the golden hair of this family derived from

Indis. The Ang-in Angarato was from Common Eldarin anga iron (Quenya, Telerin anga, Sindarin

ang). Angrod early developed hands of great strength and received the epesse Angamaite 'iron-

handed', so that ang-was used by Finarfin as a differentiating prefix. Aikanaro was called by his

father Ambarato. The Sindarin form of this would have been Amrod; but to distinguish this from

Angrod, and also because he preferred it, he used his mother-name (which was however given in

Quenya and not Telerin form). Aika-nar-meant 'fell fire'. It was in part a 'prophetic' name; for he

was renowned as one of the most valiant of the warriors, greatly feared by the Orks: in wrath or

battle the light of his eyes was like flame, though otherwise he was a generous and noble spirit. But

in early youth the fiery light could be observed; while his hair was notable: golden like his brothers

and sister, but strong and stiff, rising upon his head like flames. The Sindarin form Aegnor that he

adopted was however not true Sindarin. There was no Sindarin adjective correspond-ing to Quenya

aika 'fell, terrible, dire', though aeg would have been its form if it had occurred. Galadriel was

chosen by Artanis ('noble woman') to be her Sindarin name; for it was the most beautiful of her

names, and, though as an epesse, had been given to her by her lover, Tele-porno of the Teleri, whom

she wedded later in Beleriand. As he gave it in Telerin form it was Alatariel . The Quenyarized form

appears as Altariel, though its true form would have been Naltariel. It was euphoniously and

correctly rendered in Sindarin Galadriel. The name was derived from the Common Eldarin stem

NAL 'shine by reflection'; *nalata 'radiance, glittering reflection' (from jewels, glass or polished

metals, or water) > Quenya nalta, Telerin alata, Sindarin galad, + the Common Eldarin stem RIG

'twine, wreathe', *riga 'wreath, gar-land'; Quenya, Telerin ria, Sindarin ri, Quenya, Telerin rielle, -

riel 'a maiden crowned with a festival garland'. The whole, = 'maiden crowned with a garland of

bright radiance', was given in reference to Galadriel's hair. Galad occurs also in the epesse of

Ereinion ('scion of kings') by which he was chiefly remem-bered in legend, Gil-galad 'star of

radiance': he was the last king Of the Eldar in Middle-earth, and the last male descendant of Finwe

except Elrond the Half-elven. The epesse was given to him because his helm and mail, and his

shield overlaid with silver and set with a device of white stars, shone from afar like a star in

sunlight or moonlight and could be seen by Elvish eyes at a great distance if he stood upon a height.

There were other descendants of Finwe remembered in legend who may be noted here,

though their names were given in Sin-darin or in Quenya at later times when Sindarin was the daily

language of the Noldor, and they do not offer the problems of translation or more formal adjustment

which are presented by the Quenya names given before the Exile. Itarilde (Idril) daughter of Turgon

was the mother of Earendil; but his father was a Man of the Atani, of the House of Hador: Tuor son

of Huor. Earendil was thus the second of the Pereldar (Half-elven), the elder being Dior, son of

Beren and Luthien Tinuviel daughter of King Elu Thingol. His names were, however, given in

Quenya; for Turgon after his foun-dation of the secret city of Gondolin had re-established Quenya

as the daily speech of his household. Earendil had this name as father-name, and as mother-name he

was called Ardamire. In this case both names were 'prophetic'. Tuor in his long journey by the west

shores of Beleriand, after his escape from captivity, had been visited by the great Vala Ulmo in

person, and Ulmo had directed him to seek for Gondolin, foretelling that if he found it he would

there beget a son ever afterwards renowned as a mariner. Improbable as this seemed to Tuor, since

neither the Atani nor the Noldor had any love of the sea or of ships, he named his son in Quenya

'sea-lover'. More purely prophetic was the name Ardamire 'Jewel of the World'; for Itarilde could

not foresee in her waking mind the strange fate that brought at last the Silmaril into the possession

of Earendil, and enabled his ship to pass through all the shadows and perils by which Aman was at

that time defended from any approach from Middle-earth. These names were not given Sindarin

forms in legend, though Sindarin writers sometimes explained that they meant mir n'Ardon and

Seron Aearon. By the marriage of Earendil to Elwing daughter of Dior son of Beren the lines of the

Pereldar (Peredil) were united. Elros and Elrond were the sons of Earendil. Elros became the first

king of Numenor (with the Quenya title Tar-Minyatur, 'high first-ruler'). Elrond was received into

the company and life-span of the Eldar, and became esquire and banner-bearer of Ereinion Gil-

galad. When in later days he wedded Celebrian, daughter of Galadriel and Celeborn, the two lines

of descent from Finwe, from Fingolfin and Finarfin, were united and continued in Arwen their

daughter.

The names Elros and Elrond, the last of the descendants of Finwe born in the Elder Days,

were formed to recall the name of their mother Elwing. The meaning of wing is uncertain, since it

occurs in no other personal name, nor in the records

of either Sindarin or Quenya. Some of the

loremasters, remembering that after their return to a second life Beren and Luthien dwelt in

Ossiriand, and that there Dior dwelt after the fall of Doriath among the Green Elves of that forest

country, have supposed that suing is a word of the tongue of the Green Elves; but little was

preserved of that tongue after the destruction of Beleriand, and the interpretation of wing as

meaning 'foam, spume, spin-drift' as of water blown by the wind, or falling steeply over rocks, is

but a likely guess. It is supported, however, by the fact that Ossiriand was a land cloven by seven

rivers (as its name signifies), and that these fell steeply and very swift from the Mountains of Ered

Lindon. Beside one great waterfall, called in Sindarin Lanthir Lamath ('waterfall of echoing

voices'), Dior had his house. Moreover the name Elros (in Quenya form Elerosse) means 'star foam',

sc. starlit foam.

Ósanwe-kenta

by J. R. R. Tolkien

"Enquiry into the Communication of Thought"

(résumé of Pengolodh's discussion)

At the end of the *Lammas* Pengolodh discusses briefly direct thought-transmission (*sanwe-*

latya "thought-opening"), making several assertions about it, which are evidently dependent upon theories and observations of the Eldar elsewhere treated at length by Elvish loremasters. They are

concerned primarily with the Eldar and the Valar (including the lesser Maiar of the same order).

Men are not specially considered, except in so far as they are included in general statements about

the Incarnates *(Mirröanwi).* Of them Pengolodh says only: "Men have the same faculty as the Quendi, but it is in itself weaker, and is weaker in operation owing to the strength of the *hröa*, over which most men have small control by the will".

Pengolodh includes this matter primarily owing to its connexion with *tengwesta.* But he is

also concerned as an historian to examine the relations of Melkor and his agents with the Valar and

the Eruhíni, though this also has a connexion with "language", since, as he points out, this, the greatest of the talents of the *Mirröanwi*, has been turned by Melkor to his own greatest advantage.

Pengolodh says that all *minds* (*sáma,* pl. *sámar*) are equal in status, though they differ in capacity and strength. A mind by its nature perceives another mind directly. But it cannot perceive

more than the existence of another mind (as something other than itself, though of the same order)

except by the *will* of both parties *(* Note 1 *).* The degree of *will,* however, need not be the same in

both parties. If we call one mind G (for guest or comer) and the other H (for host or receiver), then

G must have full intention to inspect H or to inform it. But knowledge may be gained or imparted

by G, even when H is not seeking or intending to impart or to learn: the act of G will be effective, if

H is simply "open" (*láta*; *látie* "openness"). This distinction, he says, is of the greatest importance.

"Openness" is the natural or simple state (*indo*) of a mind that is not otherwise engaged (Note

2). In "Arda Unmarred" (that is, in ideal conditions free from evil) openness would be the normal state. Nonetheless any mind may be *closed* (*pahta*). This requires an act of conscious will: *Unwill* (*avanir*). It may be made against G, against G and some others, or be a total retreat into "privacy"

(*aquapahtie*).

Though in "Arda Unmarred" openness is the normal state, every mind has, from its first

making as an individual, the right to close; and it has absolute power to make this effective by will.

Nothing can penetrate the barrier of Unwill (Note 3).

All these things, says Pengolodh, are true of all minds, from the Ainur in the presence of Eru,

or the great Valar such as Manwe and Melkor, to the Maiar in Eä, and down to the least of the

Mirröanwi. But different states bring in *limitations*, which are not fully controlled by the will.

The Valar entered into Eä and Time of free will, and they are now in Time, so long as it

endures. They can perceive nothing outside Time, save by memory of their existence before it

began: they can recall the Song and the Vision. They are, of course, open to Eru, but they cannot of

their own will "see" any part of His mind. They can open themselves to Eru in entreaty, and He may then reveal His thought to them (Note 4).

The Incarnates have by the nature of *sáma* the same faculties; but their perception is dimmed

by the *hröa*, for their *fëa* is united to their *hröa* and its normal procedure is through the *hröa*, which is in itself part of Eä, without thought. The dimming is indeed double; for thought has to pass one

mantle of *hröa* and penetrate another. For this reason in Incarnates transmission of thought requires *strengthening* to be effective. Strengthening can be by *affinity*, by *urgency*, or by *authority*.

Affinity may be due to kinship; for this may increase the likeness of *hröa* to *hröa*, and so of the concerns and modes of thought of the indwelling *fëar*, kinship is also normally accompanied by

love and sympathy. Affinity may come simply from love and friendship, which is likeness or

affinity of *fëa* to *fëa*.

Urgency is imparted by great need of the "sender" (as in joy, grief or fear); and if these things are in any degree shared by the "receiver" the thought is the clearer received. *Authority* may also lend force to the thought of one who has a duty towards another, or of any ruler who has a right to

issue commands or to seek the truth for the good of others.

These causes may strengthen the thought to pass the veils and reach a recipient mind. But that

mind must remain open, and at the least passive. If, being aware that it is addressed, it then closes,

no urgency or affinity will enable the sender's thought to enter.

Lastly, *tengwesta* has also become an impediment. It is in Incarnates clearer and more precise

than their direct reception of thought. By it also they can communicate easily with others, when no

strength is added to their thought: as, for example, when strangers first meet. And, as we have seen,

the use of "language" soon becomes habitual, so that the practice of *ósanwe* (interchange of thought) is neglected and becomes more difficult. Thus we see that the Incarnate tend more and

more to use or to endeavour to use *ósanwe* only in great need and urgency, and especially when

lambe is unavailing. As when the voice cannot be heard, which comes most often because of

distance. For distance in itself offers no impediment whatever to *ósanwe*. But those who by affinity might well use *ósanwe* will use *lambe* when in proximity, by habit or preference. Yet we may mark also how the "affine" may more quickly understand the *lambe* that they use between them, and indeed all that they would say is not put into words. With fewer words they come swifter to a better

understanding. There can be no doubt that here *ósanwe* is also often taking place; for the will to

converse in *lambe* is a will to communicate thought, and lays the minds open. It may be, of course, that the two that converse know already part of the matter and the thought of the other upon it, so

that only allusions dark to the stranger need be made; but this is not always so. The affine will reach

an understanding more swiftly than strangers upon matters that neither have before discussed, and

they will more quickly perceive the import of words that, however numerous, well-chosen, and

precise, must remain inadequate.

The *hröa* and *tengwesta* have inevitably some like effect upon the Valar, if they assume bodily raiment. The *hröa* will to some degree dim in force and precision the sending of the thought, and if the other be also embodied the reception of it. If they have acquired the habit of *tengwesta,* as some may who have acquired the custom of being arrayed, then this will reduce the practice of *ósanwe.*

But these effects are far less than in the case of the Incarnate.

For the *hröa* of a Vala, even when it has become customary, is far more under the control of

the will. The thought of the Valar is far stronger and more penetrant. And so far as concerns their

dealings one with another, the affinity between the Valar is greater than the affinity between any

other beings; so that the use of *tengwesta* or *lambe* has never become imperative, and only with some has it become a custom and preference. And as for their dealings with all other minds in Eä,

their thought often has the highest authority, and the greatest urgency. (Note 5) Pengolodh then proceeds to the abuses of *sanwe*. "For" he says, "some who have read so far, may already have questioned my lore, saying: This seems not to accord with the histories. If the

sáma were inviolable by force, how could Melkor have deceived so many minds and enslaved so

many? Or is it not rather true that the *sáma* may be protected by greater strength but captured also by greater strength? Wherefore Melkor, the greatest, and even to the last possessing the most fixed,

determined and ruthless will, could penetrate the minds of the Valar, but withhold himself from

them, so that even Manwe in dealing with him may seem to us at times feeble, unwary, and

deceived. Is this not so?'

"I say that it is not so. Things may seem alike, but if they are in kind wholly different they

must be distinguished. *Foresight* which is prevision, and *forecasting* which is opinion made by reasoning upon present evidence, may be identical in their prediction, but they are wholly different

in mode, and they should be distinguished by loremasters, even if the daily language of both Elves

and Men gives them the same name as departments of wisdom". (Note 6)

In like manner, extortion of the secrets of a mind may seem to come from reading it by force

in despite of its unwill, for the knowledge gained may at times appear to be as complete as any that

could be obtained. Nonetheless it does not come from penetration of the barrier of unwill.

There is indeed no *axan* that the barrier should not be forced, for it is *únat,* a thing impossible to be or to be done, and the greater the force exerted, the greater the resistance of the unwill. But it is an *axan* universal that none shall directly by force or indirectly by fraud take from another what he has a right to hold and keep as his own.

Melkor repudiated all *axani.* He would also abolish (for himself) all *únati* if he could. Indeed in his beginning and the days of his great might the most ruinous of his violences came from his

endeavour so to order Eä that there were no limits or obstacles to his will. But this he could not do.

The *únati* remained, a perpetual reminder of the existence of Eru and His invincibility, a reminder also of the co-existence with himself of other beings (equal in descent if not in power) impregnable

by force. From this proceeds his unceasing and unappeasable rage.

He found that the open approach of a *sáma* of power and great force of will was felt by a

lesser *sáma* as an immense pressure, accompanied by fear. To dominate by weight of power and

fear was his delight; but in this case he found them unavailing: fear closed the door faster. Therefore

he tried deceit and stealth.

Here he was aided by the simplicity of those unaware of evil, or not yet accustomed to beware

of it. And for that reason it was said above that the distinction of openness and active will to

entertain was of great importance. For he would come by stealth to a mind open and unwary, hoping

to learn some part of its thought before it closed, and still more to implant in it his own thought, to

deceive it and win it to his friendship. His thought was ever the same, though varied to suit each

case (so far as he understood it): he was above all benevolent; he was rich and could give any gift

that they desired to his friends; he had a special love for the one that he addressed; but he must be

trusted.

In this way he won entry into many minds, removing their unwill, and unlocking the door by

the only key, though his key was counterfeit. Yet this was not what he most desired, the conquest of

the recalcitrant, the enslavement of his enemies. Those who listened and did not close the door were

too often already inclined to his friendship; some (according to their measure) had already entered

on paths like his own, and listened because they hoped to learn and receive from him things that

would further their own purposes. (So it was with those of the Maiar who first and earliest fell

under his domination. They were already rebels, but lacking Melkor's power and ruthless will they

admired him, and saw in his leadership hope of effective rebellion.) But those who were yet simple

and uncorrupted in "heart" (Note 7) were at once aware of his entry, and if they listened to the warning of their hearts, ceased to listen, ejected him, and closed the door. It was such as these that

Melkor most desired to overcome: his enemies, for to him all were enemies who resisted him in the

least thing or claimed anything whatsoever as their own and not his.

Therefore he sought means to circumvent the *únat* and the unwill. And this weapon he found

in "language". For we speak now of the Incarnate, the Eruhíni whom he most desired to subjugate in Eru's despite. Their bodies being of Eä are subject to force; and their spirits, being united to their bodies in love and solicitude, are subject to fear on their behalf. And their language, though it

comes from the spirit or mind, operates through and with the body: it is not the *sáma* nor its *sanwe,* but it may express the *sanwe* in its mode and according to its capacity. Upon the body and upon the indweller, therefore, such pressure and such fear may be exerted that the incarnate person may be

forced to speak.

So Melkor thought in the darkness of his forethought long ere we awoke. For in days of old,

when the Valar instructed the Eldar new-come to Aman concerning the beginning of things and the

enmity of Melkor, Manwe himself said to those who would listen: "Of the Children of Eru Melkor

knew less than his peers, giving less heed to what he might have learned, as we did, in the Vision of

their Coming. Yet, as we now fear since we know you in your true being, to everything that might

aid his designs for mastery his mind was keen to attend, and his purpose leaped forward swifter

than ours, being bound by no *axan*. From the first he was greatly interested in "language", that talent that the Eruhíni would have by nature; but we did not at once perceive the malice in this

interest, for many of us shared it, and Aule above all. But in time we discovered that he had made a

language for those who served him; and he has learned our tongue with ease. He has great skill in

this matter. Beyond doubt he will master all tongues, even the fair speech of the Eldar. Therefore, if

ever you should speak with him beware!"

"Alas!" says Pengolodh, "in Valinor Melkor used the Quenya with such mastery that all the Eldar were amazed, for his use could not be bettered, scarce equalled even, by the poets and the

loremasters".

Thus by deceit, by lies, by torment of the body and the spirit, by the threat of torment to

others well loved, or by the sheer terror of his presence, Melkor ever sought to force the Incarnate

that fell into his power, or came within his reach, to speak and to tell him all that he would know.

But his own Lie begot an endless progeny of lies.

By this means he has destroyed many, he has caused treacheries untold, and he has gained

knowledge of secrets to his great advantage and the undoing of his enemies. But this is not by

entering the mind, or by reading it as it is, in its despite. Nay, for great though the knowledge that

he gained, behind the words (even of those in fear and torment) dwells ever the *sáma* inviolable: the words are not in it, though they may proceed from it (as cries from behind a locked door); they must

be judged and assessed for what truth may be in them. Therefore, the Liar says that all words are

lies: all things that he hears are threaded through with deceit, with evasions, hidden meanings, and

hate. In this vast network he himself enmeshed struggles and rages, gnawed by suspicion, doubt,

and fear. Not so would it have been, if he could have broken the barrier, and seen the heart as it is in its truth unveiled.

If we speak last of the "folly" of Manwe and the weakness and unwariness of the Valar, let us

beware how we judge. In the histories, indeed, we may be amazed and grieved to read how

(seemingly) Melkor deceived and cozened others, and how even Manwe appears at times almost a

simpleton compared with him: as if a kind but unwise father were treating a wayward child who

would assuredly in time perceive the error of his ways. Whereas we, looking on and knowing the

outcome, see now that Melkor knew well the error

of his ways, but was fixed in them by hate and

pride beyond return. He could read the mind of Manwe, for the door was open; but his own mind

was false and even if the door seemed open, there were doors of iron within closed for ever.

How otherwise would you have it? Should Manwe and the Valar meet secrecy with

subterfuge, treachery with falsehood, lies with more lies? If Melkor would usurp their rights, should

they deny his? Can hate overcome hate? Nay, Manwe was wiser; or being ever open to Eru he did

His will, which is more than wisdom. He was ever open because he had nothing to conceal, no

thought that it was harmful for any to know, if they could comprehend it. Indeed Melkor knew his

will without questioning it; and he knew that Manwe was bound by the commands and injunctions

of Eru, and would do this or abstain from that in accordance with them, always, even knowing that

Melkor would break them as it suited his purpose. Thus the merciless will ever count on mercy, and

the liars make use of truth; for if mercy and truth are withheld from the cruel and the lying, they

have ceased to be honoured.

Manwe could not by duress attempt to compel Melkor to reveal his thought and purposes, or

(if he used words) to speak the truth. If he spoke and said: *this is true*, he must be believed until proved false; if he said: *this I will do, as you bid*, he

must be allowed the opportunity to fulfill his promise. (Note 8)

The force and restraint that were used upon Melkor by the united power of all the Valar, were

not used to extort confession (which was needless); nor to compel him to reveal his thought (which

was unlawful, even if not vain). He was made captive as a punishment for his evil deeds, under the

authority of the King. So we may say; but it were better said that he was deprived for a term, fixed

by promise, of his power to act, so that he might halt and consider himself, and have thus the only

chance that mercy could contrive of repentance and amendment. For the healing of Arda indeed, but

for his own healing also. Melkor had the right to exist, and the right to act and use his powers.

Manwe had the authority to rule and to order the world, so far as he could, for the well-being of the

Eruhíni; but if Melkor would repent and return to the allegiance of Eru, he must be given his

freedom again. He could not be enslaved, or denied his part. The office of the Elder King was to

retain all his subjects in the allegiance of Eru, or to bring them back to it, and in that allegiance to leave them free.

Therefore not until the last, and not then except by the express command of Eru and by His

power, was Melkor thrown utterly down and deprived for ever of all power to do or to undo.

Who among the Eldar hold that the captivity of Melkor in Mandos (which was achieved by

force) was either unwise or unlawful? Yet the resolve to assault Melkor, not merely to withstand

him, to meet violence with wrath to the peril of Arda, was taken by Manwe only with reluctance.

And consider: what good in this case did even the lawful use of force accomplish? It removed him

for a while and relieved Middle-earth from the pressure of his malice, but it did not uproot his evil,

for it could not do so. Unless, maybe, Melkor had indeed repented. (Note 9) But he did not repent,

and in humiliation he became more obdurate: more subtle in his deceits, more cunning in his lies,

crueller and more dastardly in his revenge. The weakest and most imprudent of all the actions of

Manwe, as it seems to many, was the release of Melkor from captivity. From this came the greatest

loss and harm: the death of the Trees, and the exile and the anguish of the Noldor. Yet through this

suffering there came also, as maybe in no other way could it have come, the victory of the Elder

Days: the downfall of Angband and the last overthrow of Melkor.

Who then can say with assurance that if Melkor had been held in bond less evil would have

followed? Even in his diminishment the power of Melkor is beyond our calculation. Yet some

ruinous outburst of his despair is not the worst that might have befallen. The release was according

to the promise of Manwe. If Manwe had broken this promise for his own purposes, even though still

intending "good", he would have taken a step upon the paths of Melkor. That is a perilous step. In that hour and act he would have ceased to be the vice-gerent of the One, becoming but a king who

takes advantage over a rival whom he has conquered by force. Would we then have the sorrows that

indeed befell; or would we have the Elder King lose his honour, and so pass, maybe, to a world rent

between two proud lords striving for the throne? Of this we may be sure, we children of small

strength: any one of the Valar might have taken the paths of Melkor and become like him: one was

enough.

Author's Notes to the *Ósanwe-kenta*

Note 1

Here *níra* ("will" as a potential or faculty) since the minimum requirement is that this faculty shall not be exerted in denial; action or an act of will is *nirme*; as *sanwe* "Thought" or "a thought" is the action or an act of *sáma*.

Note 2

It may be occupied with thinking and inattentive to other things; it may be "turned towards Eru"; it may be engaged in

"thought-converse" with a third mind. Pengolodh says: "Only great minds can converse with more than one other at the same time; several may confer, but then at one time only one is imparting, while the others receive".

Note 3

"No mind can, however, be closed against Eru, either against His inspection or against His message. The latter it may not heed, but it cannot say it did not receive it".

Note 4

Pengolodh adds: "Some say that Manwe, by a special grace to the King, could still in a measure perceive Eru; others more probably, that he remained nearest to Eru, and Eru was most ready to hear and answer him".

Note 5

Here Pengolodh adds a long note on the use of *hröar* by the Valar. In brief he says that though in origin a "self-arraying", it may tend to approach the state of "incarnation", especially with the lesser members of that order (the Maiar). "It is said that the longer and the more the same *hröa* is used, the greater is the bond of habit, and the less do the

'self-arrayed' desire to leave it. As raiment may soon cease to be adornment, and becomes (as is said in the tongues of both Elves and Men) a 'habit', a customary garb. Or if among Elves and Men it be worn to mitigate heat or cold, it soon makes the clad body less able to endure these things when naked". Pengolodh also cites the opinion that if a "spirit"

(that is, one of those not embodied by creation) uses a *hröa* for the furtherance of its personal purposes, or (still more) for the enjoyment of bodily faculties, it finds it increasingly difficult to operate without the *hröa.* The things that are most binding are those that in the Incarnate have to do with the life of the *hröa* itself, its sustenance and its propagation.

Thus eating and drinking are binding, but not the delight in beauty of sound or form. Most binding is begetting or conceiving.

"We do not know the *axani* (laws, rules, as primarily proceeding from Eru) that were laid down upon the Valar with particular reference to their state, but it seems clear that there was no *axan* against these things. Nonetheless it appears to be an *axan,* or maybe necessary consequence, that if they are done, then the spirit must dwell in the body that it used, and be under the same necessities as the Incarnate. The only case that is known in the histories of the Eldar is that of Melian who became the spouse of King Elu-thingol. This certainly was not evil or against the will of Eru, and though it led to sorrow, both Elves and Men were enriched.

'The great Valar do not do these things: they beget not, neither do they eat and drink, save at the high *asari*, in token of their lordship and indwelling of Arda, and for the blessing of the sustenance of the Children. Melkor alone of the Great became at last bound to a bodily form; but that was because of the use that he made of this in his purpose to become Lord of the Incarnate, and of the great evils that he did in the visible body. Also he had dissipated his native powers in the control of his agents and servants, so that he became in the end, in himself and without their support, a weakened thing, consumed by hate and unable to restore himself from the state into which he had fallen. Even his visible form he could no longer master, so that its

hideousness could not any longer be masked, and it showed forth the evil of his mind. So it was also with even some of his greatest servants, as in these later days we see: they became wedded to the forms of their evil deeds, and if these bodies were taken from them or destroyed, they were nullified, until they had rebuilt a semblance of their former habitations, with which they could continue the evil courses in which they had become fixed". (Pengolodh here evidently refers to Sauron in particular, from whose arising he fled at last from Middle-earth. But the first destruction of the bodily form of Sauron was recorded in the histories of the Elder Days, in the *Lay of Leithian*.)

Note 6

Pengolodh here elaborates (though it is not necessary for his argument) this matter of "foresight". No mind, he asserts, knows what is not in it. All that it has experienced is in it, though in the case of the Incarnate, dependent upon the instruments of the *hröa,* some things may be "forgotten", not immediately available for recollection. But no part of the

"future" is there, for the mind cannot see it or have seen it: that is, a mind placed in time. Such a mind can learn of the future only from another mind which has seen it. But that means only from Eru ultimately, or mediately from some mind that has seen in Eru some part of His purpose (such as the Ainur who are now the Valar in Eä). An Incarnate can thus only know anything of the future, by instruction derived from the Valar, or by a revelation coming direct from Eru.

But any mind, whether of the Valar or of the Incarnate, may deduce by reason what will or may come to pass. This is not *foresight*, not though it may be clearer in terms and indeed even more accurate than glimpses of foresight. Not even if it is formed

into visions seen in dream, which is a means whereby "foresight" also is frequently presented to the mind.

Minds that have great knowledge of the past, the present, and the nature of Eä may predict with great accuracy, and the nearer the future the clearer (saving always the freedom of Eru). Much therefore of what is called "foresight" in careless speech is only the deduction of the wise; and if it be received, as warning or instruction, from the Valar, it may be only deduction of the wiser, though it may sometimes be "foresight" at second hand.

Note 7

enda. This we translate "heart", though it has no physical reference to any organ of the *hröa.* It means "centre", and refers (though by inevitable physical allegory) to *the fëa* or *sáma* itself, distinct from the periphery (as it were) of its contacts with the *hröa*; self-aware; endowed with the primeval wisdom of its making which made it sensitive to anything inimical in the least degree.

Note 8

For which reason Melkor often spoke the truth, and indeed he seldom lied without any admixture of truth. Unless it was in his lies against Eru; and it was, maybe, for uttering these that he was cut off from return.

Note 9

Some hold that, though evil might then have been mitigated, it could not have been undone even by Melkor repentant; for power had gone forth from him and was no longer under the control of his will. Arda was marred in its very being.

The seeds that the hand sows will grow and multiply though the hand be removed.

Editorial glossary to the *Ósanwe-kenta*

All words are Quenya unless otherwise indicated.

aquapahtie 'privacy'. Apparently composed of *aqua-* 'fully, completely, altogether, wholly' (WJ:392) + * *paht-ie*

'closed-ness' (cf. *pahta* 'closed' and *látie* 'openness', below).

asar, pl. ***asari*** 'fixed time, festival' (WJ:399).

avanir 'unwill'. Apparently composed of *ava-*, expressing refusal or prohibition (cf. WJ:370-71 s.v. *ABA), + *-nir* 'will'

(cf. *níra* below).

axan, pl. ***axani*** 'law, rule, commandment; as primarily proceeding from Eru'. Adopted from Valarin *akasān* 'He says', referring to Eru (WJ:399).

enda 'centre, heart'; of persons, having no reference to the physical organ, but to the *fëa* or *sáma* itself, distinct from its contacts with the *hröa*. Cf. **ÉNED-** 'centre' (LR:356).

Eruhíni 'Children of Eru', i.e. Elves and Men (WJ:403).

fëa, pl. ***fëar*** 'soul, indwelling spirit, of an incarnate being' (MR:349,470). Also cf. WJ:405.

hröa, pl. ***hröar*** 'body (of an incarnate being)' (MR:350,470). Also cf. WJ:405.

indo n. 'state', perhaps specifically 'state of mind (*sáma*)' . In "LQ 2" (MR:216, 230 n. 16) *indo* is used

for 'mind', which here is the translation of *sáma*; while *The Etymologies* has *indo* 'heart, mood' (LR:361 s.v. **ID**-).

kenta 'enquiry'. Cf. *Essekenta* *'name-enquiry' (MR:415). Cf. the verb stem *ken-* 'see, behold' (MC:222) and the element *cenyë* 'sight' in *apacenyë* 'foresight' and *tercenyë* 'insight' (MR:216), which may suggest that *kenta* might more literally mean 'a looking (into)' some matter.

lambe Cf. the entry *lambe* in the editorial glossary to the extract from *Quendi and Eldar* App. D, above (p. 12).

láta adj. 'open'. Cf. **LAT-** 'lie open' (LR:368).

látie 'openness'.

latya 'opening'.

Mirröanwi 'Incarnates', literally 'those put into flesh (*hröa*)' (MR:350).

níra n. 'will, as a potential or faculty'. Cf. S. *aníra* '(he) desires' (SD:128-29).

nirme 'the action or an act of *níra*'.

ósanwe 'communication or interchange of thought'. Apparently composed of the prefix *o-* "used in words describing the meeting, junction, or union of two things" (WJ:367 s.v. *WO) + *sanwe* (q.v.).

pahta adj. 'closed'. Cf. *aquapahtie* above.

sáma, pl. ***sámar*** 'mind'.

sanwe 'Thought; a thought; as the action or an act of *sáma.* Cf. *ósanwe* above.

tengwesta Cf. the entry ***tengwesta*** in the editorial glossary to the extract from *Quendi and Eldar* App.

D, above (p. 14).

únat, pl. ***únati*** 'a thing impossible to be or to be done'. Apparently composed of *ú-* + *nat* 'thing' (cf. LR:374 s.v. NĀ2-).

The Etymologies gives the Q. prefix *ú* as meaning 'not, un-, in- (usually with bad sense)' (LR:396 s.v. UGU-), but the force of *ú-* here is stronger than that conveyed by those isolated glosses. Compare the distinction between *avaquétima*

'not to be said, that must not be said' and *úquétima* 'unspeakable, impossible to say, put into words, or unpronounceable' (WJ:370 s.v. *ABA). Cf. the entry *ú* in the editorial glossary to the extract from *Quendi and Eldar* App. D, above (p. 14).

Melkor

After the Valar, who before were the Ainur of the Great Song, entered into Ea, those who

were the noblest among them and understood most of the mind of Iluvatar sought amid the

immeasurable regions of the Beginning for that place where they should establish the Kingdom of

Arda in time to come. And when they had chosen that point and region where it should be, they

began the labours that were needed. Others there were, countless to our thought though known each

and numbered in the mind of Iluvatar, whose labour lay elsewhere and in other regions and histories

of the Great Tale, amid stars remote and worlds beyond the reach of the furthest thought. But of

these others we know nothing and cannot know, though the Valar of Arda, maybe, remember them

all.

Chief of the Valar of Arda was he whom the Eldar afterwards named Manwe, the Blessed: the

Elder King, since he was the first of all kings in Ea. Brother to him was Melkor, the potent, and he

had, as has been told, fallen into pride and desire of his own dominion. Therefore the Valar avoided

him, and began the building and ordering of Arda without him. For which reason it is said that

whereas there is now great evil in Arda and many things therein are at discord, so that the good of

one seemeth to be the hurt of another, nonetheless the foundations of this world are good, and it

turns by nature to good, healing itself from within by the power that was set there in its making; and

evil in Arda would fail and pass away if it were not renewed from without: that is: that comes from

wills and beings that are other than Arda itself.

And as is known well, the prime among these is Melkor. Measureless as were the regions of

Ea, yet in the Beginning, where he could have been Master of all that was done - for there were

many of the Ainur of the Song willing to follow him and serve him, if he called - still he was not

content. And he sought ever for Arda and Manwe, his brother, begrudging him the kingship, small

though it might seem to his desire and his potency; for he knew that to that kingship Iluvatar

designed to give the highest royalty in Ea, and under the rule of that throne to bring forth the

Children of God. And in his thought which deceived him, for the liar shall lie unto himself, he

believed that over the Children he might hold absolute sway and be unto them sole lord and master,

as he could not be to spirits of his own kind, however subservient to himself. For they knew that the

One Is, and must assent to Melkor's rebellion of their own choice; whereas he purposed to withhold

from the Children this knowledge and be for ever a shadow between them and the light.

As a shadow Melkor did not then conceive himself. For in his beginning he loved and desired

light, and the form that he took was exceedingly bright; and he said in his heart: 'On such brightness

as I am the Children shall hardly endure to look; therefore to know of aught else or beyond or even

to strain their small minds to conceive of it would not be for their good.' But the lesser brightness

that stands before the greater becomes a darkness. And Melkor was jealous, therefore, of all other

brightnesses, and wished to take all light unto himself. There- fore Iluvatar, at the entering in of the Valar into Ea, added a theme to the Great Song which was not in it at the first Singing, and he called

one of the Ainur to him. Now this was that Spirit which afterwards became Varda (and taking

female form became the spouse of Manwe). To Varda Iluvatar said: 'I will give unto thee a parting

gift. Thou shalt take into Ea a light that is holy, coming new from Me, unsullied by the thought and

lust of Melkor, and with thee it shall enter into Ea, and be in Ea, but not of Ea.' Wherefore Varda is

the most holy and revered of all the Valar, and those that name the light of Varda name the love of

Ea that Eru has, and they are afraid less only to name the One. Nonetheless this gift of Iluvatar to

the Valar has its own peril, as have all his free gifts: which is in the end no more than to say that

they play a part in the Great Tale so that it may be complete; for without peril they would be

without power, and the giving would be void.

When therefore at last Melkor discovered the abiding place of Manwe and his friends he went

thither in great haste, as a blazing fire. And finding that already great labours had been achieved

without his counsel, he was angered, and desired to undo what was done or to alter it according to

his own mind. But this Manwe would not suffer, and there was war therefore in Arda. In the early

age Melkor was alone able to drive the Valar out of Middle-earth into retreat. But as is elsewhere

written he was at that time defeated with the aid of Tulkas (who was not among those who began

the building of Ea) and driven out again into the Void that lay about Arda. This is named the First

Battle; and though Manwe had the victory, great hurt was done to the work of the Valar. It was after

the First Battle that Varda set certain stars as ominous signs for the dwellers in Arda to see.

Nonetheless Melkor would not leave Arda in peace; and above all he begrudged to the Valar

their dwelling on Earth, and desired to injure their labours there, or bring them to naught, if he

could. Therefore he returned to Earth, but for fear of the might of the Valar and of Tulkas more than

all he came now in secret. At this time he begins first to turn most to cold and darkness, and so he

came to the North at night in winter. His first desire and weapon, however, had been fire and heat,

and it was in the wielding of flame that Tulkas defeated him in the First Battle.

At first he would depart when the long day of summer came; but after a time, becoming

bolder again, and desiring a dwelling place of his own, he began the delving underground of his

great fortress in the far North, which was afterwards named *Utumno* (or *Udűn)*.

The Valar therefore, when they became aware by the signs of evil that were seen upon Earth

that Melkor had stolen back, sought in vain for him, though Tulkas and Oromë went wide over

Middle-earth even to the uttermost East. When they perceived that Melkor would now turn darkness

and night to his purposes, as he had aforetime sought to wield flame, they were grieved; for it was a

part of their design that there should be change and alteration upon Earth, and neither day perpetual

nor night without end. For by Night the Children of Arda should know Day, and perceive and love

Light; and yet Night should also in its kind be good and blessed, being a time of repose, and of

inward thought; and a vision also of things high and fair that are beyond Arda, but are veiled by the

splendour of Anar. But Melkor would make it a time of peril unseen, of fear without form, an

uneasy vigil; or a haunted dream, leading through despair to the shadow of Death.

* * *

The Valar at length grew weary with their great exertions in ordering Arda. When discovering

Melkor and where he dwells they seek to drive him out again, Utumno proves too strong.

Varda has preserved some of the Primeval Light, her original chief concern in the Great Tale,

with which The Two Trees are made. The Valar make their resting place and dwellings in Valinor in

the West.

Now one of the objects of the Trees, as later of the Jewels, was the healing of the hurts of

Melkor, but this could easily have a *selfish* aspect: the staying of history — not going on with the Tale. This effect it had on the Valar. They became more and more enamoured of Valinor, and went

there more often and stayed there longer. Middle-earth was left too little tended, and too little

protected against Melkor.

Towards the end of the Days of Bliss, the Valar find the tables turned. They are driven out of

Middle-earth by Melkor and his evil spirits and monsters; and can only themselves come there

secretly and briefly, which Oromë and Yavanna mainly still do.

The war against Utumno was only undertaken by the Valar with reluctance, and without hope

of real victory, but rather as a covering action or diversion, to enable them to get the Quendi out of

his sphere of influence. But Melkor had already progressed some way towards becoming 'the

Morgoth, a tyrant, or central tyranny and will, together with his agents'. Only the total contained

the

old power of the complete Melkor; so that if 'the Morgoth' could be reached or temporarily

separated from his agents he was much more nearly controllable and on a power-level with the

Valar. One of the reasons for his self-weakening is that he has given to his 'creatures', Orcs, Balrogs,

etc. power of recuperation and multiplication. So that they will gather again without further specific

orders. Part of his native creative power has gone out into making an independent evil growth out of

his control.

The Valar, however, find that they can deal with his agents, like Balrogs, piecemeal. So that

they come at last to Utumno itself and find that 'the Morgoth' has no longer for the moment

sufficient 'force' (in any sense) to shield himself from direct personal contact. Manwe at last faces

Melkor again, as he has not done since he entered Arda. Both are amazed: Manwe to perceive the

decrease in Melkor as a person; Melkor to perceive this also from his own point of view: he has

now less personal force than Manwe, and can no longer daunt him with his gaze.

He must himself suddenly have realized that this has happened: he is 'dispersed'. But the lust

to have creatures under him, dominated, has

become habitual and necessary to Melkor, so that even

if the process was reversible he cannot bring himself to do it. As with all other characters there must

be a trembling moment when it is in the balance: he nearly repents - and does not, and becomes

much wickeder, and more foolish.

He thought it possible that he could now at that moment be humiliated against his own will

and 'chained' - if and before his dispersed forces reassemble. So - as soon as he has mentally

rejected repentance, he, just like Sauron afterwards on this model, makes a mockery of self-

abasement and repentance. From which actually he gets a kind of perverted pleasure as in

desecrating something holy, for the mere contemplating of the possibility of genuine repentance, if

that did not come specially then as a direct grace from Eru, was at least one last flicker of his true

primeval nature. He feigns remorse and repentance. He actually kneels before Manwe and

surrenders - in the first instance to avoid being chained by the Chain Angainor, which once upon

him he fears would not ever be able to be shaken off. But also suddenly he has the idea of

penetrating the vaunted fastness of Valinor, and ruining it. So he offers to become 'the least of the

Valar' and servant of them each and all, to help, in

advice and skill, in repairing all the evils and

hurts he has done. It is this offer which seduces or deludes Manwe - Manwe had his own inherent

fault, though not sin: he has become engrossed, partly out of sheer fear of Melkor, partly out of

desire to control him, in amendment, healing, reordering - even 'keeping the status quo' - to the loss

of all creative power and even to weakness in dealing with difficult and perilous situations. Against

the advice of some of the Valar, such as Tulkas, he grants Melkor's prayer.

Melkor is taken back to Valinor. But at the council Melkor is not given immediate freedom.

The Valar in assembly will not tolerate this. Melkor is remitted to Mandos to stay there in 'reclusion'

and meditate, and complete his repentance - and also his plans for redress. Then he begins to doubt

the wisdom of his own policy, and would have rejected it all and burst out into flaming rebellion -

but he is now absolutely isolated from his agents and in enemy territory. He cannot. Therefore he

swallows the bitter pill, but it greatly increases his hate, and he ever afterward accused Manwe of

being faithless.

The rest of the story, with Melkor's release, and permission to attend the Council sitting at the

feet of Manwë, after the pattern of evil counsellors in later tales, which it could be said derive from

this primeval model, is already told.

Sauron

Sauron was 'greater', effectively, in the Second Age than Morgoth at the end of the First.

Why? Because, though he was far smaller by natural stature, he had not yet fallen so low.

Eventually he also squandered his power (of being) in the endeavour to gain control of others. But

he was not obliged to expend so much of himself. To gain domination over Arda, Morgoth had let

most of his being pass into the physical constituents of the Earth - hence all things that were born

on Earth and lived on and by it, beasts or plants or incarnate spirits, were liable to be 'stained'.

Morgoth at the time of the War of the Jewels had become permanently 'incarnate': for this reason he

was afraid, and waged the war almost entirely by means of devices, or of subordinates and

dominated creatures. Sauron, however, inherited the 'corruption' of Arda, and only spent his (much

more limited) power on the Rings; for it was the creatures of earth, in their minds and wills, that he

desired to dominate. In this way Sauron was also wiser than Melkor- Morgoth. Sauron was not a

beginner of discord; and he probably knew more of the 'Music' than did Melkor, whose mind had

always been filled with his own plans and devices, and gave little attention to other things. The time

of Melkor's greatest power, therefore, was in the physical beginnings of the World; a vast demiurgic

lust for power and the achievement of his own will and designs, on a great scale. And later after

things had become more stable, Melkor was more interested in and capable of dealing with a

volcanic eruption, for example, than with (say) a tree. It is indeed probable that he was simply

unaware of the minor or more delicate productions of Yavanna: such as small flowers.

Thus, as 'Morgoth', when Melkor was confronted by the existence of other inhabitants of

Arda, with other wills and intelligences, he was enraged by the mere fact of their existence, and his

only notion of dealing with them was by physical force, or the fear of it. His sole ultimate object

was their destruction. Elves, and still more Men, he despised because of their 'weak- ness': that is

their lack of physical force, or power over 'matter'; but he was also afraid of them. He was aware, at

any rate originally when still capable of rational thought, that he could not 'annihilate' them: that is, destroy their being; but their physical 'life', and incarnate form became increasingly to his mind the

only thing that was worth considering. Or he became so far advanced in Lying that he lied even to

himself, and pretended that he could destroy them and rid Arda of them altogether. Hence his

endeavour always to break wills and subordinate them to or absorb them into his own will and

being, before destroying their bodies. This was sheer nihilism, and negation its one ultimate object:

Morgoth would no doubt, if he had been victorious, have ultimately destroyed even his own

'creatures', such as the Orcs, when they had served his sole purpose in using them: the destruction of

Elves and Men. Melkor's final impotence and despair lay in this: that whereas the Valar (and in their

degree Elves and Men) could still love 'Arda Marred', that is Arda with a Melkor-ingredient, and

could still heal this or that hurt, or produce from its very marring, from its state as it was, things

beautiful and lovely, Melkor could do nothing with Arda, which was not from his own mind and

was interwoven with the work and thoughts of others: even left alone he could only have gone

raging on till all was levelled again into a formless chaos. And yet even so he would have been

defeated, because it would still have 'existed', independent of his own mind, and a world in

potential.

Sauron had never reached this stage of nihilistic

madness. He did not object to the existence

of the world, so long as he could do what he liked with it. He still had the relics of positive

purposes, that descended from the good of the nature in which he began: it had been his virtue (and

therefore also the cause of his fall, and of his relapse) that he loved order and coordination, and

disliked all confusion and wasteful friction. (It was the apparent will and power of Melkor to effect

his designs quickly and masterfully that had first attracted Sauron to him.) Sauron had, in fact, been

very like Saruman, and so still understood him quickly and could guess what he would be likely to

think and do, even without the aid of palantiri or of spies; whereas Gandalf eluded and puzzled him.

But like all minds of this cast, Sauron's love (originally) or (later) mere understanding of other

individual intelligences was correspondingly weaker; and though the only real good in, or rational

motive for, all this ordering and planning and organization was the good of all inhabitants of Arda

(even admitting Sauron's right to be their supreme lord), his 'plans', the idea coming from his own

isolated mind, became the sole object of his will, and an end, the End, in itself.

Morgoth had no 'plan': unless destruction and reduction to *nil* of a world in which he had only

a *share* can be called a 'plan'. But this is, of course, a simplification of the situation. Sauron had not served Morgoth, even in his last stages, without becoming infected by his lust for destruction, and

his hatred of God (which must end in nihilism). Sauron could not, of course, be a 'sincere' atheist.

Though one of the minor spirits created before the world, he knew Eru, according to his measure.

He probably deluded himself with the notion that the Valar (including Melkor) having failed, Eru

had simply abandoned Eä, or at any rate Arda, and would not concern himself with it any more. It

would appear that he interpreted the 'change of the world' at the Downfall of Númenor, when Aman

was removed from the physical world, in this sense: Valar (and Elves) were removed from effective

control, and Men under God's curse and wrath. If he thought about the *Istari,* especially Saruman and Gandalf, he imagined them as emissaries from the Valar, seeking to establish their lost power

again and 'colonize' Middle-earth, as a mere effort of defeated imperialists (without knowledge or

sanction of Eru). His cynicism, which (sincerely) regarded the motives of Manwë as precisely the

same as his own, seemed fully justified in Saruman. Gandalf he did not understand. But certainly he

had already become evil, and therefore stupid, enough to imagine that his different behaviour was

due simply to weaker intelligence and lack of firm masterful purpose. He was only a rather cleverer

Radagast - cleverer, because it is more profitable (more productive of power) to become absorbed in

the study of people than of animals.

Sauron was not a 'sincere' atheist, but he preached atheism, because it weakened resistance to

himself (and he had ceased to fear God's action in Arda). As was seen in the case of Ar-Pharazôn.

But there was seen the effect of Melkor upon Sauron: he spoke of Melkor in Melkor's own terms: as

a god, or even as God. This may have been the residue of a state which was in a sense a shadow of

good: the ability once in Sauron at least to admire or admit the superiority of a being other than

himself. Melkor, and still more Sauron himself afterwards, both profited by this darkened shadow

of good and the services of 'worshippers'. But it may be doubted whether even such a shadow of

good was still sincerely operative in Sauron by that time. His cunning motive is probably best

expressed thus. To wean one of the God-fearing from their allegiance it is best to propound another

unseen object of allegiance and another hope of benefits; propound to him a Lord who will sanction what he desires and not forbid it. Sauron, apparently a defeated rival for world-power, now a mere

hostage, can hardly propound himself; but as the

former servant and disciple of Melkor, the worship

of Melkor will raise him from hostage to high priest. But though Sauron's whole true motive was

the destruction of the Númenóreans, this was a particular matter of revenge upon Ar-Pharazôn, for

humiliation. Sauron (unlike Morgoth) would have been content for the Númenóreans to exist, *as his*

own subjects, and indeed he used a great many of them that he corrupted to his allegiance.

No one, not even one of the Valar, can read the mind of other 'equal beings': * that is one cannot 'see' them or comprehend them fully and directly by simple inspection. One can *deduce*

much of their thought, from general comparisons leading to conclusions concerning the nature and

tendencies of minds and thought, and from particular knowledge of individuals, and special

circumstances. But this is no more reading or inspection of another mind than is deduction

concerning the contents of a closed room, or events taken place out of sight. Neither is so-called

* [marginal note] All rational minds / spirits deriving direct from Eru are 'equal' – in order and status – though not necessarily 'coëval' or of like original power.

'thought-transference' a process of mind-reading: this is but the reception, and interpretation by the

receiving mind, of the impact of a thought, or thought-pattern, emanating from another mind, which

is no more the mind in full or in itself than is the distant sight of a man running the man himself.

Minds can exhibit or reveal themselves to other minds by the action of their own wills (though it is

doubtful if, even when willing or desiring this, a mind can actually reveal itself wholly to any other

mind). It is thus a temptation to minds of greater power to govern or constrain the will of other, and

weaker, minds, so as to induce or force them to reveal themselves. But to force such a revelation, or

to induce it by any lying or deception, even for supposedly 'good' purposes (including the 'good' of

the person so persuaded or dominated), is absolutely forbidden. To do so is a crime, and the 'good'

in the purposes of those who commit this crime swiftly becomes corrupted.

Much could thus 'go on behind Manwë's back': indeed the innermost being of all other minds,

great and small, was hidden from him. And with regard to the Enemy, Melkor, in particular, he

could not penetrate by distant mind-sight his thought and purposes, since Melkor remained in a

fixed and powerful will to withhold his mind: which physically expressed took shape in the

darkness and shadows that surrounded him. But Manwë could of course use, and did use, his own

great knowledge his vast experience of things and of persons, his memory of the 'Music', and his

own far sight, and the tidings of his messengers.

Melkor 'incarnated' himself (as Morgoth) permanently. He did this so as to control the

hroa,(2) the 'flesh' or physical matter, of Arda. He attempted to identify himself with it. A vaster,

and more perilous, procedure, though of similar sort to the opera- tions of Sauron with the Rings.

Thus, outside the Blessed Realm, all 'matter' was likely to have a 'Melkor ingredient',(3) and those

who had bodies, nourished by the hroa of Arda, had as it were a tendency, small or great, towards

Melkor: they were none of them wholly free of him in their incarnate form, and their bodies had an

effect upon their spirits.

But in this way Morgoth lost (or exchanged, or transmuted) the greater part of his original

'angelic' powers, of mind and spirit, while gaining a terrible grip upon the physical world. For this

reason he had to be fought, mainly by physical force, and enormous material ruin was a probable

consequence of any direct combat with him, victorious or otherwise. This is the chief explanation of

the constant reluctance of the Valar to come into open battle against Morgoth. Manwe's task and

problem was much more difficult than Gandalf's. Sauron's, relatively smaller, power was

concentrated; Morgoth's vast power was disseminated. The whole of 'Middle-earth' was Morgoth's

Ring, though temporarily his attention was mainly upon the North-west. Unless swiftly successful,

War against him might well end in reducing all Middle-earth to chaos, possibly even all Arda. It is

easy to say: 'It was the task and function of the Elder King to govern Arda and make it possible for

the Children of Eru to live in it unmolested.' But the dilemma of the Valar was this: Arda could only

be liberated by a physical battle; but a probable result of such a battle was the irretrievable ruin of

Arda. Moreover, the final eradication of Sauron (as a power directing evil) was achievable by the

destruction of the Ring. No such eradication of Morgoth was possible, since this required the

complete disintegration of the 'matter' of Arda. Sauron's power was not (for example) in gold as

such, but in a particular form or shape made of a particular portion of total gold. Morgoth's power

was disseminated throughout Gold, if nowhere absolute (for he did not create Gold) it was nowhere

absent. (It was this Morgoth-element in matter, indeed, which was a prerequisite for such 'magic'

and other evils as Sauron practised with it and upon it.)

It is quite possible, of course, that certain 'elements' or conditions of matter had attracted

Morgoth's special attention (mainly, unless in the

remote past, for reasons of his own plans). For

example, all gold (in Middle-earth) seems to have had a specially 'evil' trend - but not silver. Water

is represented as being almost entirely free of Morgoth. (This, of course, does not mean that any

particular sea, stream, river, well, or even vessel of water could not be poisoned or defiled - as all

things could.)

The Valar 'fade' and become more impotent, precisely in proportion as the shape and

constitution of things becomes more defined and settled. The longer the Past, the more nearly

defined the Future, and the less room for important change (untrammelled action, on a physical

plane, that is not destruc- tive in purpose). The Past, once 'achieved', has become part of the 'Music

in being'. Only Eru may or can alter the 'Music'. The last major effort, of this demiurgic kind, made

by the Valar was the lifting up of the range of the Pelori to a great height. It is possible to view this as, if not an actually bad action, at least as a mistaken one. Ulmo disapproved of it.(4) It had one

good, and legitimate, object: the preservation incorrupt of at least a part of Arda. But it seemed to

have a selfish or neglectful (or despairing) motive also; for the effort to preserve the Elves incorrupt there had proved a failure if they were to be left free: many had refused to come to the Blessed

Realm, many had revolted and left it. Whereas, with regard to Men, Manwe and all the Valar knew

quite well that they could not come to Aman at all; and the longevity (co-extensive with the life of

Arda) of Valar and Eldar was expressly not permitted to Men. Thus the 'Hiding of Valinor' came

near to countering Morgoth's possessiveness by a rival possessiveness, setting up a private domain

of light and bliss against one of darkness and domination: a palace and a pleasaunce (5) (well-

fenced) against a fortress and a dungeon.(6) This appearance of selfish faineance in the Valar in the

mythology as told is (though I have not explained it or commented on it) I think only an

'appearance', and one which we are apt to accept as the truth, since we are all in some degree

affected by the shadow and lies of their Enemy, the Calum- niator. It has to be remembered that the

'mythology' is repre- sented as being two stages removed from a true record: it is based first upon

Elvish records and lore about the Valar and their own dealings with them; and these have reached us

(fragmentarily) only through relics of Numenorean (human) traditions, derived from the Eldar, in

the earlier parts, though for later times supplemented by anthropocentric histories and tales.(7)

These, it is true, came down through the 'Faithful' and their descendants in Middle-earth, but could

not altogether escape the darkening of the picture

due to the hostility of the rebellious Numenoreans

to the Valar.

Even so, and on the grounds of the stories as received, it is possible to view the matter

otherwise. The closing of Valinor against the rebel Noldor (who left it voluntarily and after

warning) was in itself just. But, if we dare to attempt to enter the mind of the Elder King, assigning

motives and finding faults, there are things to remember before we deliver a judgement. Manwe

was the spirit of greatest wisdom and prudence in Arda. He is represented as having had the greatest

knowledge of the Music, as a whole, possessed by any one finite mind; and he alone of all persons

or minds in that time is represented as having the power of direct recourse to and communication

with Eru. He must have grasped with great clarity what even we may perceive dimly: that it was the

essential mode of the process of 'history' in Arda that evil should constantly arise, and that out of it new good should constantly come. One especial aspect of this is the strange way in which the evils

of the Marrer, or his inheritors, are turned into weapons against evil. If we consider the situation

after the escape of Morgoth and the reestablish- ment of his abode in Middle-earth, we shall see that

the heroic Noldor were the best possible weapon with which to keep Mor- goth at bay, virtually

besieged, and at any rate fully occupied, on the

northern fringe of Middle-earth, without provoking

him to a frenzy of nihilistic destruction. And in the meanwhile, Men, or the best elements in

Mankind, shaking off his shadow, came into contact with a people who had actually seen and

experi- enced the Blessed Realm.

In their association with the warring Eldar Men were raised to their fullest achievable stature,

and by the two marriages the transference to them, or infusion into Mankind, of the noblest Elf-

strain was accomplished, in readiness for the still distant, but inevitably approaching, days when the

Elves would 'fade'. The last intervention with physical force by the Valar, ending in the breaking of

Thangorodrim, may then be viewed as not in fact reluctant or even unduly delayed, but timed with

precision. The intervention came before the annihilation of the Eldar and the Edain. Morgoth

though locally triumphant had neglected most of Middle-earth during the war; and by it he had in

fact been weakened: in power and prestige (he had lost and failed to recover one of the Silmarils),

and above all in mind. He had become absorbed in 'kingship', and though a tyrant of ogre-size and

monstrous power, this was a vast fall even from his former wickedness of hate, and his terrible

nihilism. He had fallen to like being a tyrant-king with conquered slaves, and vast obe- dient

armies.

The war was successful, and ruin was limited to the small (if beautiful) region of Beleriand.

Morgoth was thus actually made captive in physical form, and in that form taken as a mere criminal

to Aman and delivered to Namo Mandos as judge - and executioner. He was judged, and eventually

taken out of the Blessed Realm and executed: that is killed like one of the Incarnates. It was then

made plain (though it must have been understood beforehand by Manwe and Namo) that, though he

had 'disseminated' his power (his evil and possessive and rebellious will) far and wide into the

matter of Arda, he had lost direct control of this, and all that 'he', as a surviving remnant of integral being, retained as 'himself' and under control was the terribly shrunken and reduced spirit that

inhabited his self- imposed (but now beloved) body. When that body was destroyed he was weak

and utterly 'houseless', and for that time at a loss and 'unanchored' as it were. We read that he was

then thrust out into the Void. That should mean that he was put outside Time and Space, outside Ea

altogether; but if that were so this would imply a direct intervention of Eru (with or without

supplication of the Valar). It may however refer inaccurately12 to the extrusion or flight of his spirit from Arda.

In any case, in seeking to absorb or rather to infiltrate himself throughout 'matter', what was

then left of him was no longer powerful enough to reclothe itself. (It would now remain fixed in the

desire to do so: there was no 'repentance' or possibility of it: Melkor had abandoned for ever all

'spiritual' ambitions, and existed almost solely as a desire to possess and dominate matter, and Arda

in particular.) At least it could not yet reclothe itself. We need not suppose that Manwe was deluded

into supposing that this had been a war to end war, or even to end Melkor. Melkor was not Sauron.

We speak of him being 'weakened, shrunken, reduced'; but this is in comparison with the great

Valar. He had been a being of immense potency and life. The Elves certainly held and taught that

fear or 'spirits' may grow of their own life (independently of the body), even as they may be hurt

and healed, be diminished and renewed. The dark spirit of Melkor's 'remainder' might be expected,

therefore, eventually and after long ages to increase again, even (as some held) to draw back into

itself some of its formerly dissipated power. It would do this (even if Sauron could not) because of

its relative greatness. It did not repent, or turn finally away from its obsession, but retained still

relics of wisdom, so that it could still seek its object indirectly, and not merely blindly. It would rest,

seek to heal itself, distract itself by other thoughts and desires and devices - but all simply to

recover enough strength to return to the attack on the Valar, and to its old obsession. As it grew

again it would become, as it were, a dark shadow, brooding on the confines of Arda, and yearning

towards it.

Nonetheless the breaking of Thangorodrim and the extrusion of Melkor was the end of

'Morgoth' as such, and for that age (and many ages after). It was thus, also, in a sense the end of

Manwe s prime function and task as Elder King, until the End. He had been the Adversary of the

Enemy.

It is very reasonable to suppose that Manwe knew that before long (as he saw 'time') the

Dominion of Men must begin, and the making of history would then be committed to them: for their

struggle with Evil special arrangements had been made! Manwe knew of Sauron, of course. He had

commanded Sauron to come before him for judgement, but had left room for repentance and

12 Since the minds of Men (and even of the Elves) were inclined to confuse the 'Void', as a conception of the state of Not-being, outside Creation or Ea, with the conception of vast spaces within Ea, especially those conceived to lie all about the enisled 'Kingdom of Arda' (which we should probably call the Solar System)

ultimate rehabilitation. Sauron had refused and had fled into hiding. Sauron, however, was a

problem that Men had to deal with finally: the first of the many concentrations of Evil into definite

power-points that they would have to combat, as it was also the last of those in 'mythological'

personalized (but non-human) form.

It may be noted that Sauron's first defeat was achieved by the Numenoreans alone (though

Sauron was not in fact overthrown personally: his 'captivity' was voluntary and a trick).

Aman

In Aman things were far otherwise than in Middle-earth. But they resembled the mode of

Elvish life, just as the Elves more nearly resemble the Valar and Maiar than do Men.

In Aman the length of the unit of 'year' was the same as it was for the Quendi. But for a

different reason. In Aman this length was assigned by the Valar for their own purposes, and was

related to that process which may be called the 'Ageing of Arda'. For Aman was within Arda and

therefore within the Time of Arda (which was not eternal, whether Unmarred or Marred). Therefore

Arda and all things in it must age, however slowly,

as it proceeds from beginning to end. This

ageing could be perceived by the Valar in about that length of time (proportionate to the whole of

Arda's appointed span) which they called a Year; but not in a less period.

But as for the Valar themselves, and the Maiar also in their degree: they could live at any

speed of thought or motion which they chose or desired. *

The unit, or Valian Year, was thus not in Aman related to the natural rates of 'growth' of any

person or thing that dwelt there. Time in Aman was actual time, not merely a mode of perception.

As, say, 100 years went by in Middle-earth as part of Arda, so 100 years passed in Aman, which

was also a part of Arda. It was, however, the fact that the Elvish speed of 'growth' accorded with the

unit of Valian time + that made it possible for the Valar to bring the Eldar to dwell in Aman. In one Valian year the Eldar dwelling there grew and developed in much the same way as mortals did in

one year upon Middle-earth. In recording the events in Aman, therefore, we may as did the Eldar

themselves use the Valian unit, though we must not forget that within any such 'year' the Eldar

enjoyed an immense series of delights and achievements which even the most gifted of Men could

not accomplish in twelve times twelve mortal years. Nonetheless the Eldar 'aged' at the same speed

in Aman as they had done in their beginning upon Middle-earth.

But the Eldar were not *native* to Aman, which had not been, by the Valar, designed for them.

In Aman, before their coming, there had dwelt only the Valar and their lesser kindred the Maiar. But

for their delight and use there were in Aman also a great multitude of creatures, without *fear,* of many kinds: animals or moving creatures, and plants that are steadfast. There, it is believed, were

the counterparts of all the creatures that are or have been on Earth, and others also that were made

for Aman only. And each kind had, as on Earth, its own nature and natural speed of growth.

But since Aman was made for the Valar, that they might have peace and delight therein, all

those creatures that were thither transplanted or were trained or bred or brought into being for the

purpose of inhabitation in Aman were given a speed of growth such that one year of the life natural

to their kinds on Earth should in Aman be one Valian Year.

* They could move backward or forward in thought, and return again so swiftly that to those who were in their presence they did not appear to have moved. All that was past they could fully perceive; but being now in Time the future they could only perceive or explore in so far as its design was made clear to them in the Music, or as each one of them was specially concerned with this or that part of Eru's design, being His agent or Subcreator. In this way of perception they could foresee none of the

acts of the Children, Elves and Men, in whose conceiving and introduction into Ea none of the Valar had played any part at all; concerning the Children they could only deduce likelihood, in the same way as can the Children themselves, though from a far greater knowledge of facts and the contributory events of the past, and with far greater intelligence and wisdom. Yet there always remained an uncertainty with regard to the words and deeds of Elves and Men in Time not yet unfolded.

+ Not by the design of the Valar, though doubtless not by chance. That is, it may be that Eru in designing the natures of Elves and Men and their relations one to another and to the Valar ordained that the 'growth' of the Elves should accord with the Valian perception of the progress or ageing of Arda, so that the Elves should be able to cohabit with the Valar and Maiar. Since the Children appeared in the Music, and also in the Vision, the Valar knew something or indeed much of the ordained natures of Elves and Men before they came into existence. They knew certainly that Elves should be

'immortal' or of very long life, and Men of brief life. But it was probably only during the sojourn of Oromë among the fathers of the Quendi that the Valar discovered precisely what was the mode of their lives with regard to the lapse of Time.

For the Eldar this was a source of joy. For in Aman the world appeared to them as it does to

Men on Earth, but without the shadow of death soon to come. Whereas on Earth to them all things

in comparison with themselves were fleeting, swift to change and die or pass away, in Aman they

endured and did not so soon cheat love with their

mortality. On Earth while an elf-child did but

grow to be a man or a woman, in some 3000 years, forests would rise and fall, and all the face of

the land would change, while birds and flowers innumerable would be born and die in *löar* upon

löar under the wheeling Sun.

But beside all this Aman is called also the Blessed Realm, and in this was found its

blessedness: in health and joy. For in Aman no creatures suffered any sickness or disorder of their

natures; nor was there any decay or ageing more swift than the slow ageing of Arda itself. So that

all things coming at last to fullness of form and virtue remained in that state, blissfully, ageing and

wearying of their life and being no swifter than the Valar themselves. And this blessing also was

granted to the Eldar.

On earth the Quendi suffered no sickness, and the health of their bodies was supported by the

might of the longeval *fear.* But their bodies, being of the stuff of Arda, were nonetheless not so enduring as their spirits; for the longevity of the Quendi was derived primarily from their *fear,*

whose nature or 'doom' was to abide in Arda until its end. Therefore, after the vitality of the *hroa* was expended in achieving full growth, it began to weaken or grow weary. Very slowly indeed, but

to all the Quendi perceptibly. For a while it would be fortified and maintained by its indwelling *fëa,* and then its vitality would begin to ebb, and its

desire for physical life and joy in it would pass ever more swiftly away. Then an Elf would begin (as they say now, for these things did not fully appear

in the Elder Days) to 'fade', until the *fëa* as it were consumed the *hröa* until it remained only in the love and memory of the spirit that had inhabited it.

But in Aman, since its blessing descended upon the *hröar* of the Eldar, as upon all other

bodies, the *hröar* aged only apace with the *fëar,* and the Eldar that remained in the Blessed Realm endured in full maturity and in undimmed power of body and spirit conjoined for ages beyond our

mortal comprehension.

Aman and Mortal Men

If it is thus in Aman, or was ere the Change of the World, and therein the Eldar had health and

lasting joy, what shall we say of Men? No Man has ever set foot in Aman, or at least none has ever

returned thence; for the Valar forbade it. Why so? To the Númenóreans they said that they did so

because Eru had forbidden them to admit Men to the Blessed Realm; and they declared also that

Men would not there be blessed (as they imagined) but accursed, and would 'wither even as a moth

in a flame too bright'.

Beyond these words we can but go in guess. Yet we may consider the matter so. The Valar

were not only by Eru forbidden the attempt, they *could not* alter the nature, or 'doom' of Eru, of any of

the Children, in which was included the speed of their growth (relative to the whole life of Arda)

and the length of their life-span. Even the Eldar in that respect remained unchanged.

Let us suppose then that the Valar had also admitted to Aman some of the Atani, and (so that

we may consider a whole life of a Man in such a state) that 'mortal' children were there born, as

were children of the Eldar. Then, even though in Aman, a mortal child would still grow to maturity

in some twenty years of the Sun, and the natural span of its life, the period of the cohesion of *hröa* and *fëa,* would be no more than, say, 100 years. Not much more, even though his body would suffer no sickness or disorder in Aman, where no such evils existed. (unless Men brought these evils with

them - as why should they not? Even the Eldar brought to the Blessed Realm some taint of the

Shadow upon Arda in which they came into being.)

But in Aman such a creature would be a fleeting thing, the most swift-passing of all beasts.

For his whole life would last little more than one half-year, and while all other living creatures

would seem to him hardly to change, but to remain steadfast in life and joy with hope of endless

years undimmed, he would rise and pass — even as upon Earth the grass may rise in spring and

wither ere the winter. Then he would become filled with envy, deeming himself a victim of

injustice, being denied the graces given to all other things. He would not value what he had, but

feeling that he was among the least and most despised of all creatures, he would grow soon to

contemn his manhood, and hate those more richly endowed. He would not escape the fear and

sorrow of his swift mortality that is his lot upon Earth, in Arda Marred, but would be burdened by it

unbearably to the loss of all delight.

But if any should ask: why could not in Aman the blessing of longevity be granted to him, as

it was to the Eldar? This must be answered. Because this would bring joy to the Eldar, their nature

being different from that of Men. The nature of an Elvish *fëa* was to endure the world to the end, and an Elvish *hroa* was also longeval by nature; so that an Elvish *fëa* finding that its *hroa* endured with it, supporting its indwelling and remaining unwearied in bodily delight, would have increased

and more lasting joy [*sic*]. Some indeed of the Eldar doubt that any special grace or blessing was accorded to them, other than admittance to Aman. For they hold that the failure of their *hröar* to endure in vitality unwearied as long as their *fear* - a process which was not observed until the later ages - is due to the Marring of Arda, and comes of the Shadow, and of the taint of Melkor that

touches all the matter (or *hröa*) of Arda, if not indeed of all Ëa.

So that all that happened in Aman was that this weakness of the Elvish *hröar* did not develop

in the health of Aman and the Light of the Trees.

But let us suppose that the 'blessing of Aman' was also accorded to Men. * What then? Would a great good be done to them? Their bodies would still come swiftly to full growth. In the seventh

part of a year a Man could be born and become full-grown, as swiftly as in Aman a bird would

hatch and fly from the nest. But then it would not wither or age but would endure in vigour and in

the delight of bodily living. But what of that Man's *fëa?* Its nature and 'doom' could not be changed, neither by the health of Aman nor by the will of Manwë himself. Yet it is (as the Eldar hold) its

nature and doom under the will of Eru that it should *not* endure Arda for long, but should depart and go elsewhither, returning maybe direct to Eru for another fate or purpose that is beyond the

knowledge or guess of the Eldar.

Very soon then the *fëa* and *hröa* of a Man in Aman would not be united and at peace, but

would be opposed, to the great pain of both. The *hröa* being in full vigour and joy of life would cling to the *fëa,* lest its departure should bring death; and against death it would revolt as would a great beast in full life either flee from the hunter or turn savagely upon him. But the *fëa* would be as it were in prison, becoming ever more weary of all the delights of the *hröa,* until they were

loathsome to it, longing ever more and more to be gone, until even those matters for its thought that

it received through the *hröa* and its senses became meaningless. The Man would not be blessed, but accursed; and he would curse the Valar and Aman and all the things of Arda. And he would not

willingly leave Aman, for that would mean rapid death, and he would have to be thrust forth with

violence. But if he remained in Aman, what should he come to, ere Arda were at last fulfilled and he

found release? Either his *fëa* would be wholly dominated by the *hröa,* and he would become more like a beast, though one tormented within. Or else, if his *fëa* were strong, it would leave the *hröa,* Then one of two things would happen: either this would be accomplished only in hate, by violence,

and the *hroa*, in full life, would be rent and die in sudden agony; or else the *fëa* would in loathing and without pity desert the *hroa,* and it would live on, a witless body, not even a beast but a

* Or (as some Men hold) that their *hröar* are *not* by nature short-lived, but have become so through the malice of Melkor over and above the general marring of Arda, and that this hurt could be healed and undone in Aman.

monster, a very work of Melkor in the midst of Aman, which the Valar themselves would fain

destroy.

Now these things are but matters of thought, and might-have-beens; for Eru and the Valar

under Him have not permitted Men as they are to dwell in Aman. Yet at least it may be seen that

Men in Aman would not escape the dread of death, but would have it in greater degree and for long

ages. And moreover, it seems probable that death

itself, either in agony or horror, would with Men

enter into Aman itself.

– 314 –

Second Prophecy of Mandos

Thus spake Mandos in prophecy, when the Valar sat in judgement in Valinor, and the rumour

of his words was whispered among all the Elves of the West:

“When the world is old and the Powers grow weary, then Morgoth, seeing that the guard

sleepeth, shall come back through the Door of Night out of the Timeless Void; and he shall destroy

the Sun and Moon. But Earendel shall descend upon him as a white and searing flame and drive

him from the airs. Then shall the Last Battle be gathered on the fields of Valinor. In that day Tulkas

shall strive with Morgoth, and on his right hand shall be Eonwe, and on his left Turin Turambar, son

of Hurin, returning from the Doom of Men at the ending of the world; and the black sword of Turin

shall deal unto Morgoth his death and final end; and so shall the children of Hurin and all Men be

avenged.

Thereafter shall Earth be broken and re-made, and the Silmarils shall be recovered out of Air

and Earth and Sea; for Earendel shall descend and surrender that flame which he hath had in

keeping. Then Feanor shall take the Three Jewels and bear them to Yavanna Palurien; and he will

break them and with their fire Yavanna will rekindle the Two Trees, and a great light shall come

forth. And the Mountains of Valinor shall be levelled, so that the Light shall go out over all the

world.

In that light the Gods will grow young again, and the Elves awake and all their dead arise, and

the purpose of Iluvatar be fulfilled concerning them. But of Men in that day the prophecy of

Mandos doth not speak, and no Man it names, save Turin only, and to him a place is given among

the sons of the Valar."

NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION

The following note is intended simply to clarify a few main features in the pronunciation of names in the Elvish languages, and is by no means exhaustive. For full information on the subject see *The Lord of the Rings* Appendix E.

CONSONANTS

C

always has the value of *k,* never of *s;* thus *Celeborn* is *'Keleborn'* not *'Seleborn'.* In a few cases, as *Tulkas,*

Kementári a *k* has been used in the spelling in this book.

CH

always has the value of *ch* in Scotch *loch* or German *buch,* never that of *ch* in English *church.* Examples are *Carcharoth. Erchamion.*

DH

is always used to represent the sound of a voiced ('soft') *th* in English, that is the *th* in *then,* not the *th* in *thin.*

Examples are *Maedhros, Aredhel, Haudh-en-Arwen.*

G

always has the sound of English *g* in *get;* thus *Region, Eregion* are not pronounced like English *region,* and the first syllable of *Ginglith* is as in English *begin* not as in *gin.*

Consonants written twice are pronounced long; thus *Yavanna* has the long n heard in English *unnamed, penknife,* not the short n in *unaimed, penny.*

VOWELS

AI

has the sound of English *eye;* thus the second syllable of *Edain* is like English *dine,* not *Dane.*

AU

has the value of English *ow* in *town;* thus the first syllable of *Aulë* is like English *owl,* and the first syllable of *Sauron* is like English *sour,* not *sore.*

EI as

in

Teiglin has the sound of English *grey*.

IE

should not be pronounced as in English *piece,* but with both the vowels *i* and *e* sounded, and run together; thus *Ni-enna,* not *'Neena'*.

UI as

in

Uinen has the sound of English *ruin.*

AE as

in

Aegnor, Nirnaeth, and OE as in *Noegyth, Loeg,* are combinations of the individual vowels, *a–e, o–e,* but *ae* may be pronounced in the same way as *ai,* and *oe* as in English *toy*

EA and EO

are not run together, but constitute two syllables; these combinations are written *ea* and *eo* (or, when they begin names, *Eä* and *Eo: Eärendil, Eönwë*) .

U

in names like *Húrin, Túrin, Túna* should be pronounced *oo;* thus ' *Toorin*' not ' *Tyoorin*' .

ER, IR, UR

before a consonant (as in *Nerdanel, Círdan, Gurthang)* or at the end of a word (as in *Ainur)* should not be pronounced as in English *fern, fir, fur,* but as in English *air, eer, oor.*

E

at the end of words is always pronounced as a distinct vowel, and in this position is written *e.* It is likewise always pronounced in the middle of words like *Celeborn, Menegroth.*

A circumflex accent in stressed monosyllables in Sindarin denotes the particularly long vowel heard in such words (thus *Hîn Húrin);* but in Adûnaic (Númenórean) and Khuzdul (Dwarvish) names the circumflex is simply used to denote long vowels.

INDEX OF NAMES

Since the number of names in the book is very large, this index provides, in addition to page-references, a short statement concerning each person and place. These statements are not epitomes of all that is said in the text, and for most of the central figures in the narrative are kept extremely brief; but such an index is inevitably bulky, and I have reduced its size in various ways.

The chief of these concerns the fact that very often the English translation of an Elvish name is also used as the name independently; thus for example the dwelling of King Thingol is called both *Menegroth* and 'The Thousand Caves' (and also both together). In most such cases I have combined the Elvish name and its translated meaning under one entry, with the result that the page-references are not restricted to the name that appears as the heading (e.g., those under *Echoriath* include those to 'Encircling Mountains'). The English renderings are given separate headings, but only with a simple direction to the main entry, and only if they occur independently. Words in inverted commas are translations; many of these occur in the text (as *Tol Eressëa* 'the Lonely Isle'), but I have added a great many others.

Information about some names that are not translated is contained in the Appendix.

With the many titles and formal expressions in English whose Elvish originals are not given, such as 'the Elder King' and 'the Two Kindreds', I have been selective, but the great majority are registered. The references are in intention complete (and sometimes include pages where the subject of the entry occurs but is not actually mentioned by name) except in a very few cases where the name occurs very frequently indeed, as *Beleriand, Valar*. Here the word *passim* is used, but selected references are given to important passages; and in the entries for some of the Noldorin princes the many occurrences of the name that relate only to their sons or their houses have been eliminated.

References to *The Lord of the Rings* are by title of the volume, book, and chapter.

Adanedhel

'Elf-Man', name given to Túrin in Nargothrond. 258

Adunakhôr

'Lord of the West', name taken by the nineteenth King of Númenor, the first to do so in the Adûnaic

(Númenórean) tongue; his name in Quenya was Herunúmen. 330

Adurant

The sixth and most southerly of the tributaries of Gelion in Ossiriand. The name means 'double

stream', referring to its divided course about the island of Tol Galen. 147, 229, 290

Aeglos

'Snow-point', the spear of Gil-galad. 364

Aegnor

The fourth son of Finarfin, who with his brother Angrod held the northern slopes of Dorthonion; slain

in the Dagor Bragollach. The name means 'Fell Fire', 64,94, 141, 180-82

Aelin-uial

'Meres of Twilight', where Aros flowed into Sirion. 133,145, 203, 267, 285

Aerandir

'Sea-wanderer', one of the three mariners who accompanied Eärendil on his voyages. 307

Aerin

A kinswoman of Húrin in Dor-lómin; taken as wife by Brodda the Easterling; aided Morwen after the

Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 243, 264

Aftercomers

The Younger Children of Ilúvatar, Men; translation of *Hildor,* 92-3, 114

Agarwaen

'Blood-stained', name given to himself by Túrin when he came to Nargothrond. 257

Aglarond

'The Glittering Cavern' of Helm's Deep in Ered Nimrais (see *The Two Towers* III 8). 361

Aglon

'The Narrow Pass', between Dorthonion and the heights to the west of Himring. 147, 161, 183-4

Ainulindalë

'The Music of the Ainur', also called *The (Great) Music, The (Great) Song.* 3-9, 18, 21, 37-8, 43-4, 50, 74, 121, 251. Also the name of the account of Creation said to have been composed by Rúmil of Tirion in the Elder Days. 82

Ainur

'The Holy Ones' (singular *Ainu)',* the first beings created by Ilúvatar, the 'order' of the Valar and Maiar, made before Eä. 3-9, 18, 21, 41, 44, 58, 121, 251, 288

Akallabêth

'The Downfallen', Adûnaic (Númenórean) word equivalent in meaning to Quenya *Atalantë.* 347 Also

the title of the account of the Downfall of Númenor. 359,360

Alcarinquë

'The Glorious', name of a star. 48

Alcarondas

The great ship of Ar-Pharazôn in which he sailed to Aman. 343

Aldaron

'Lord of Trees', a Quenya name of the Vala Oromë; cf. *Tauron. 22*

Aldudénië

'Lament for the Two Trees', made by a Vanyarin Elf named Elemmírë. 84

Almaren The first abode of the Valar in Arda, before the second onslaught of Melkor: an isle in a great lake in the midst of Middle-earth. 30-1, 117

Alqualondë

'Haven of the Swans', the chief city and haven of the Teleri on the shores of Aman. 63-5, 79, 97, 100,

120, 130, 154, 188, 309, 311

Aman

'Blessed, free from evil', the name of the land in the West, beyond the Great Sea, in which the Valar

dwelt after they had left the Isle of Almaren. Often referred to as *the Blessed Realm. Passim;* see especially 32, 66, 326

Amandil 'Lover of Aman'; the last lord of Andúnië in Númenor, descendant of Elros and father of Elendil; set out on a voyage to Valinor and did not return. 335-7, 340-1, 346, 362

Amarië

Vanyarin Elf, beloved of Finrod Felagund, who remained in Valinor. 155

317

Amlach

Son of Imlach son of Marach; a leader of dissension among the Men of Estolad who, repenting, took

service with Maedhros. 173-4

Amon Amarth

'Mount Doom', the name given to Orodruin when its fires awoke again after Sauron's return from

Númenor. 363, 377

Amon Ereb

'The Lonely Hill' (also simply *Ereb),* between Ramdal and the river Gelion in East Beleriand. 110, 146, 184

Amon Ethir

'The Hill of Spies', raised by Finrod Felagund to the east of the doors of Nargothrond. 267-8

Amon Gwareth The hill upon which Gondolin was built, in the midst of the plain of Tumladen. 151, 163, 296, 299

Amon Obel

A hill in the midst of the Forest of Brethil, on which was built Ephel Brandir. 249, 266, 270

Amon Rûdh

'The Bald Hill', a lonely height in the lands south of Brethil; abode of Mîm, and lair of Túrin's outlaw band. 246-52, 284

Amon Sûl

'Hill of the Wind', in the Kingdom of Arnor ('Weathertop' in *The Lord of the Rings).* 362

Amon Uilos

Sindarin name of Oiolossë. 32

Amras

Twin-brother of Amrod, youngest of the sons of Fëanor; slain with Amrod in the attack on Eärendil's

people at the Mouths of Sirion. 63, 93, 148, 170, 184, 305

Amrod

See

Amras.

Anach

Pass leading down from Taur-nu-Fuin (Dorthonion) at the western end of Ered Gorgoroth. 245-6,

251-2, 299

Anadûnë 'Westernesse': name of Númenor in the Adûnaic (Númenórean) tongue (see *Númenor*). 322

Anar

Quenya name of the Sun. 114-6

Anárion

Younger son of Elendil, who with his father and his brother Isildur escaped from the Drowning of

Númenor and founded in Middle-earth the Númenórean realms in exile; lord of Minas Anor; slain in the siege of Barad-dûr. 336, 346, 360-8

Anarríma

Name of a constellation. 48

Ancalagon

Greatest of the winged dragons of Morgoth, destroyed by Eärendil. 312

Andor

'The Land of Gift': Númenor. 321, 345, 347

Andram

'The Long Wall', name of the dividing fall running across Beleriand. 109, 146

Androth

Caves in the bills of Mithrim where Tuor was fostered by the Grey-elves. 294

Anduin

'The Long River', east of the Misty Mountains; referred to also as *the Great River* and *the River*.

55,107, 329, 360-1, 364, 366, 369, 374-5

Andúnië City and haven on the west coast of Númenor. 322, 331-2, 335. For the Lords of Andúnië see 331

Anfauglir

A name of the wolf Carcharoth, translated in the text as 'Jaws of Thirst'. 218

Anfauglith

Name of the plain of Ard-galen after its desolation by Morgoth in the Battle of Sudden Flame;

translated in the text as 'the Gasping Dust'. Cf. *Dor-nu-Fauglith*. 181, 194, 215, 232-4, 241, 254-5, 261, 280, 311

Angainor

The chain wrought by Aulë with which Melkor was twice bound. 52, 312

Angband

'Iron Prison, Hell of Iron', the great dungeon-fortress of Morgoth in the Northwest of Middle-earth.

Passim; see especially 47, 90, 109, 139, 217. *The Siege of Angband* 36, 139-40, 144, 148, 158, 182, 192, 202

Anghabar

'Iron-delvings', a mine in the Encircling Mountains about the plain of Gondolin. 166

Anglachel

The sword made from meteoric iron that Thingol received from Eöl and which he gave to Beleg; after

its reforging for Túrin named *Gurthang.* 247, 253-57

Angrenost

'Iron Fortress', Númenórean fortress on the west borders of Gondor, afterwards inhabited by the

wizard Curunír (Saruman); see *Isengard.* 361

Angrim

Father of Gorlim the Unhappy. 195

Angrist

'Iron-cleaver', the knife made by Telchar of Nogrod, taken from Curufin by Beren and used by him to

cut the Silmaril from Morgoth's crown. 215, 219

Angrod

The third son of Finarfin, who with his brother Aegnor held the northern slopes of Dorthonion; slain

in the Dagor Bragollach. 64, 94, 130-1, 141, 154, 180-2, 260

Anguirel

Eöl's sword, made of the same metal as Anglachel. 247

Annael

Grey-elf of Mithrim, fosterfather of Tuor. 294

Annatar

'Lord of Gifts', name given to himself by Sauron in the Second Age, in that time when he appeared in

a fair form among the Eldar who remained in Middle-earth. 355

Annon-in-Gelydh 'Gate of the Noldor', entrance to a subterranean watercourse in the western hills of Dor-lómin, leading to Cirith Ninniach. 294

Annúminas

'Tower of the West' (i.e. of Westernesse, Númenor); city of the Kings of Arnor beside Lake Nenuial.

360, 362, 367

Anor

See

Minas Anor.

Apanónar

'The Afterborn', an Elvish name for Men. 119

Aradan

Sindarin name of Malach, son of Marach. 172, 177

Aragorn The thirty-ninth Heir of Isildur in the direct line; King of the reunited realms of Arnor and Gondor after the War of the Ring; wedded Arwen, daughter of Elrond. 377. Called *the Heir of Isildur* 377

Araman

Barren wasteland on the coast of Aman, between the Pelóri and the Sea, extending northward to the

Helcaraxë. 79, 88, 97,101, 116-7,123, 129, 297

Aranel

Name of Dior Thingol's Heir. 229

Aranrúth

'King's Ire', the name of Thingol's sword. Aranrúth survived the ruin of Doriath and was possessed by

the Kings of Númenor. 247

Aranwë

Elf of Gondolin, father of Voronwë. 295

Aratan

Second son of Isildur, slain with him at the Gladden Fields. 366

Aratar

'The Exalted', the eight Valar of greatest power. 23

Arathorn

Father of Aragorn. 377

Arda

'The Realm', name of the Earth as the Kingdom of Manwë. *Passim;* see especially 8, 12

Ard-galen

The great grassy plain north of Dorthonion, called after its desolation *Anfauglith* and *Dor-nu-Fauglith.* The name means 'the Green Region'; cf. *Calenardhon* (Rohan). 124, 135-6, 144, 181

Aredhel

'Noble Elf', the sister of Turgon of Gondolin, who was ensnared by Eöl in Nan Elmoth and bore to

him Maeglin; called also *Ar-Feiniel,* the White Lady of the Noldor, the White Lady of Gondolin. 64, 156-65, 247

Ar-Feiniel See

Aredhel.

Ar-Gimilzôr

Twenty-second King of Númenor, persecutor of the Elendili. 331-2

Argonath

'King-stones', the Pillars of the Kings, great carvings of Isildur and Anárion on the Anduin at the

entrance to the northern bounds of Gondor (see *The Fellowship of the Ring* II 9). 361, 369

Arien

A Maia, chosen by the Valar to guide the vessel of the Sun. 114-7

Armenelos

City of the Kings in Númenor. 322, 324, 333-7, 361

Arminas See *Gelmir* (2).

Arnor

'Land of the King', the northern realm of the Númenóreans in Middle-earth, established by Elendil

after his escape from the Drowning of Númenor. 361-2, 377

Aros

The southern river of Doriath. 109, 131, 145, 147-8, 157, 158, 176, 287-9

Arossiach

The Fords of Aros, near the north-eastern edge of Doriath. 145, 158, 162

Ar-Pharazôn

'The Golden', twenty-fourth and last King of Númenor; named in Quenya *Tar-Calion;* captor of

Sauron, by whom he was seduced; commander of the great fleet that went against Aman. 333-47

Ar-Sakalthôr

Father of Ar-Gimilzôr. 331

Arthad

One of the twelve companions of Barahir on Dorthonion. 187

Arvernien

The coastlands of Middle-earth west of Sirion's mouths. Cf. Bilbo's song at Rivendell: 'Eärendil was a

mariner that tarried in Arvernien…' (*The Fellowship of the Ring* II 1). 302

Ar-Zimraphel

See *Míriel* (2) .

Ascar

The most northerly of the tributaries of Gelion in Ossiriand (afterwards called *Rathlóriel)*. The name means 'rushing, impetuous'. 104, 146-8, 167, 174, 291

Astaldo

'The Valiant', name of the Vala Tulkas. 22

Atalantë 'The Downfallen'. Quenya word equivalent in meaning to *Akallabêth,* 347

Atanamir See

Tar-Atanamir.

Atanatári

'Fathers of Men'; see *Atani.* 120, 232

Atani

'The Second People', Men (singular *Atan).* For the origin of the name see 171; since in Beleriand for a

long time the only Men known to the Noldor and Sindar were those of the Three Houses of the Elf-friends, this name (in the Sindarin form *Adan,* plural *Edain)* became specially associated with them, so that it was seldom applied to other Men who came later to Beleriand, or who were reported to be dwelling beyond the Mountains. But in the speech of Ilúvatar (41) the meaning is 'Men (in general)'. 38, 119, 171; *Edain,* 171-2, 176-9, 189-90, 238, 241, 292, 319-21, 347

Aulë

A Vala, one of the Aratar, the smith and master of crafts, spouse of Yavanna; see especially 20, 23,

and for his making of the Dwarves 40 ff., 8-9, 18, 20, 23-4, 26, 30, 35, 37, 40-5, 51, 54, 62, 65, 69, 75, 87, 95, 104, 113, 321

Avallónë Haven and city of the Eldar on Tol Eressëa, so named, according to the *Akallabêth,* 'for it is of all cities the nearest to Valinor'. 320, 325, 332, 344, 348-9, 362, 368

Avari

'The Unwilling, the Refusers', the name given to all those Elves who refused to join the westward

march from Cuiviénen. See *Eldar* and *Dark Elves.* 53, 107, 113,355

Avathar

'The Shadows', the forsaken land on the coast of Aman south of the Bay of Eldamar, between the

Pelóri and the Sea, where Melkor met Ungoliant 80-1, 88,116

Azaghâl

Lord of the Dwarves of Belegost; wounded Glaurung in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad, and was killed by

him. 236

Balan

The name of Bëor the Old before he took service with Finrod. 170

Balar

The great bay to the south of Beleriand into which the river Sirion flowed. 52, 56, 59, 60, 142. Also

the isle in the bay, said to have been the eastern horn of Tol Eressëa that broke away, where Círdan and Gil-galad dwelt after the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 59, 105, 144, 192, 239, 302, 304-5

Balrog

'Demon of Might', Sindarin form (Quenya *Valarauko)* of the name of the demons of fire that served Morgoth. 26, 46, 90, 125, 144, 182, 202, 235, 300-1

Barad-dûr

'The Dark Tower' of Sauron in Mordor. 329, 334, 347, 363, 365, 375, 377

Barad Eithel

'Tower of the Well', the fortress of the Noldor at Eithel Sirion. 233

Barad Nimras

'White Horn Tower', raised by Finrod Felagund on the cape west of Eglarest, 142, 239

Baragund

Father of Morwen the wife of Húrin; nephew of Barahir and one of his twelve companions on

Dorthonion. 177, 187, 194, 242, 311

Barahir

Father of Beren; rescued Finrod Felagund in the Dagor Bragollach, and received from him his ring;

slain on Dorthonion. For the later history of the ring of Barahir, which became an heirloom of the House of Isildur, see *The Lord of the Rings* Appendix A (I, iii). 121, 177, 182-3, 186-7, 194-7, 201-5, 226, 229, 243. 285, 311

Baran

Elder son of Bëor the Old. 170-1

Baranduin

'The Brown River' in Eriador, flowing into the Sea south of the Blue Mountains; the Brandywine of

the Shire in *The Lord of the Rings.* 360

Bar-en-Danwedh 'House of Ransom', the name that Mîm the Dwarf gave to his dwelling on Amon Rûdh when he yielded it to Túrin. 248, 252

Battles of Beleriand

The first battle: 96. The second battle (the Battle-under-Stars): see *Dagor-nuin-Giliath.* The

third battle (the Glorious Battle): see *Dagor Aglareb.*

The fourth battle (the Battle of Sudden Flame): see *Dagor Bragollach.* The fifth battle (Unnumbered Tears): see *Nirnaeth Arnoediad. The Great Battle:* 311-2

Bauglir

A name of Morgoth: 'the Constrainer'. 120, 243, 259, 286, 315

Beleg

A great archer and chief of the marchwardens of Doriath; called *Cúthalion* 'Strongbow'; friend and companion of Túrin, by whom he was slain. 190, 225-6, 230, 243-8, 251-7, 278

Belegaer

'The Great Sea' of the West, between Middle-earth and Aman. Named *Belegaer* 32, 100, 295; but very frequently called *the (Great) Sea,* also *the Western Sea* and *the Great Water.*

Belegost 'Great Fortress', one of the two cities of the Dwarves in the Blue Mountains; translation into Sindarin of Dwarvish *Gabilgathol.* See *Mickleburg.* 104, 107, 132, 158, 231, 236, 250, 285, 288

Belegund

Father of Rían the wife of Huor; nephew of Barahir and one of his twelve companions on

Dorthonion. 177, 187, 194, 242

Beleriand

The name was said to have signified 'the country of Balar', and to have been given at first to the lands about the mouths of Sirion that faced the Isle of Balar. Later the name spread to include all the

ancient coast of the Northwest of Middle-earth south of the Firth of Drengist, and all the inner lands south of Hithlum and eastwards to the feet of the Blue Mountains, divided by the river Sirion into East and West Beleriand. Beleriand was broken in the turmoils at the end of the First Age, and invaded by the sea, so that only Ossiriand (Lindon) remained. *Passim;* see especially 142-8, 313, 354-5

Belfalas

Region on the southern coast of Gondor looking on to the great bay of the same name; *Bay of*

Belfalas 361

Belthil

'Divine radiance', the image of Telperion made by Turgon in Gondolin. 151

Belthronding

The bow of Beleg Cúthalion, which was buried with him. 256

Bëor

Called the Old; leader of the first Men to enter Beleriand; vassal of Finrod Felagund; progenitor of

the House of Bëor (called also *the Eldest House of Men* and *the First House of the Edain*); see *Balan.* 167-72, 177-80, 204. *House of, People of, Bëor* 172-4, 177, 183, 189-90, 194

Bereg

Grandson of Baran son of Bëor the Old (this is not stated in the text); a leader of dissension among

the Men of Estolad; went back over the mountains

into Eriador. 173-4

Beren

Son of Barahir; cut a Silmaril from Morgoth's crown to be the bride-price of Lúthien Thingol's

daughter, and was slain by Carcharoth the wolf of Angband; but returning from the dead, alone of mortal Men, lived afterwards with Lúthien on Tol Galen in Ossiriand, and fought with the Dwarves at Sarn Athrad. Great-grandfather of Elrond and Elros and ancestor of the Númenórean Kings. Called also *Camlost, Erchamion,* and *One-hand.* 121, 147, 177, 187, 194-206, 208-30, 242, 258, 285, 290-1, 305

Black Land See

Mordor.

Black Sword See

Mormegil.

Black Years

See 359, 365

Blessed Realm See

Aman.

Blue Mountains See

Ered Luin and *Ered Lindon.*

Bor

A chieftain of the Easterlings, follower with his three sons of Maedhros and Maglor. 189, 231. *Sons of Bor* 235

Borlach

One of the three sons of Bor; slain with his brothers in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 189

Borlad

One of the three sons of Bor; see *Borlach.*

Boromir

Great-grandson of Bëor the Old, grandfather of Barahir father of Beren; first lord of Ladros. 177

Boron

Father of Boromir. 177

Borthand

One of the three sons of Bor; see *Borlach.*

Bragollach See

Dagor Bragollach.

Brandir

Called the Lame; ruler of the People of Haleth after the death of Handir his father; enamoured of

Nienor; slain by Túrin. 266, 271-7

Bregolas Father of Baragund and Belegund; slain in the Dagor Bragollach. 177,182, 187

Bregor

Father of Barahir and Bregolas. 177

Brethil

The forest between the rivers Teiglin and Sirion,

dwelling-place of the Haladin (the People of

Haleth). 142, 176, 187, 190-2, 214, 231, 234, 238, 246, 249, 251, 260, 266, 269-72, 277-8, 282-3

Bridge of Esgalduin See

Iant Iaur.

Brilthor

'Glittering Torrent', the fourth of the tributaries of Gelion in Ossiriand. 147

Brithiach

The ford over Sirion north of the Forest of Brethil. 157, 163, 176, 190, 253, 281, 282

Brithombar

The northern of the Havens of the Falas on the coast of Beleriand. 60, 125, 142, 239, 304

Brithon

The river that flowed into the Great Sea at Brithombar. 239

Brodda

An Easterling in Hithlum after the Nirnaeth Arnoediad who took as wife Aerin, kinswoman of Húrin;

slain by Túrin. 243, 264

Cabed-en-Aras Deep gorge in the river Teiglin, where Túrin slew Glaurung, and where Nienor leapt to her death; see *Cabed Naeramarth.* 272, 275, 278

Cabed Naeramarth

'Leap of Dreadful Doom', name given to *Cabed-en-*

Aras after Nienor leapt from its cliffs.

276, 282

Calacirya

'Cleft of Light', the pass made in the mountains of the Pelóri, in which was raised the green hill of

Túna. 62, 65, 79, 101, 117-8, 307

Calaquendi

'Elves of the Light', those Elves who lived or had lived in Aman (the High Elves). See *Moriquendi*

and *Dark Elves,* 54, 58, 121, 125

Calenardhon

'The Green Province', name of Rohan when it was the northern part of Gondor; cf. *Ard-galen.* 369

Camlost

'Empty-handed', name taken by Beren after his return to King Thingol without the Silmaril. 221, 226

Caragdûr

The precipice on the north side of Amon Gwareth (the hill of Gondolin) from which Eöl was cast to

his death. 165

Caranthir

The fourth son of Fëanor, called the Dark; 'the harshest of the brothers and the most quick to anger';

ruled in Thargelion; slain in the assault on Doriath. 63, 93, 131-2, 148, 154, 158, 171, 184, 189, 292

Carcharoth

The great wolf of Angband that bit off the hand of Beren bearing the Silmaril; slain by Huan in

Doriath. The name is translated in the text as 'the Red Maw'. Called also *Anfauglir.* 218-20, 223-6

Cardolan

Region in the south of Eriador, a part of the Kingdom of Arnor. 360

Carnil

Name of a (red) star. 48

Celeborn (1)

'Tree of Silver', name of the Tree of Tol Eressëa, a scion of Galathilion. *62,* 324

Celeborn (2)

Elf of Doriath, kinsman of Thingol; wedded Galadriel and with her remained in Middle-earth after the

end of the First Age. 134-5, 290, 315, 370

Celebrant

'Silver Lode', river running from Mirrormere through Lothlórien to join the Anduin. 370

Celebrimbor

'Hand of Silver', son of Curufin, who remained in Nargothrond when his father was expelled. In the

Second Age greatest of the smiths of Eregion; maker of the Three Rings of the Elves; slain by Sauron. 214, 355, 357

Celebrindal 'Silverfoof';

see

Idril.

Celebros 'Silver Foam' or 'Silver Rain', a stream in Brethil falling down to Teiglin near the Crossings. 270

Celegorm

The third son of Fëanor, called the Fair; until the Dagor Bragollach lord of the region of Himlad with

Curufin his brother; dwelt in Nargothrond and imprisoned Lúthien; master of Huan the wolfhound; slain by Dior in Menegroth. 63, 65-6, 93, 124, 147, 157-8, 161, 183, 204-6, 208-9, 213-5, 223, 230, 292, 355

Celon

River flowing southwest from the Hill of Himring, a tributary of Aros. The name means 'stream

flowing down from heights'. 109, 148, 158, 161, 170, 176, 188

Children of Ilúvatar Also

Children of Eru: translations of *Hini Ilúvataro, Eruhini;* the Firstborn and the

Followers, Elves and Men. Also *The Children, Children of the Earth, Children of the World. Passim;* see especially 7-8, 37-8

Círdan

'The Shipwright'; Telerin Elf, lord of the Falas (coasts of West Beleriand); at the destruction of the

Havens after the Nirnaeth Arnoediad escaped with Gil-galad to the Isle of Balar; during the Second and Third Ages keeper of the Grey Havens in the Gulf of Lhûn; at the coming of Mithrandir entrusted to him Narya, the Ring of Fire. 60, 103-4, 110, 124, 133, 142, 153, 194, 239-40, 260, 302, 304-5, 315, 366, 370-3, 378

Cirith Ninniach 'Rainbow Cleft', by which Tuor came to the Western Sea; see *Annon-in-Gelydh.* 294

Cirith Thoronath 'Eagles' Cleft', a high pass in the mountains north of Gondolin, where Glorfindel fought with a Balrog and fell into the abyss. 301

Cirth

The Runes, first devised by Daeron of Doriath. 108

Ciryon

Third son of Isildur, slain with him at the Gladden Fields. 366

Corollaírë

'The Green Mound' of the Two Trees in Valinor; also called *Ezellohar.* 33

Crissaegrim

The mountain-peaks south of Gondolin, where were the eyries of Thorondor. 144, 186, 191, 221, 246,

281

Crossings of Teiglin

In the southwest of the Forest of Brethil, where the old road southward from the Pass of

Sirion crossed the Teiglin. 176, 252, 267, 269, 275, 277, 282

Cuiviénen

'Water of Awakening', the lake in Middle-earth where the first Elves awoke, and where they were

found by Oromë. 48, 50-4, 57, 92, 114, 288

Culúrien A name of Laurelin. 33

Curufin

The fifth son of Fëanor, called the Crafty; father of Celebrimbor. For the origin of his name see

Fëanor; and for his history see *Celegorm.* 63, 93, 147, 157, 161-2, 183, 204-5, 208-9, 213-5, 222-3, 230,292, 355

Curufinwë See

Fëanor. 67, 75

Curunír

'The one of cunning devices'. Elvish name of Saruman, one of the Istari (Wizards). 372-7

Cúthalion 'Strongbow';

see

Beleg.

Daeron

Minstrel and chief loremaster of King Thingol; deviser of the Cirth (Runes); enamoured of Lúthien

and twice betrayed her. 108, 133, 200, 208, 222, 314

Dagnir

One of the twelve companions of Barahir on Dorthonion. 187

Dagnir Glaurunga

'Glaurung's Bane', Túrin. 177, 278

Dagor Aglareb 'The Glorious Battle', third of the great battles in the Wars of Beleriand. 135-6, 139, 149

Dagor Bragollach

'The Battle of Sudden Flame' (also simply *the Bragollach*), fourth of the great battles in the

Wars of Beleriand. 181, 187, 190, 193, 230, 233, 239, 260

Dagorlad

'Battle Plain', the place of the great battle north of Mordor between Sauron and the Last Alliance of

Elves and Men at the end of the Second Age. 364, 367

Dagor-nuin-Giliath

'The Battle-under-Stars', the second battle in the Wars of Beleriand, fought in Mithrim after

the coming of Fëanor to Middle-earth. 124

Dairuin

One of the twelve companions of Barahir on Dorthonion. 187

Dark Elves

In the language of Aman all Elves that did not cross

the Great Sea were Dark Elves (*Moriquendi*) , and the term is sometimes used thus, 121, 131; when Caranthir called Thingol a Dark Elf it was intended

opprobriously, and was especially so, since Thingol had been to Aman 'and was not accounted among the

Moriquendi' (56). But in the period of the Exile of the Noldor it was often used of the Elves of Middle-earth other than the Noldor and the Sindar, and is then virtually equivalent to Avari (120, 146, 168). Different again is the title Dark Elf of the Sindarin Elf Eöl, 158, 162, 247; but at 164 Turgon no doubt meant that Eöl was of the *Moriquendi.*

Dark Lord, The The term is used of Morgoth, 280, and of Sauron, 359, 371, 375

Day of Flight See

359

Deathless Lands See *Undying Lands.*

Deldúwath

One of the later names of Dorthonion (Taur-nu-Fuin), meaning 'Horror of Night-shadow'. 186

Denethor

Son of Lenwë; leader of the Nandorin Elves that came at last over the Blue Mountains and dwelt in

Ossiriand; slain on Amon Ereb in the First Battle of Beleriand. 56, 108-9,146

Dimbar

The land between the rivers Sirion and Mindeb. 144, 157, 191, 214, 246-7, 251-3, 281

Dimrost

The falls of Celebros in the Forest of Brethil; translated in the text as 'the Rainy Stair'. Afterwards

called *Nen Girith.* 270

Dior

Called

Aranel, and also *Eluchíl* 'Thingol's Heir'; son of Beren and Lúthien and father of Elwing, Elrond's mother; came to Doriath from Ossiriand after the death of Thingol, and received the Silmaril after the death of Beren and Lúthien; slain in Menegroth by the sons of Fëanor. 229, 290-3, 297, 302, 305, 310, 314

Dispossessed, The

The House of Fëanor. 99, 130

Del Guldur

'Hill of Sorcery', fastness of the Necromancer (Sauron) in southern Mirkwood in the Third Age. 372-5

Dolmed

'Wet Head' a great mountain in the Ered Luin, near the Dwarf-cities of Nogrod and Belegost 104, 110,

236, 290

Dor Caranthir

'Land of Caranthir'; see *Thargelion.* 148, 174, 184

Dor-Cúarthol

'Land of Bow and Helm', name of the country defended by Beleg and Túrin from their lair on Amon

Rûdh. 252

Dor Daedeloth 'Land of the Shadow of Horror', the land of Morgoth in the north. 124, 127, 130

Dor Dínen

'The Silent Land', where nothing dwelt, between the upper waters of Esgalduin and Aros. 145

Dor Firn-i-Guinar

'Land of the Dead that Live', name of that region in Ossiriand where Beren and Lúthien

dwelt after their return. 229, 291

Doriath

'Land of the Pence' (*Dor Iath*) , referring to the Girdle of Melian, earlier called Eglador; the kingdom of Thingol and Melian in the forests of Neldoreth and Region, ruled from Menegroth on the river Esgalduin. Also called *the Hidden Kingdom. Passim;* see especially 111, 144-5

Dorlas

A Man of the Haladin in Brethil; went with Túrin and Hunthor to the attack on Glaurung, but

withdrew in fear; slain by Brandir the Lame. 266, 271-2, 276. The wife of Dorlas, not named, 276.

Dor-lómin

Region in the south of Hithlum, the territory of Fingon, given as a fief to the House of Hador; the

home of Húrin and Morwen. 101, 140-2, 177, 187, 191-3, 232, 237, 242-4, 251, 257, 260, 263-7, 276-7, 282, 284, 286, 294. *The Lady of Dor-lómin:* Morwen. 242

Dor-nu-Fauglith 'Land under Choking Ash'; see *Anfauglith.* 184, 221

Dorthonion

'Land of Pines', the great forested highlands on the northern borders of Beleriand, afterwards called

Taur-nu-Fuin. Cf. Tree-beard's song in *The Two Towers* III 4: 'To the pine-trees upon the highland of Dorthonion I climbed in the Winter…' 52, 109, 124, 130, 135-7, 141-4, 146-8, 172, 177, 181-4, 186, 194-7, 231

Dragon-helm of Dor-lómin

Heirloom of the House of Hador, worn by Túrin; also called *the Helm of Hador.*

114, 251, 260, 284

Dragons 235, 300, 312, 320, 358, 371

Draugluin

The great werewolf slain by Huan at Tol-in-Gaurhoth, and in whose form Beren entered Angband.

211, 216-18

Drengist The long firth that pierced Ered Lómin, the west-fence of Hithlum. 56, 89, 101, 111, 115, 136, 140, 194

Dry River

The river that once flowed out under the Encircling Mountains from the primeval lake where was

afterwards Tumladen, the plain of Gondolin. 163, 281

Duilwen The fifth of the tributaries of Gelion in Ossiriand. 147

Dúnedain

'The Edain of the West'; see *Númenóreans.*

Dungartheb See

Nan Dungortheb.

Durin

Lord of the Dwarves of Khazad-dûm (Moria), 42, 364

Dwarf-road

Road leading down into Beleriand from the cities of Nogrod and Belegost, and crossing Gelion at the

ford of Sarn Athrad. 167, 171, 174

Dwarrowdelf

'Delving of the Dwarves': translation of *Khazad-dûm* (*Hadhodrond*) . 104

Dwarves 40-2, 103-7, 132-4, 148, 158-61, 167, 189, 231, 236, 250, 258, 287-91, 354, 357-8, 364, 371. Referring to the *Petty-Dwarves:* 248-53, 261, 284. *Seven Fathers of the Dwarves:* 40-2, 104. For the *Necklace of the Dwarves* see *Nauglamír.* For the *Seven Rings of the Dwarves* see *Rings of Power.* See also *Naugrim.*

Eä

The World, the material Universe; *Eä,* meaning in Elvish 'It is' or 'Let it be', was the word of Ilúvatar when the World began its existence. 10, 17-8, 23, 30, 34, 40, 48-9, 58, 78, 82, 86, 95, 99, 112

Eagles

44-5, 129, 144, 149, 221, 281, 299, 343

Eärendil Called 'Halfelven', 'the Blessed', 'the Bright', and 'the Mariner'; son of Tuor and Idril Turgon's daughter; escaped from the sack of Gondolin and wedded Elwing daughter of Dior at the Mouths of Sirion; sailed with her to Aman and pleaded for help against Morgoth; set to sail the skies in his ship Vingilot bearing the Silmaril that Beren and Lúthien brought out of Angband. The name means 'Lover of the Sea'. 122, 177, 298-300, 302, 304-9, 312, 315, 319-22, 325, 334, 341, 345, 348, 354. *Lay of Eärendil* 304, 319

Eärendur (1)

A lord of Andúnië in Númenor. 331

Eärendur (2)

Tenth King of Arnor. 367

Eärnil

Thirty-second King of Gondor. 369

Eärnur

Son of Eärnil; last King of Gondor, in whom the line of Anárion came to its end. 369

Eärrámë 'Sea-wing', the name of Tuor's ship. 303

Eärwen

Daughter of Olwë of Alqualondë, Thingol's brother; wedded Finarfin of the Noldor. From Eärwen

Finrod, Orodreth, Angrod, Aegnor and Galadriel had Telerin blood and were therefore allowed entry into Doriath.

63, 130, 154

Easterlings Also

called

Swarthy Men; entered Beleriand from the East in the time after the Dagor Bragollach, and

fought on both sides in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad; given Hithlum as a dwelling-place by Morgoth, where they oppressed the remnant of the People of Hador. 189, 235, 239, 242, 264, 265, 280, 294

Echoing Mountains See

Ered Lómin.

Echoriath

'The Encircling Mountains' about the plain of Gondolin. 135, 166, 191, 281, 297-8

Echtelion

Elf-lord of Gondolin, who in the sack of the city slew and was slain by Gothmog Lord of Balrogs.

125, 237, 296, 300

Edain

See

Atani.

Edrahil

Chief of the Elves of Nargothrond who accompanied Finrod and Beren on their quest, and died in the

dungeons of Tol-in-Gaurhoth. 206

Eglador

The former name of Doriath, before it was encompassed by the Girdle of Melian; probably connected

with the name *Eglath.* 111

Eglarest The southern of the Havens of the Falas on the coast of Beleriand. 60, 109, 125, 142, 145, 239, 304

Eglath

'The Forsaken People', name given to themselves by the Telerin Elves who remained in Beleriand

seeking for Elwë (Thingol) when the main host of the Teleri departed to Aman. 60, 288

Eilinel

The wife of Gorlim the Unhappy. 165-6

Eithel Ivrin

′ Ivrin's Well', the source of the river Narog beneath Ered Wethrin. 256, 261

Eithel Sirion

'Sirion's Well', in the eastern face of Ered Wethrin, where was the great fortress of Fingolfin and

Fingon (see *Barad Eithel).* 124, 140-1, 183, 193, 232-3

Ekkaia

Elvish name of the Outer Sea, encircling Arda; referred to also as *the Outer Ocean* and *the Encircling Sea.* 32,40, 51, 65, 115-6, 121, 227

Elbereth The usual name of Varda in Sindarin, 'Star-Queen'; cf. *Elentári.* 19, 36

Eldalië

'The Elven-folk', used as equivalent to *Eldar.* 12, 54, 59, 71,150, 200, 222, 227-8, 232, 247, 315

Eldamar

'Elvenhome', the region of Aman in which the Elves dwelt; also the great Bay of the same name. 61,

65, 67, 75-6, 79-80, 97, 160, 213, 306

Eldar

According to Elvish legend the name *Eldar* 'People of the Stars' was given to all the Elves by the Vala Oromë (49). It came however to be used to refer only to the Elves of the Three Kindreds (Vanyar, Noldor, and Teleri) who set out on the great westward march from Cuiviénen (whether or not they remained in Middle-earth), and to exclude the Avari. The Elves of Aman, and all Elves who ever dwelt in Aman, were called the High Elves (*Tareldar*) and Elves of the Light (*Calaquendi*) *;* see *Dark Elves, Úmanyar. Passim;* see entry *Elves.*

Eldarin

Of the Eldar; used in reference to the language(s) of the Eldar. The occurrences of the term in fact

refer to Quenya, also called *High Eldarin* and *High-elven;* see *Quenya.*

Elder Days

The First Age; also called *the Eldest Days.* 24, 33, 119, 134, 256, 258, 285, 289, 299, 365, 377-8

Elder King

Manwë. 309, 312

Eledhwen See

Morwen.

Elemmírë (1)

Name of a star. 48

Elemmírë (2)

Vanyarin Elf, maker of the *Aldudénië,* the Lament for the Two Trees. 84

Elendë

A name of Eldamar. 65, 96, 130

Elendil

Called the Tall; son of Amandil, last lord of Andúnië in Númenor, descended from Eärendil and

Elwing but not of the direct line of the Kings; escaped with his sons Isildur and Anárion from the Drowning of Númenor and founded the Númenórean realms in Middle-earth; slain with Gil-galad in the overthrow of Sauron at the end of the Second Age. The name may be interpreted either as 'Elf-friend' (cf. *Elendili)* or as 'Star-lover'. 337, 340-2, 360-7, 370, 377. *Heirs of Elendil* 365

Elendili

'Elf-friends', name given to those Númenóreans who were not estranged from the Eldar in the days of

Tar-Ancalimon and later kings; also called *the Faithful.* 328-32, 335-7, 340-1, 361-2

Elendur

Eldest son of Isildur, slain with him at the Gladden Fields. 366

Elenna

A (Quenya) name of Númenor, 'Starwards', from the guidance of the Edain by Eärendil on their

voyage to Númenor at the beginning of the Second Age. 321, 345, 347

Elentári

'Star-Queen', a name of Varda as maker of the Stars. She is called thus in Galadriel's lament in Lórien,

The Fellowship of the Ring II 8. Cf. *Elbereth, Tintallë.* 48

Elenwë

Wife of Turgon; perished in the crossing of the Helcaraxë. 102, 160

Elerrína 'Crowned with Stars', a name of Taniquetil. 32

Elf-friends

The Men of the Three Houses of Bëor, Haleth, and Hador, the Edain. 169, 172-4, 231, 243, 311. In

the *Akallabêth* and in *Of the Rings of Power* used of those Númenóreans who were not estranged from the Eldar; see *Elendili.* At 375 the reference is no doubt to the Men of Gondor and the Dúnedain of the North.

Elostirion

Tallest of the towers upon Emyn Beraid, in which the *palantir* was placed. 362

Elrond

Son of Eärendil and Elwing, who at the end of the First Age chose to belong to the Firstborn, and

remained in Middle-earth until the end of the Third Age; master of Imladris (Rivendell) and keeper of Vilya, the Ring of Air, which he had received from Gil-galad. Called *Master Elrond* and *Elrond Half-elven.* The name means

'Star-dome'. 122, 306, 315, 322, 354-6, 366-75, *37S, Sons of Elrond 377*

Elros

Son of Eärendil and Elwing, who at the end of the First Age chose to be numbered among Men, and

became the first King of Númenor (called *Tar-Minyatur)*, living to a very great age. The name means 'Star-foam'.

305, 315, 322, 328-32, 336, 354, 360

Elu

Sindarin form of Elwë. 58,103, 125, 288

Eluchíl

'Heir of Elu (Thingol)', name of Dior, son of Beren and Lúthien. See *Dior.*

Eluréd

Elder son of Dior; perished in the attack on Doriath by the sons of Fëanor. The name means the same

as *Eluchíl.* 290, 292

Elurín

Younger son of Dior; perished with his brother Eluréd. The name means 'Remembrance of Elu

(Thingol)'. 290,292

Elvenhome See

Eldamar.

Elves

See especially 37-9, 48-51, 53, 99, 121, 326-7; and see also *Children of Ilúvatar, Eldar; Dark Elves.*

Elves of the Light: see *Calaquendi.*

Elwë

Surnamed *Singollo* 'Greymantle'; leader with his brother Olwë of the hosts of the Teleri on the

westward journey from Cuiviénen, until he was lost in Nan Elmoth; afterwards Lord of the Sindar, ruling in Doriath with Melian; received the Silmaril from Beren; slain in Menegroth by the Dwarves. Called (*Elu*) *Thingol* in Sindarin. See *Dark Elves, Thingol.* 53-8, 60-1, 103, 289

Elwing

Daughter of Dior, who escaping from Doriath with the Silmaril wedded Eärendil at the Mouths of

Sirion and went with him to Valinor; mother of Elrond and Elros. The name means 'Star-spray'; see *Lanlhir Lamath.*

122, 178, 291-3, 302, 304-10, 315

Emeldir

Called the Man-hearted; wife of Barahir and mother of Beren; led the women and children of the

House of Bëor from Dorthonion after the Dagor Bragollach. (She was herself also a descendant of Bëor the Old, and her father's name was Beren; this is not stated in the text.) 187, 194

Emyn Beraid

The Tower Hills' in the west of Eriador; see *Elostirion.* 360-2

Enchanted Isles The islands set by the Valar in the Great Sea eastwards of Tol Eressëa at the time of

the Hiding of Valinor. 118, 306

Encircling Mountains See

Echoriath.

Encircling Sea See

Ekkaia.

Endor

'Middle Land', Middle-earth. 101

Engwar

'The Sickly', one of the Elvish names for Men, 119

Eöl

Called the Dark Elf; the great smith who dwelt in Nan Elmoth, and took Aredhel Turgon's sister to wife; friend of the Dwarves; maker of the sword Anglachel (Gurthang); father of Maeglin; put to death in Gondolin. 104,158-65, 247

Eönwë

One of the mightiest of the Maiar; called the Herald of Manwë; leader of the host of the Valar in the

attack on Morgoth at the end of the First Age. 24, 309-14, 321, 353

Ephel Brandir

'The encircling fence of Brandir', dwellings of the Men of Brethil upon Amon Obel; also called *the*

Ephel. 266, 270-2

Ephel Dúath

'Fence of Shadow', the mountain-range between

Gondor and Mordor; also called *the Mountains of Shadow*. 361-2, 368

Erchamion

'One-handed', the name of Beren after his escape from Angband. 222, 225, 242, 292

Erech

A hill in the west of Gondor, where was the Stone of Isildur (see *The Return of the King* V 2). 361

Ered Engrin

'The Iron Mountains' in the far north. 128, 135-6, 139, 181, 193

Ered Gorgoroth 'The Mountains of Terror', northward of Nan Dungortheb; also called *the Gorgoroth*. 90, 109, 144, 157, 176, 198, 214, 246

Ered Lindon

'The Mountains of Linden', another name for *Ered Luin,* the Blue Mountains. 147-8, 160, 167, 174, 238, 287, 290

Ered Lómin

'The Echoing Mountains', forming the west-fence of Hithlum. 123, 140

Ered Luin

'The Blue Mountains', also called *Ered Lindon*. After the destruction at the end of the First Age Ered Luin formed the north-western coastal range of Middle-earth. 56, 103, 107, 132-5, 147, 159, 167, 288, 354, 359

Ered Nimrais

The White Mountains (*nimrais* 'white horns'), the great range from east to west south of the Misty Mountains. 107

Ered Wethrin

'The Mountains of Shadow', 'The Shadowy Mountains', the great curving range bordering Dor-nu-

Fauglith (Ard-galen) on the west and forming the barrier between Hithlum and West Beleriand. 123-5, 127, 133, 137, 140-1, 150, 171, 182-3, 193, 206, 212, 232, 234, 238, 249, 254, 256, 261, 278, 281, 295

Eregion

'Land of Holly' (called by Men *Hollin*); Noldorin realm in the Second Age at the western feet of the Misty Mountains, where the Elven Rings were made. 355-7

Ereinion 'Scion of Kings', the son of Fingon, known always by his surname *Gil-galad.* 186, 239, 302

Erellont

One of the three mariners who accompanied Eärendil on his voyages. 307

Eressëa

See *Tol Eressëa.*

Eriador

The land between the Misty Mountains and the Blue, in which lay the Kingdom of Arnor (and also

the Shire of the Hobbits). 55, 56, 104, 174, 330, 360, 366-7, 370, 376

Eru

'The One', 'He that is Alone': Ilúvatar. 3, 4, 17-9, 23, 41-4, 82, 95, 99, 102, 112-3, 322, 327-8, 332,

335, 347; also in *Children of Eru.*

Esgalduin

The river of Doriath, dividing the forests of Neldoreth and Region, and flowing into Sirion. The name

means 'River under Veil'. 105, 144, 157, 199, 225, 269, 289

Estë

One of the Valier, the spouse of Irmo (Lórien); her name means 'Rest'. 18, 21,24, 68, 114

Estolad

The land south of Nan Elmoth where the Men of the followings of Bëor and Marach dwelt after they

crossed the Blue Mountains into Beleriand; translated in the text as 'the Encampment'. 171-5

Ezellohar

The Green Mound of the Two Trees of Valinor; also called *Corollairë.* 33,44, 84, 86

Faelivrin

Name given to Finduilas by Gwindor. 257

Faithful, The See

Elendili.

The western coasts of Beleriand, south of Nevrast. 60, 106, 111, 124, 142, 194, 232, 239, 259

Falathar One of the three mariners who accompanied Eärendil on his voyages. 307

Falathrim

The Telerin Elves of the Falas, whose lord was Círdan. 60

Falmari

The Sea-elves; name of the Teleri who departed from Middle-earth and went into the West. 54

Fëanor

Eldest son of Finwë (the only child of Finwë and Míriel), half-brother of Fingolfin and Finarfin;

greatest of the Noldor, and leader in their rebellion; deviser of the Fëanorian script; maker of the Silmarils; slain in Mithrim in the Dagor-nuin-Giliath. His name was *Curufinwë* (*curu* 'skill'), and he gave this name to his fifth son, Curufin; but he was himself known always by his mother's name for him, *Fëanáro* 'Spirit of Fire', which was given

the Sindarin form *Fëanor* Chapters V-IX and XIII *passim;* see especially 63, 67-9, 71, 112. Elsewhere his name occurs chiefly in *the sons of Fëanor.*

Fëanturi 'Masters of Spirits', the Valar Námo (Mandos) and Irmo (Lórien). 21

Felagund

The name by which King Finrod was known after the establishment of Nargothrond; it was Dwarvish

in origin (*felak-gundu* 'cave-hewer', but translated in the text as 'Lord of Caves', 61). For references see *Finrod.*

Finarfin The third son of Finwë, the younger of Fëanor's half-brothers; remained in Aman after the Exile of the Noldor and ruled the remnant of his people in Tirion. Alone among the Noldorin princes he and his descendants had golden hair, derived from his mother Indis, who was a Vanyarin Elf (see *Vanyar).* 63, 69, 75. 93-6, 100, 117, 202, 213, 310.

Many other occurrences of the name of Finarfin relate to his sons or his people.

Finduilas

Daughter of Orodreth, loved by Gwindor; captured in the sack of Nargothrond, and killed by Orcs at

the Crossings of Teiglin. 257-9, 261-6,277

Fingolfin

The second son of Finwë, the elder of Fëanor's half-brothers; High King of the Noldor in Beleriand,

dwelling in Hithlum; slain by Morgoth in single combat, 63, 69, 74-7, 83, 93-5,v100-2, 115, 123, 126-8, 129, 133, 135-6, 140, 144, 154, 171, 177, 180-1, 183-7, 240. Many other occurrences of the name of Fingolfin relate to his sons or his people.

Fingon

The eldest son of Fingolfin, called the Valiant; rescued Maedhros from Thangorodrim; High King of

the Noldor after the death of his father; slain by

Gothmog in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 64, 94-6, 98, 101, 128-9, 137, 140, 144, 156, 166, 183, 186, 194, 198, 231-9, 302, 354

Finrod

The eldest son of Finarfin, called 'the Faithful' and 'the Friend of Men'. Founder and King of

Nargothrond, whence his name *Felagund;* encountered in. Ossiriand the first Men to cross the Blue Mountains; rescued by Barahir in the Dagor Bragollach; redeemed his oath to Barahir by accompanying Beren on his quest; slain in defence of Beren in the dungeons of Tol-in-Gaurhoth. The following references include those to *Felagund* used alone: 64, 93, 96, 102, 127, 130, 133-4, 142-6, 148, 151, 154-5, 167-72, 176, 178, 182-3, 193, 197, 201-13, 223, 250, 259, 261, 264, 267-8, 284-5, 287

Finwë

Leader of the Noldor on the westward journey from Cuiviénen; King of the Noldor in Aman; father

of Fëanor, Fingolfin, and Finarfin, slain by Morgoth at Formenos. 53-6, 60-71, 75-8, 83, 87, 92, 152; other references are to his sons or his house.

Fírimar

'Mortals', one of the Elvish names for Men. 119

Firstborn, The

The Elder Children of Ilúvatar, the Elves. 7, 9, 13, 34, 37-8, 41-2, 44, 48, 309, 315, 321, 325, 355,

370, 378

Followers, The The Younger Children of Ilúvatar, Men; translation of *Hildor. 7*

Ford of Stones See

Sarn Athrad.

Fords of Aros See

Arossiach.

Formenos

'Northern Fortress', the stronghold of Fëanor and his sons in the north of Valinor, built after the

banishment of Fëanor from Tirion. 79, 83, 88, 152

Fornost

'Northern Fortress'. Númenórean city on the North Downs in Eriador. 361

Forsaken Elves See

Eglath.

Frodo

The Ringbearer. 377

Fuinur

A renegade Númenórean who became mighty among the Haradrim at the end of the Second Age, 363

Gabilgathol

See *Belegost.* 104

Galadriel

Daughter of Finarfin and sister of Finrod Felagund; one of the leaders of the Noldorin rebellion

against the Valar; wedded Celeborn of Doriath and

with him remained in Middle-earth after the end of the First Age; keeper of Nenya, the Ring of Water, m Lothlórien. 64, 93-4, 102, 134-5, 151-3, 155, 172, 204, 290, 315, 370-3

Galathilion

'The White Tree of Tirion, the image of Telperion made by Yavanna for the Vanyar and the Noldor'

62, 324, 361

Galdor

Called the Tall; son of Hador Lórindol and lord of Dor-lómin after him; father of Húrin and Huor;

slain at Eithel Sirion. 177, 183, 187, 190-3, 242, 257, 284, 311

galvorn

The metal devised by Eöl. 159

Gandalf

The name among Men of Mithrandir, (the of the Istari (Wizards); see *Olórin.* 372

Gates of Summer A great festival of Gondolin, on the eve of which the city was assaulted 'by the forces of Morgoth.

300

Gelion

The great river of East Beleriand, rising in Himring and Mount Rerir and fed by the rivers of

Ossiriand flowing down from the Blue Mountains. 56-7, 103-4, 109, 132, 144-8, 167, 170, 174, 184, 229, 287-90

Gelmir (I)

Elf of Nargothrond, brother of Gwindor, captured in the Dagor Bragollach and afterwards put to

death in front of Eithel Sirion, as a provocation to its defenders, before the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 230, 233

Gelmir (2)

Elf of the people of Angrod, who with Arminas came to Nargothrond to warn Orodreth of its peril.

260

Gildor

One of the twelve companions of Barahir on Dorthonion. 187

Gil-Estel

'Star of Hope', Sindarin name for Eärendil bearing the Silmaril in his ship Vingilot. 310

Gil-galad

'Star of Radiance', the name by which Ereinion son of Fingon was afterwards known. After the death

of Turgon he became the last High King of the Noldor in Middle-earth, and remained in Lindon after the end of the First Age; leader with Elendil of the Last Alliance of Men and Elves and slain with him in combat with Sauron. 186, 239, 302, 305, 315, 330-1, 335, 359-60, 362-5, 369-70

Gimilkhâd

Younger son of Ar-Gimilzôr and Inzilbêth and father

of Ar-Pharazôn, the last King of Númenor. 332

Gimilzôr See *Ar-Gimilzôr.*

Ginglith River in West Beleriand flowing into the Narog above Nargothrond. 204, 261

Gladden Fields Partial translation of *Loeg Ningloron;* the great stretches of reeds and iris (gladden) in and about the Anduin, where Isildur was slain and the One Ring lost 367, 374

Glaurung

The first of the Dragons of Morgoth, called *the Father of Dragons;* in the Dagor Bragollach, the Nirnaeth Arnoediad, and the Sack of Nargothrond; cast his spell upon Túrin and upon Nienor; slain by Túrin at Cabed-en-Aras. Called also *the Great Worm* and *the Worm of Morgoth.* 137, 177, 181-2, 184, 235-6, 261-5, 268, 271-9, 283-4, 296, 300

Glingal

'Hanging Flame', the image of Laurelin made by Turgon in Gondolin. 151

Glirhuin A minstrel of Brethil. 283-4

Glóredhel

Daughter of Hador Lórindol of Dor-lómin and sister of Galdor; wedded Haldir of Brethil. 190

Glorfindel

Elf of Gondolin, who fell to his death in Cirith Thoronath in combat with a Balrog after the escape

from the sack of the city. The name means 'Golden-haired'. 237, 301-2

Golodhrim The

Noldor.

Golodh was the Sindarin form of Quenya *Noldo,* and - *rim* a collective plural ending; cf.

Annon-in-Gelydh, the Gate of the Noldor. 160

Gondolin

'The Hidden Rock' (see *Ondolindë),* secret city of King Turgon surrounded by the Encircling

Mountains (Echoriath). 64, 125, 150-1, 157, 186, 191-3, 221, 231-2, 234, 237, 240, 252, 281-2, 295-302, 305, 315, 322

Gondolindrim

The people of Gondolin. 166, 192, 234

Gondor

'Land of Stone', name of the southern Númenórean kingdom in Middle-earth, established by Isildur

and Anárion. 361-9, 376-7. *City of Gondor:* Minas Tirith. 377

Gonnhirrim

'Masters of Stone', a Sindarin name for the Dwarves. 103

Gorgoroth (1) See

Ered Gorgoroth.

Gorgoroth (2)

A plateau in Mordor, between the converging Mountains of Shadow and Mountains of Ash. 363, 365,

368

Gorlim

Called the Unhappy; one of the twelve companions of Barahir on Dorthonion, who was ensnared by a

phantom of his wife Eilinel and revealed to Sauron the hiding-place of Barahir. 187, 195-7

Gorthaur

The name of Sauron in Sindarin. 26,187, 353

Gorthol

'Dread Helm', the name that Túrin took as one of the Two Captains in the land of Dor-Cúarthol. 252

Gothmog

Lord of Balrogs, high-captain of Angband, slayer of Fëanor, Fingon, and Ecthelion. (The same name

was borne in the Third Age by the Lieutenant of Minas Morgul, *The Return of the King* V 6.) 125, 236, 238, 300

Greater Gelion One of the two tributary branches of the river Gelion in the north, rising in Mount Rerir. 146

Great Lands Middle-earth.

324

Great River See

Anduin.

Green-elves Translation

of

Laiquendi; the Nandorin Elves of Ossiriand. For their origin see 107, and for the name

110, 133, 147-8, 167,170, 184, 238, 291

Greenwood the Great

The great forest east of the Misty Mountains, afterwards named Mirkwood. 360, 366, 371-2,

375

Grey-elven tongue See

Sindarin.

Grey-elves See

Sindar.

Grey Havens See

(The) Havens, Mithlond.

Greymantle See

Singollo, Thingol.

Grinding Ice See

Helcaraxë.

Grond

The great mace of Morgoth, with which he fought Fingolfin; called the Hammer of the Underworld.

The battering-ram used against the Gate of Minas Tirith was named after it (*The Return of the King* V 4). 185

Guarded Plain See

Talath Dirnen.

Guarded Realm See

Valinor. 82, 98

Guilin

Father of Gelmir and Gwindor, Elves of Nargothrond. 230, 233, 253, 256, 261

Gundor

Younger son of Hador Lórindol, lord of Dor-lómin; slain with his father at Eithel Sirion in the Dagor

Bragollach. 177, 183, 311

Gurthang

'Iron of Death', name of Beleg's sword Anglachel after it was reforged for Túrin in Nargothrond, and

from which he was named *Mormegil.* 258, 262, 265-6, 273, 276-8

Gwaith-i-Mírdain 'People of the Jewel-smiths', name of the fellowship of craftsmen in Eregion, greatest of whom was Celebrimbor son of Curufin. 354-5

Gwindor Elf of Nargothrond, brother of Gelmir; enslaved in Angband, but escaped and aided Beleg in the rescue of Túrin; brought Túrin to Nargothrond; loved Finduilas Orodreth's daughter; slain in the Battle or Tumhalad. 230, 232-4, 254-61

Hadhodrond

The Sindarin name of Khazad-dûm (Moria). 104,354

Hador

Called

Lórindol 'Goldenhead', also *Hador the Golden-haired;* lord of Dor-lómin, vassal of Fingolfin; father of Galdor father of Húrin; slain at Eithel Sirion in the Dagor Bragollach. The House of Hador was called *the Third House of the Edain.* 177-8, 183, 187, 190, 193. *House of, People of, Hador* 177, 189-90, 194, 231, 237-9, 243, 253, 265, 280, 308. *Helm of Hador:* see *Dragon-helm of Dor-lómin.*

Haladin

The second people of Men to enter Beleriand; afterwards called *the People of Haleth,* dwelling in the Forest of Brethil, also *the Men of Brethil.* 171, 174-5, 187, 190, 194, 234,238

Haldad

Leader of the Haladin in their defence against the attack on them by Orcs in Thargelion, and slain

there; father of the Lady Haleth. 174-6

Haldan

Son of Haldar; leader of the Haladin after the death of the Lady Haleth. 175

Haldar

Son of Haldad of the Haladin, and brother of the Lady Haleth; slain with his father in the Orc-raid on

Thargelion. 175-6

Haldir

Son of Halmir of Brethil; wedded Gidredhel, daughter of Hador of Dor-lómin; slain in the Nirnaeth

Arnoediad. 190, 231-2, 234, 238

Haleth

Called the Lady Haleth; leader of the Haladin (who were named from her the People of Haleth) from

Thargelion to the lands west of Sirion. 175-6. *House of, People of, Haleth* 175-8, 190, 231, 266, 272-3

Half-elven

Translation of Sindarin *Peredhel,* plural *Peredhil,* applied to Elrond and Elros, 304, 315, 322, 354, 357; and to Eärendil, 298

Halflings Translation

of

Periannath (Hobbits). 377

Halls of Awaiting The Halls of Mandos. 72

Halmir

Lord of the Haladin, son of Haldan; with Beleg of Doriath defeated the Orcs that came south from the

Pass of Sirion after the Dagor Bragollach. 190, 231

Handir

Son of Haldir and Glóredhel, father of Brandir the Lame; lord of the Haladin after Haldir's death;

slain in Brethil in battle with Orcs. 238, 260, 266

Haradrim

The Men of Harad ('the South'), the lands south of Mordor. 363

Hareth

Daughter of Helmir of Brethil; wedded Galdor of

Dor-lómin; mother of Húrin and Huor. 190, 194

Hathaldir

Called the Young; one of the twelve companions of Barahir on Dorthonion. 187

Hathol

Father of Hador Lórindol. 177

Haudh-en-Arwen 'The Ladybarrow', the burial-mound of Haleth in the Forest of Brethil. 176

Haudh-en-Elleth The mound in which Finduilas was buried, near the Crossings of Teiglin. 267, 270-1, 275, 277

Haudh-en-Ndengin

'The Mound of Slain' in the desert of Anfauglith, where were piled the bodies of the Elves

and Men that died in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 241-2

Haudh-en-Nirnaeth

'The Mound of Tears', another name of *Haudh-en-Ndengin.* 241

Havens, The

Brithombar and Eglarest on the coast of Beleriand: 124, 133, 144, 186, 239. The Havens of Sirion at

the end of the First Age: 294, 305, 313. The Grey Havens (*Mithlond*) in the Gulf of Lhûn: 359, 370-1, 378.

Alqualondë, the Haven of the Swans or Swanhaven, is also called simply *The Haven:* 97, 101

Helcar

The Inland Sea in the northeast of Middle-earth, where once stood the mountain of the lamp of Illuin;

the mere of Cuiviénen where the first Elves awoke is described as a bay in this sea. 48, 54

Helcaraxë

The strait between Araman and Middle-earth; also referred to as *the Grinding Ice.* 51-2, 60, 88, 100-1, 126, 136, 154, 160

Helevorn

'Black Glass', a lake in the north of Thargelion, below Mount Rerir, where Caranthir dwelt. 132, 148,

184

Helluin

The star Sirius. 48, 69

Herumor

A renegade Númenórean who became mighty among the Haradrim at the end of the Second Age. 363

Herunúmen

'Lord of the West', Quenya name of Ar-Adunakhôr. 330

Hidden Kingdom Name given both to Doriath, 135, 198, 200,277, and to Gondolin, 156,298

High-elven See

Quenya.

High Elves

See *Eldar. 370*

High Faroth See

Taur-en-Faroth.

Hildor

'The Followers', 'The Aftercomers', Elvish name for Men, as the Younger Children of Ilúvatar. 114,

119

Hildórien

The land in the east of Middle-earth where the first Men (*Hildor*) awoke. 120, 169

Himlad

'Cool Plain', the region where Celegorm and Curufin dwelt south of the Pass of Aglon. 147, 158, 161

Himring The great hill west of Maglor's Gap on which was the stronghold of Maedhros; translated in the text as 'Ever-cold'. 131,147-8,157, 183-4, 214, 223, 231

Hírilorn The great beech-tree in Doriath with three trunks, in which Lúthien was imprisoned. The name means 'Tree of the Lady'. 208, 226

Hísilómë

'Land of Mist', Quenya name of Hithlum. 140

Hithaeglir

'Line of Misty Peaks': the Misty Mountains, or Mountains of Mist. (The form *Hithaeglin on* the map to *The Lord of the Rings* is an error.) 55, 104, 107,

360, 364, 366

Hither Lands

Middle-earth (also called *the Outer Lands).* 57, 59-61, 296, 304, 311, 315, 323, 371

Hithlum

'Land of Mist' (see 140), the region bounded on the east and south by Ered Wethrin and on the west

by Ered Lómin; see *Hísilómë.* 52, 90, 123, 126-8, 130, 137, 140-1, 144, 146, 157, 171, 181-9, 193, 221, 231-4, 238-9, 242-4,254, 280, 281, 294-5

Hollin

See *Eregion.* 354

Hollowbold Translation

of

Nogrod: 'hollow dwelling' (early English *bold,* noun related to the verb *build).* 104

Huan

The great wolfhound of Valinor that Oromë gave to Celegorm; friend and helper of Beren and

Lúthien; slew and slain by Carcharoth. The name means 'great dog, hound'. 209-18, 222, 225-6

Hunthor A Man of the Haladin in Brethil who accompanied Túrin in his attack on Glaurung at Cabed-en-Aras and was killed there by a falling stone. 273

Huor

Son of Galdor of Dor-lómin, husband of Rían and father of Tuor; went to Gondolin with Húrin his

brother; slain in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 150, 177, 190, 232, 236, 237, 242, 294, 296, 298, 301, 311

Húrin

Called

Thalion 'the Steadfast', 'the Strong'; son of Galdor of Dor-lómin, husband of Morwen and

father of Túrin and Nienor; lord of Dor-lómin, vassal of Fingon. Went with Huor his brother to Gondolin; captured by Morgoth in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad and set upon Thangorodrim for many years; after his release slew Mîm in Nargothrond and brought the Nauglamír to King Thingol. 150, 177, 191-4, 232-46, 252, 255-9, 261-7, 271, 274-6, 278-87, 294, 298, 311

Hyarmentir

The highest mountain in the regions south of Valinor. 81

Iant Iaur

'The Old Bridge' over the Esgalduin on the northern borders of Doriath; also called *the Bridge of*

Esgalduin, 144-5, 157

Ibun

One of the sons of Mîm the Petty-dwarf. 249, 251-2

Idril

Called

Celebrindal 'Silverfoot'; the daughter (and only

child) of Turgon and Elenwë; wife of Tuor,

mother of Eärendil, with whom she escaped from Gondolin to the Mouths of Sirion; departed thence with Tuor into the West 151, 160, 163, 165-6, 296-300, 303-4, 308, 315,322

Illuin

One of the Lamps of the Valar made by Aulë. Illuin stood in the northern part of Middle-earth, and

after the overthrow of the mountain by Melkor the Inland Sea of Helcar was formed there. 30-1, 48, 59

Ilmarë

A Maia, the handmaid of Varda, 24

Ilmen

The region above the air where the stars are. 116-9, 349

Ilúvatar

'Father of All, Eru. 3-11, 17-8, 23, 25, 34-42, 46-50, 58, 70, 73, 74, 86, 93, 102, 121, 227, 313, 322-3, 326-7, 336, 344-5

Imlach

Father of Amlach. 173

Imladris 'Rivendell' (literally, 'Deep Dale of the Cleft'), Elrond's dwelling in a valley of the Misty Mountains. 282, 364, 367-70, 377

Indis

Vanyarin Elf, close kin of Ingwë; second wife of

Finwë, mother of Fingolfin and Finarfin. 63, 69-70,

75

Ingwë

Leader of the Vanyar, the first of the three hosts of the Eldar on the westward journey from

Cuiviénen. In Aman he dwelt upon Taniquetil, and was held High King of all the Elves. 53-4, 60, 62, 65, 69, 117, 310

Inziladûn

Elder son of Ar-Gimilzôr and Inzilbêth; afterwards named *Tar-Palantir.* 332

Inzilbêth

Queen of Ar-Gimilzôr; of the house of the lords of Andúnië. 331

Irmo

The Vala usually named Lórien, the place of his dwelling. *Irmo* means 'Desirer' or 'Master of Desire'.

21, 24, 68

Iron Mountains See

Ered Engrin.

Isengard Translation (to represent the language of Rohan) of the Elvish name *Angrenost.* 361, 373-7

Isil

Quenya name of the Moon. 114-5

Isildur

Elder son of Elendil, who with his father and his brother Anárion escaped from the Drowning of

Númenor and founded m Middle-earth the Númenórean realms in exile; lord of Minas Ithil; cut the Ruling Ring from Sauron's hand; slain by Orcs in the Anduin when the Ring slipped from his finger. 337, 342, 346, 360-8, 374.

Heirs of Isildur 369, 373. *Heir of Isildur = Aragorn* 377

Istari

The

Wizards.

See

Curunír, Saruman; Mithrandir, Gandalf, Olórin; Radagast. 372

Ivrin

The lake and falls beneath Ered Wethrin where the river Narog rose. 140, 257. *Pools of Ivrin* 132, 257, 264, 296. *Falls of Ivrin* 142, 206. See *Eithel Ivrin.*

kelvar

An Elvish word retained in the speeches of Yavanna and Manwë in Chapter II: 'animals, living things

that move'. 43-4

Kementári

'Queen of the Earth', a title of Yavanna. 21, 33-5, 44

Khazâd

The name of the Dwarves in their own language (*Khuzdul*) . 103

Khazad-dûm

The great mansions of the Dwarves of Durin's race in the Misty Mountains (*Hadhodrond, Moria*) .

See *Khazâd; dûm* is probably a plural or collective, meaning 'excavations, halls, mansions'. 42, 104, 354

Khîm

Son of Mîm the Petty-dwarf, slam by one of Túrin's outlaw band. 249

King's Men

Númenóreans hostile to the Eldar and the Elendili. 328-9, 332

Kinslaying, The The slaying of the Teleri by the Noldor at Alqualondë. 98, 100-1, 120, 130, 152, 154, 166, 169, 188

Ladros

The lands to the northeast of Dorthonion that were granted by the Noldorin Kings to the Men of the

House of Bëor. 177

Laer Cú Beleg

'The Song of the Great Bow', made by Túrin at Eithel Ivrin in memory of Beleg Cúthalion. 256

Laiquendi

'The Green-elves' of Ossiriand. 110

Lalaith

'Laughter', daughter of Húrin and Morwen who died in childhood. 242

Lammoth

'The Great Echo', region north of the Firth of Drengist, named from the echoes of Morgoth's cry in his

struggle with Ungoliant. 89-90, 123

Land of Shadow See *Mordor.*

Land of the Dead that Live See

Dor Firn-i-Guinar.

Land of the Star Númenor. 339, 341

Lanthir Lamath 'Waterfall of Echoing Voices', where Dior had his house in Ossiriand, and after which his daughter Elwing ('Star-spray') was named. 289

Last Alliance

The league made at the end of the Second Age between Elendil and Gil-galad to defeat Sauron. 364

Laurelin

'Song of Gold', the younger of the Two Trees of Valinor. 34, 64, 82, 114-6, 151

Lay of Leithian The long poem concerning the lives of Beren and Lúthien from which the prose account in *The Silmarillion* was derived. *Leithian* is translated 'Release from Bondage'. 195, 198, 203, 206-8, 226

Legolin

The third of the tributaries of Gelion in Ossiriand. 147

lembas

Sindarin name of the waybread of the Eldar (from earlier *lennmbass* 'journey-bread'; in Quenya

coimas 'life-bread'). 247, 251, 256

Lenwë

The leader of the Elves from the host of the Teleri who refused to cross the Misty Mountains on the

west-ward journey from Cuiviénen (the Nandor); father of Denethor. 56, 108

Lhûn

River in Eriador flowing into the sea in the Gulf of Lhûn.354, 360

Linaewen

'Lake of birds', the great mere in Nevrast. 141

Lindon

A name of Ossiriand in the First Age; see 147. After the tumults at the end of the First Age the name

Lindon was retained for the lands west of the Blue Mountains that still remained above the Sea: 354, 355, 359, 370

Lindórië Mother of Inzilbêth. 331

Little Gelion

One of the two tributary branches of the river Gelion in the north, rising in the Hill of Himring. 146

Loeg Ningloron 'Pools of the golden water-flowers'; see *Gladden Fields.*

lómelindi

Quenya word meaning 'dusk-singers', nightingales. 57

Lómion

'Son of Twilight', the Quenya name that Aredhel gave to Maeglin. 159

Lonely Isle See

Tol Eressëa.

Lord of Waters See

Ulmo.

Lords of the West See *Valar.*

Lorellin

The lake in Lórien in Valinor where the Vala Estë sleeps by day. 21

Lorgan

Chief of the Easterling Men in Hithlum after the Nirnaeth Arnoediad, by whom Tuor was enslaved.

294

Lórien (1)

The name of the gardens and dwelling-place of the Vala Irmo, who was himself usually called Lórien.

18, 21, 24, 57, 68, 106, 114, 289

Lórien (2)

The land ruled by Celeborn and Galadriel between the rivers Celebrant and Anduin. Probably the

original name of this land was altered to the form of the Quenya name Lórien of the gardens of the Vala Irmo in Valinor. In Lothlórien the Sindarin word *loth* 'flower' is prefixed. 370

Lórindol

'Goldenhead'; see *Hador.*

Losgar

The place of the burning of the ships of the Teleri by Fëanor, at the mouth of the Firth of Drengist,

101, 111, 123, 127, 140, 152, 154

Lothlann

'The wide and empty', the great plain north of the March of Maedhros. 147, 184, 255

Lothlórien

'Lórien of the Blossom'; see *Lórien (2).* 370

Luinil

Name of a star (one shining with a blue light). 48

Lumbar

Name of a star. 48

Lúthien

The daughter of King Thingol and Melian the Maia, who after the fulfilment of the Quest of the

Silmaril and the death of Beren chose to become mortal and to share his fate. See *Tinúviel.* 103, 108,

147, 177, 195, 199-203, 208-30, 242, 290-2, 305, 309, 315, 322

Mablung

Elf of Doriath, chief captain of Thingol, friend of Túrin; called 'of the Heavy Hand' (which is the

meaning of the name *Mablung)*; slain in Menegroth by the Dwarves. 133, 224-6, 230, 244, 267-9, 277-8, 284, 289-90

Maedhros

The eldest son of Fëanor, called the Tall; rescued by Fingon from Thangorodrim; held the Hill of

Himring and the lands about; formed the Union of Maedhros that ended in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad; bore one of the Silmarils with him to his death at the end of the First Age. 63, 93, 126-32, 135-6, 140, 144-8, 167, 171, 184, 189, 214, 229-35, 239, 292, 305, 310, 313-4

Maeglin 'Sharp Glance', son of Eöl and Aredhel Turgon's sister, born in Nan Elmoth; became mighty in Gondolin, and betrayed it to Morgoth; slain in the sack of the city by Tuor. See *Lómion.* 104, 159-66, 192, 237, 247, 297-9

Maglor

The second son of Fëanor, a great singer and minstrel; held the lands called Maglor's Gap; at the end

of the First Age seized with Maedhros the two Silmarils that remained in Middle-earth, and cast the one that he took into the Sea. 63, 93, 98, 133, 135, 138, 148, 167, 184, 222, 236, 305-6, 310, 313-4

Maglor's Gap

The region between the northern arms of Gelion where there were no hills of defence against the

North. 135,148,184

Magor

Son of Malach Aradan; leader of the Men of the following of Marach who entered West Beleriand.

172, 177

Mahal

The name given to Aulë by the Dwarves. 42

Máhanaxar

The Ring of Doom outside the gates of Valmar, in which were set the thrones of the Valar where they

sat in council. 33, 50, 52, 77, 86-8, 91, 95, 112

Mahtan

A great smith of the Noldor, father of Nerdanel the wife of Fëanor. 69, 75

Maiar

Ainur of lesser degree than the Valar (singular *Maia).* 11, 23-6, 30, 57, 61, 83, 91, 105, 108, 111, 114, 229, 289, 292, 322, 353

Malach

Son of Marach; given the Elvish name *Aradan.* 171, 177

Malduin A tributary of the Teiglin; the name probably means 'Yellow River'. 251

Malinalda

'Tree of Gold', a name of Laurelin. 33

Mandos

The place of the dwelling in Aman of the Vala properly called Námo, the Judge, though this name

was seldom used, and he himself was usually referred to as Mandos. Named as Vala: 18, 21-3,47, 52, 70, 73, 77-8, 87, 98, 113, 118, 121, 129-30, 154, 227, 308, 316. Named as the place of his dwelling (including *Halls of Mandos;* also *Halls of Awaiting, Houses of the Dead*) *:* 22, 38, 42, 52, 61, 68-9, 73, 99, 121, 125, 227, 289. With reference to the Doom of the Noldor and the Curse of Mandos: 150, 154-5, 166, 169, 201, 205, 213, 297

Manwë

The chief of the Valar, called also *Súlimo, the Elder King, the Ruler of Arda. Passim;* see especially 11, 18-9, 35, 70, 129

Marach

Leader of the third host of Men to enter Beleriand, ancestor of Hador Lórindol. 171-2, 180

March of Maedhros

The open lands to the north of the headwaters of the river Gelion, held by Maedhros and his

brothers against attack on East Beleriand; also called *the eastern March.* 131-2, 147

Mardil

Called the Faithful; the first Ruling Steward of Gondor. 369

Mar-nu-Falmar 'The Land under the Waves', name of Númenor after the Downfall. 347

Melian

A Maia, who left Valinor and came to Middle-earth; afterwards the Queen of King Thingol in

Doriath, about which she set a girdle of enchantment, the Girdle of Melian; mother of Lúthien, and foremother of Elrond and Elros. 24-5, 57-8, 61, 103-6, 109, 110-1, 121, 130, 135, 144-5, 151-4, 158, 172, 176, 182, Chapter XIX

passim, 229-30, Chapters XXI, XXII *passim,* 315, 322

Melkor

The Quenya name for the great rebellious Vala, the beginning of evil, in his origin the mightiest of the Ainur; afterwards named *Morgoth, Bauglir, the Dark Lord, the Enemy,* etc. The meaning of *Melkor* was 'He who arises in Might'; the Sindarin form was *Belegur,* but it was never used, save in a deliberately altered form *Belegurth*

'Great Death'. *Passim* (after the rape of the Silmarils usually called *Morgoth);* see especially 4-5, 8, 25, 50, 51, 70-1, 90-2, 117, 251, 320

Men

See especially 37-8, 74,119-21,167-70, 178, 319-20, 326-7; and see also *Atani, Children of Ilúvatar, Easterlings.*

Menegroth

'The Thousand Caves', the hidden halls of Thingol and Melian on the river Esgalduin m Doriath; see

especially 58, 106-8, 111-2, 125, 130, 134, 145, 155, 200, 203, 208, 217, 222-6, 229, 243-7, 252, 267, 269, 286-91

Meneldil Son of Anárion, King of Gondor. 368

Menelmacar

'Swordsman of the Sky', the constellation Orion. 48

Meneltarma

'Pillar of Heaven', the mountain in the midst of Númenor, upon whose summit was the Hallow of Eru

Ilúvatar. 322-4, 329, 332-3, 336, 343, 345, 348

Meres of Twilight See *Aelin-uial.*

Mereth Aderthad The 'Feast of Reuniting' held by Fingolfin near the Pools of Ivrin. 132-3

Mickleburg Translation

of

Belegost: 'great fortress'. 104

Middle-earth

The lands to the east of the Great Sea; also called *the Hither Lands, the Outer Lands, the Great*

Lands, and *Endor. Passim.*

Mîm

The Petty-dwarf, in whose house (*Bar-en-Danwedh*) on Amon Rûdh Túrin dwelt with the outlaw band, and by whom their lair was betrayed to the Orcs; slain by Húrin in Nargothrond. 248-53, 284

Minas Anor

'Tower of the Sun' (also simply *Anor),* afterwards called Minas Tirith; the city of Anárion, at the feet of Mount Mindolluin. 361-2, 365-8, 377

Minas Ithil

'Tower of the Moon' afterwards called Minas Morgul; the city of Isildur, built on a shoulder of the

Ephel Dúath. 361-2, 368

Minas Morgul

'Tower of Sorcery' (also simply *Morgul),* name of Minas Ithil after its capture by the Ringwraiths.

368-9, 377

Minastir See *Tar-Minastir.*

Minas Tirith (1) 'Tower of Watch', built by Finrod Felagund on Tol Sirion; see *Tol-in-Gaurhoth.* 142, 187-9, 251

Minas Tirith (2) Later name of Minas Anor. 297. Called *the City of Gondor.* 377

Mindeb

A tributary of Sirion, between Dimbar and the Forest of Neldoreth. 144, 246

Mindolluin

'Towering Blue-head', the great mountain behind Minas Anor. 361, 377

Mindon Eldalieva

'Lofty Tower of the Eldalië', the tower of Ingwë in the city of Tirion; also simply *the*

Mindon. 62,76,91,96,100

Míriel (1)

The first wife of Finwë, mother of Fëanor; died after Fëanor's birth. Called Serindë 'the Broideress',

63, 67-8, 75

Míriel (2)

Daughter of Tar-Palantir, forced into marriage by Ar-Pharazôn, and as his queen named *Ar-*

Zimraphel; also called *Tar-Míriel.* 345-6

Mirkwood See

Greenwood the Great.

Misty Mountains See *Hithaeglir.*

Mithlond

The Grey Havens', harbours of the Elves on the Gulf of Lhûn; also referred to as *the Havens.* 354, 359, 371, 378

Mithrandir

'The Grey Pilgrim', Elvish name of Gandalf (Olórin), one of the Istari (Wizards). 373-7

Mithrim

The name of the great lake in the east of Hithlum, and also of the region about it and of the mountains

to the west, separating Mithrim from Dor-lómin. The name was originally that of the Sindarin Elves who dwelt there. 124-8, 131, 242, 294

Mordor

The Black Land', also called *the Land of Shadow;* Sauron's realm east of the mountains of the Ephel

Dúath. 330, 347, 357, 360-8, 376

Morgoth

The Black Enemy', name of Melkor, first given to him by Fëanor after the rape of the Silmarils. 26,

71, 88 and thereafter *passim. See Melkor.*

Morgul

See *Minas Morgul*

Moria

'The Black Chasm', later name for Khazad-dûm (Hadhodrond). 104, 354, 357, 364

Moriquendi

'Elves of the Darkness'; see *Dark Elves.* 54, 58, 103, 125

Mormegil

'The Black Sword', name given to Túrin as captain of the host of Nargothrond; see *Gurthang.* 258-9, 265-7, 271, 275, 278

Morwen

Daughter of Baragund (nephew of Barahir, the father of Beren); wife of Húrin and mother of Túrin

and Nienor; called *Eledhwen* (translated in the text as 'Elfsheen') and *the Lady of Dor-lómin.* 178, 187, 194, 241-3, 258-60, 264-5, 267-9, 277, 280, 283, 285

Mountain of Fire See *Orodruin.*

Mountains:

of Aman, of Defence, see *Pelóri; of the East,* see

Orocarni; of Iron, see *Ered Engrin; of Mist,* see *Hithaeglir; of Mithrim,* see *Mithrim; of Shadow,* see *Ered Wethrin* and *Ephel Dúath; of Terror,* see *Ered Gorgoroth.*

Mount Doom See

Amon Amarth.

Music of the Ainur See

Ainulindalë.

Nahar

The horse of the Vala Oromë, said by the Eldar to be so named on account of his voice. 22, 37, 49-50,

54, 85, 108

Námo

A Vala, one of the Aratar; usually named *Mandos,* the place of his dwelling. *Námo* means 'Ordainer, Judge'. 21

Nandor

Said to mean 'Those who turn back': the Nandor were those Elves from the host of the Teleri who

refused to cross the Misty Mountains on the westward journey from Cuiviénen, but of whom a part, led by

Denethor, came long afterwards over the Blue Mountains and dwelt in Ossiriand (the Green-elves). 55, 107, 146, 244

Nan Dungortheb Also *Dungortheb;* translated in the text as 'Valley of Dreadful Death'. The valley between the precipices of Ered Gorgoroth and the Girdle of Melian. 90, 144, 157, 198, 214

Nan Elmoth

The forest east of the river Celon where Elwë (Thingol) was enchanted by Melian and lost;

afterwards the dwelling-place of Eöl. 58, 61, 104, 158-62, 170, 247,289

Nan-tathren

'Willow-vale', translated as 'the Land of Willows', where the river Narog flowed into Sirion. In

Treebeard's song in *The Two Towers* III 4 Quenya forms of the name are used: *in the willow-meads of Tasarinan; Nan-tasarion.* 142, 239, 301-2

Nargothrond

'The great underground fortress on the river Narog', founded by Finrod Felagund and destroyed by

Glaurung; also the realm of Nargothrond extending east and west of the Narog. 134-5, 142-6, 151, 155, 167, 170, 176, 182-3, 188-9, 193, 203-7, 210, 214, 223, 230, 232-4, 239, Chapter XXI *passim,* 284-5, 287, 295, 297, 354

Narn i Hîn Húrin 'The Tale of the Children of Húrin', the long lay from which Chapter XXI was derived; ascribed to the poet Dirhavel, a Man who lived at the Havens of Sirion in the days of Eärendil and perished in the attack of the sons of Fëanor. *Narn* signifies a tale made in verse, but to be spoken and not sung, 243

Narog

The chief river of West Beleriand, rising at Ivrin under Ered Wethrin and flowing into Sirion in Nan-

tathren. 109, 133-4, 142, 145, 203-6, 268, 284

Narsil

The sword of Elendil, made by Telchar of Nogrod, that was broken when Elendil died in combat with

Sauron; from the shards it was reforged for Aragorn and named Anduril. 364-5

Narsilion

The Song of the Sun and Moon. 113

Narya

One of the Three Rings of the Elves, *the Ring of Fire* or *the Red Ring;* borne by Círdan and afterwards by Mithrandir. 357, 370, 378

Nauglamír

'The Necklace of the Dwarves', made for Finrod Felagund by the Dwarves, brought by Húrin out of

Nargothrond to Thingol, and the cause of his death. 134, 285-7, 291

Naugrim 'The Stunted People', Sindarin name for the Dwarves. 103-5, 107-9, 132, 159, 161, 231, 236, 289

Nazgûl

See

Ring-wraiths.

Necklace of the Dwarves See

Nauglamír.

Neithan

Name given to himself by Túrin among the outlaws, translated as 'The Wronged' (literally 'one who is

deprived'). 245

Neldoreth

The great beech-forest forming the northern part of Doriath; called *Taur-na-Neldor* in Treebeard's song in *The Two Towers* HI 4. 57, 103, 105, 109, 145, 199, 208, 242, 289

Nénar

Name of a star. 48

Nen Girith

'Shuddering Water', name given to Dimrost, the falls of Celebros in the Forest of Brethil. 270-4, 276

Nenning River in West Beleriand, reaching the sea at the Haven of Eglarest. 142, 239, 259

Nenuial

'Lake of Twilight', in Eriador, where the river Baranduin rose, and beside which the city of

Annúminas was built. 361

Nenya

One of the Three Rings of the Elves, the Ring of Water, borne by Galadriel; also called *the Ring of*

Adamant, 357, 370

Nerdanel

Called the Wise; daughter of Mahtan the smith, wife of Fëanor. 69, 71, 75

Nessa

One of the Valier, the sister of Oromë and spouse of Tulkas. 18, 22, 31

Nevrast

The region west of Dor-lómin, beyond Ered Lómin, where Turgon dwelt before his departure to

Gondolin. The name, meaning 'Hither Shore', was originally that of all the northwestern coast of Middle-earth (the opposite being *Haerast* 'the Far Shore', the coast of Aman). 133-5, 141, 149-50, 156, 239, 240, 295, 302

Nienna

One of the Valier, numbered among the Aratar; Lady of pity and mourning, the sister of Mandos and

Lórien; see especially 21-2. 18, 21-2, 25, 33, 70, 87, 113

Nienor

'Mourning', the daughter of Húrin and Morwen and sister of Túrin; spell-bound by Glaurung at

Nargothrond and in ignorance of her past wedded Túrin in Brethil in her name Níniel; cast herself into the Teiglin.

243, 260, 263-4, 267-79

Nimbrethil

Birch-woods in Arvernien in the south of Beleriand. Cf. Bilbo's song at Rivendell: 'He built a boat of

timber felled in Nimbrethil to journey in …' (*The Fellowship of the Ring* II 1). 304

Nimloth (1)

The White Tree of Númenor, of which a fruit taken by Isildur before it was felled grew into the White

Tree of Minas Ithil. *Nimloth* 'White Blossom' is the Sindarin form of Quenya *Ninquelótë,* one of the names of Telperion. 62, 324, 331-2, 336-8, 342, 361-2

Nimloth (2)

Elf of Doriath who wedded Dior Thingol's Heir; mother of Elwing; slain in Menegroth in the attack

by the sons of Fëanor. 290-1

Nimphelos

The great pearl given by Thingol to the lord of the Dwarves of Belegost. 105

Níniel

'Tear-maiden', the name that Túrin, ignorant of their relationship, gave to his sister; see *Nienor.*

Ninquelótë

'White Blossom', a name of Telperion; see *Nimloth (1).* 33

niphredil

A white flower that bloomed in Doriath in starlight when Lúthien was born. It grew also on Cerin

Amroth in Lothlórien (*The Fellowship of the Ring* II 6, 8). 103

Nirnaeth Arnoediad

'Tears Unnumbered' (also simply *the Nirnaeth*) , the name given to the ruinous fifth battle in the Wars of Beleriand. 166, 234-8, 242, 254, 257, 294, 297-8

Nivrim

That part of Doriath that lay on the west bank of Sirion. 145

Noegyth Nibin

'Petty-dwarves' (see also under *Dwarves)*. 250, 284

Nogrod

One of the two cities of the Dwarves in the Blue Mountains; translation into Sindarin of Dwarvish

Tumunzahar. See *Hollowbold.* 104, 107, 132, 158, 161, 215, 231, 250, 285-8, 291

Noldolantë

'The Fall of the Noldor', a lament made by Maglor son of Fëanor. 98

Noldor

The Deep Elves, the second host of the Eldar on the westward journey from Cuiviénen, led by Finwë.

The name (Quenya *Noldo,* Sindarin *Golodh*) meant 'the Wise' (but wise in the sense of possessing knowledge, not in the sense of possessing sagacity, sound judgement). For the language of the Noldor see *Quenya, Passim;* see especially 35, 54, 63-8, 137, 356

Nóm, Nómin

'Wisdom' and 'the Wise', the names that the Men of Bëor's following gave to Finrod and his people in

their own tongue. 168

North Downs

In Eriador, where was built the Númenórean city of Fornost 360

Nulukkizdîn

Dwarvish name of Nargothrond. 284

Númenor

(In full Quenya form *Númenórë,* 321-2, 347.) 'Westernesse', 'Westland', the great island prepared by the Valar as a dwelling-place for the Edain after the ending of the First Age. Called also *Anadûnë, Andor, Elenna, the Land of the Star,* and after its downfall *Akallabêth, Atalantë,* and *Mar-nu-Falmar.* 62, 177, 321-37, 341-7, 354, 358-63, 368, 375

Númenóreans

The Men of Númenor, called also *Dúnedain.* 24, 321-35, 337-9, 342-7, 355, 359-65,367-70,372,376-

7

Nurtalë Valinóreva

'The Hiding of Valinor'. 118

Ohtar

'Warrior', esquire of Isildur, who brought the shards of Elendil's sword to Imladris. 367

Oiolossë 'Ever-snow-white', the most common name among the Eldar for Taniquetil, rendered into Sindarin as *Amon Uilos;* but according to the *Valaquenta* it was the uttermost tower of Taniquetil.. 19, 32

Oiomúrë A region of mists near to the Helcaraxë. 88

Olórin

A Maia, one of the Istari (Wizards); see *Mithrandir*, *Gandalf,* and cf. *The Two Towers* IV 5: 'Olórin I was in my youth in the West that is forgotten'. 25-6

olvar

An Elvish word retained in the speeches of Yavanna and Manwë in Chapter II, meaning 'growing

things with roots in the earth', 43-4

Olwë

Leader together with his brother Elwë (Thingol) of the hosts of the Teleri on the westward journey

from Cuiviénen; lord of the Teleri of Alqualondë in Aman. 54-8, 60-1, 63-5, 97-100, 107, 130, 152

Ondolindë

'Stone Song', the original Quenya name of Gondolin. 149

Orcs

Creatures of Morgoth. *Passim;* for their origin see 50, 106

Orfalch Echor

The great ravine through the Encircling Mountains by which Gondolin was approached. 296

Ormal

One of the Lamps of the Valar made by Aulë, Ormal stood in the south of Middle-earth. 29-30

Orocarni

The Mountains of the East of Middle-earth (the name means "the Red Mountains'). 49

Orodreth

The second son of Finarfin; warden of the tower of Minas Tirith on Tol Sirion; King of Nargothrond

after the death of Finrod his brother; father of Finduilas; slain in the Battle of Tumhalad. 64, 93, 142, 187-8, 206, 209, 213, 230, 257-61, 266

Orodruin

'Mountain of Blazing Fire' in Mordor, in which Sauron forged the Ruling Ring; called also *Amon*

Amarth 'Mount Doom'. 357, 363-6

Oromë

A Vala, one of the Aratar; the great hunter, leader of the Elves from Cuiviénen, spouse of Vana. The

name means 'Horn-blowing' or 'Sound of Horns', cf. *Valaróma;* in *The Lord of the Rings* it appears in the Sindarin form *Araw.* See especially 22-3. 18, 22-3, 31. 37, 47, 49-51, 53-5, 59, 63, 65, 79-82, 85, 93, 106, 108, 114, 184, 209, 225

Oromët

A hill pear the haven of Andúnië in the west of Númenor, on which was built the tower of Tar-

Minastir. 332

Orthanc

'Forked Height', the Númenórean tower in the Circle of Isengard. 361-2, 372

Osgiliath

'Fortress of the Stars', the chief city of ancient Gondor, on either side of the river Anduin. 361-4, 368

Ossë

A Maia, vassal of Ulmo, with whom he entered the waters of Arda; lover and instructor of the Teleri.

24, 36, 60-1, 64, 98, 141, 240, 321

Ossiriand

'Land of Seven Rivers' (these being Gelion and its tributaries flowing down from the Blue

Mountains), the land of the Green-elves. Cf. Treebeard's song in *The Two Towers* III 4: 'I wandered in Summer in the elm-woods of Ossiriand. Ah! the light and the music in the Summer by the Seven Rivers of Ossir!' See *Lindon.*

108, 110, 133, 144-8, 167, 170-1, 182, 184, 229, 239, 289-91, 354

Ost-in-Edhil

'Fortress of the Eldar', the city of the Elves in Eregion. 354-6

Outer Lands

Middle-earth (also called *the Hither Lands).* 35, 36, 47, 88, 102, 115, 308

Outer Sea See

Ekkaia.

Palantíri

'Those that watch from afar', the seven Seeing

Stones brought by Elendil and his sons from Númenor;

made by Fëanor in Aman (see 69, and *The Two Towers* III 11). 342, 362

Pelargir 'Garth of Royal Ships,' the Númenórean haven above the delta of Anduin. 329

Pelóri

'The fencing or defensive heights', called also *the Mountains of Aman* and *the Mountains of Defence,* raised by the Valar after the destruction of their dwelling on Almaren; ranging in a crescent from north to south, close to the eastern shores of Aman. 32, 34, 46, 59, 62, 80-1, 88, 115-7, 210

People of Haleth See *Haladin* and *Haleth.*

Periannath

The Halflings (Hobbits). 316

Petty-dwarves Translation

of

Noegyth Nibin. See also under *Dwarves.*

Pharazôn See

Ar-Pharazôn.

Prophecy of the North

The Doom of the Noldor, uttered by Mandos on the coast of Araman. 98

Quendi

Original Elvish name for Elves (of every kind, including the Avari), meaning 'Those that speak with

voices'. 37-8, 48-53, 57, 61, 73, 76, 114, 121-2, 169

Quenta Silmarillion

'The History of the Silmarils.' 355

Quenya

The ancient tongue, common to all Elves, in the form that it took in Valinor; brought to Middle-earth

by the Noldorin exiles, but abandoned by them as a daily speech, especially after the edict of King Thingol against its use; see especially 133, 155. Not named as such in this book, but referred to as *Eldarin,* 21, 323, 347; *High Eldarin,* 322-3; *High-elven,* 266, 330; *the tongue of Valinor,* 133; *the speech of the Elves of Valinor,* 149; *the tongue of the Noldor,* 155, 159; *the High Speech of the West,* 155

Radagast

One of the Istari (Wizards). 372, 375

Radhruin

One of the twelve companions of Barahir on Dorthonion. 187

Ragnor

One of the twelve companions of Barahir on Dorthonion. 187

Ramdal

'Wall's End' (see *Andram),* where the dividing fall across Beleriand ceased' 146,184

Rána

'The Wanderer', a name of the Moon among the Noldor. 114

Rathlóriel

'Golden-bed', later name for the river Ascar, after the treasure of Doriath was sunk in it 147, 291

Rauros

'Roaring Spray', the great falls in the river Anduin. 369

Red Ring, The See

Narya.

Region

The dense forest forming the southern part of Doriath. 57, 105, 110, 145, 158, 288-9

Rerir

Mountain to the north of Lake Helevorn, where rose the greater of the two tributary branches of

Gelion. 132,146-8,184

Rhovanion

'Wilderland', the wide region east of the Misty Mountains. 360-1

Rhudaur Region in the north-east of Eriador. 360

Rían

Daughter of Belegund (nephew of Barahir, the father of Beren); wife of Huor and mother of Tuor;

after Huor's death died of grief on the Haudh-en-Ndengin. 177, 187, 194, 242, 294

Ringil

The sword of Fingolfin. 185

Ring of Doom See

Máhanaxar.

Rings of Power 356-7,

373-5;

The One Ring, Great Ring, or *Ruling Ring:* 330, 347, 356-8, 363, 365-6, 370-1, 374-7;

Three Rings of the Elves: 357, 370-1, 378 (see also *Narya,* the Ring of Fire, *Nenya,* the Ring of Adamant, and *Vilya,* the Ring of Sapphire). *Seven Rings of the Dwarves* 357-8, 371, 375. *Nine Rings of Men* 330, 357-8, 371, 375

Ringwil

The stream that flowed into the river Narog at Nargothrond. 146

Ring-wraiths

The slaves of the Nine Rings of Men and chief servants of Sauron; also called *Nazgûl* and *Úlairi.*

330, 361, 368, 372, 376

Rivendell Translation

of

Imladris.

Rivil

Stream falling northwards from Dorthonion and flowing into Sirion in the Fen of Serech. 233, 237.

Rivil's Well 197

Rochallor

The horse of Fingolfin. 184

Rohan

'The Horse-country', later name in Condor for the great grassy plain formerly called Calenardhon.

369, 377

Rohirrim

'The Horse-lords' of Rohan. 369

Romenna

'Haven on the east coast of Númenor. 331, 336-7, 341, 346

Rothinzil

Adûnaic (Númenórean) name of Eärendil's ship Vingilot, with the same meaning, 'Foam-flower'. 319-

21

Rúmil

A Noldorin sage of Tirion, the first deviser of written characters (cf. *The Lord of the Rings* Appendix E II); to him is attributed the *Ainulindalë*. 67-8

Saeros

Nandorin Elf, one of the chief counsellors of Thingol in Doriath; insulted Túrin in Menegroth, and by

him pursued to his death. 244

Salmar

A Maia who entered Arda with Ulmo; maker of Ulmo's great horns, the *Ulumúri.* 36

Sarn Athrad

'Ford of Stones', where the Dwarf-road from Nogrod and Belegost crossed the river Gelion. 104, 167,

287, 291

Saruman

'Man of Skill', the name among Men of *Curunír* (which it translates), one of the Istari (Wizards).

372-3

Sauron

'The Abhorred' (in Sindarin called *Gorthaur*) *;* greatest of the servants of Melkor, in his origin a Maia of Aulë. 26, 47, 52, 169, 187-8, 195-8, 206-8, 210-3, 216, 330, 333-40, 343, 346-8, 353-77

Secondborn, The The Younger Children of Ilúvatar, Men. 44

Seeing Stones See

Palantíri.

Serech

The great fen north of the Pass of Sirion, where the

river Rivil flowed in from Dorthonion. 124, 182,

197, 233, 236, 282

seregon

'Blood of Stone', a plant with deep red flowers that grew on Amon Rûdh. 248, 252

Serindë

'The Broideress'; see *Míriel (I)*.

Seven Fathers of the Dwarves See

Dwarves.

Seven Stones See

Palantíri.

Shadowy Mountains See

Ered Wethrin.

Shepherds of the Trees

Ents. 45, 290

Sickle of the Valor See

Valacirca.

Silmarien

Daughter of Tar-Elendil, the fourth King of Númenor; mother of the first lord of Andúnië and

ancestress of Elendil and his sons Isildur and Anárion. 331

Silmarils

The three jewels made by Fëanor before the destruction of the Two Trees of Valinor, and filled

with

their light; see especially 72-3. 35, 72-5, 78, 83, 86-93, 116. 121-2, 126, 130, 136, 152, 202-5, 209, 219-21, 224-6, 230, 243, 286-93, 302-3, 305-6, 310, 313-4

Silpion

A name of Telperion. 33

Silvan Elves Also

called

Woodland Elves. They appear to have been in origin those Nandorin Elves who never

passed west of the Misty Mountains, but remained in the Vale of Anduin and in Greenwood the Great; see *Nandor* 354, 370

Sindar

The Grey-elves. The name was applied to all the Elves of Telerin origin whom the returning Noldor

found in Beleriand, save for the Green-elves of Ossiriand. The Noldor may have devised this name because the first Elves of this origin whom they met with were in the north, under the grey skies and mists about Lake Mithrim (see *Mithrim);* or perhaps because the Grey-elves were not of the Light (of Valinor) nor yet of the Dark (Avari), but were *Elves of the Twilight* (58). But it was held to refer to Elwë's name *Thingol* (Quenya *Sindacollo, Singollo* 'Greycloak'), since he was acknowledged high king of all the land and its peoples. The Sindar called themselves *Edhil,* plural *Edhel. 22,* 32, 58, 103, 108, 120, 125, 133, 137-42, 148, 150, 153-5, 164, 171, 182,188-90, 242, 277, 289, 291, 294, 353

Sindarin The Elvish tongue of Beleriand, derived

from the common Elvish speech but greatly changed through long ages from Quenya of Valinor; acquired by the Noldorin exiles in Beleriand (see 133, 155). Called also *the Grey-elven tongue, the tongue of the Elves of Beleriand,* etc. 36, 62-3, 133, 140, 149, 155, 177, 187, 199, 250, 319, 322

Singollo 'Grey-cloak', 'Grey-mantle'; *see Sindar, Thingol,*

Sirion

'The Great River' flowing from north to south and dividing West from East Beleriand. *Passim;* see especially 52, 141-2, 145. *Falls of Sirion* 203, 285. *Fens of Sirion* 203. *Gates of Sirion* 146. *Havens of Sirion* 294, 304-5, 313. *Mouths of Sirion* 60, 142, 190, 192, 239, 293, 302, 304. *Pass of Sirion* 135, 141, 182, 193, 215, 234, 237, 260, 265. *Vale of Sirion* 56, 124, 135, 140, 149, 248, 265, 301

Sons of Fëanor See

Maedhros, Maglor, Celegorm, Caranthir, Curufin, Amrod, Amras, Often referred to as a group,

especially after the death of their father: 69, 74-5, 77, 93, 126-7, 131-3, 144, 147-8, 152-4, 157, 159-61, 180, 183-4, 204, 213-4, 223, 230-1, 235, 238-9, 292-3, 302,305,313-4

Soronúmë

Name of a constellation. 48

Stone of the Hapless

Memorial stone of Túrin and Nienor by Cabed Naeramarth in the river Teiglin. 283-4

Straight Road, Straight Way

The path over the Sea into the Ancient or True

West, on which the ships of the

Elves might still sail after the Downfall of Númenor and the Changing of the World. 348-9

Strongbow Translation

of

Cúthalion, name of Beleg.

Súlimo

Name of Manwë, rendered in the *Valaquenta* as 'Lord of the Breath of Arda' (literally 'the Breather').

18, 35, 95

Swanhaven See

Alqualondë.

Swarthy Men

See *Easterlings.* 189

Talath Dirnen

The Guarded Plain, north of Nargothrond. 176, 203, 208, 252, 258, 261

Talath Rhunen

'The East Vale', earlier name of Thargelion. 148

Taniquetil

'High White Peak', highest of the mountains of the Pelóri and the highest mountain of Arda, upon

whose summit are Ilmarin, the mansions of Manwë and Varda; also called *the White Mountain, the Holy Mountain,* and *the Mountain of Manwë.* See *Oiolossë,* 19, 32, 35, 47, 51, 65, 81-4, 88, 93, 96, 129, 307,

344, 348

Tar-Ancalimon

Fourteenth King of Númenor, in whose time the Númenóreans became divided into opposed parties.

328

Taras

Mountain on a promontory of Nevrast; beneath it was Vinyamar, the dwelling of Turgon before he

went to Gondolin. 140, 295

Tar-Atanamir

Thirteenth King of Númenor, to whom the Messengers of the Valar came. 327-8

Tar-Calion

Quenya name of Ar-Pharazôn. 333, 359

Tar-Ciryatan

Twelfth King of Númenor 'the Shipbuilder'. 327

Tar-Elendil

Fourth King of Númenor, father of Silmarien, from whom Elendil was descended. 331

Tar-Minastir

Eleventh King of Númenor, who aided Gil-galad against Sauron. 329-30, 332

Tar-Minyatur

Name of Elros Half-elven as first King of Númenor. 336

Tar-Míriel See

Míriel (2).

Tarn Aeluin

The lake on Dorthonion where Barahir and his companions made their lair, and where they were

slain. 195-6

Tar-Palantir

Twenty-third King of Númenor, who repented of the ways of the Kings, and took his name in

Quenya: 'He who looks afar'. See *Inziladûn.* 332, 337

Taur-en-Faroth The wooded highlands to the west of the river Narog above Nargothrond; also called *the High Faroth.* 134, 145, 203

Taur-im-Duinath 'The Forest between Rivers', name of the wild country south of the Andram between Sirion and Gelion. 147, 184

Taur-nu-Fuin

Later name of Dorthonion: 'the Forest under Night'. Cf. *Deldúwath.* 186, 206, 212, 215-6, 221, 223, 245, 253-6

Tauron

'The Forester' (translated in the *Valaquenta* 'Lord of Forests'), a name of Oromë among the Sindar. Cf.

Aldaron. 22

Teiglin

A tributary of Sirion, rising in Ered Wethrin and bounding the Forest of Brethil on the south; see also

Crossings of Teiglin. 142, 145, 176, 190, 245, 251, 261, 265, 271, 273,279, 284

Telchar

The most renowned of the smiths of Nogrod, the maker of Angrist and (according to Aragorn in *The*

Two Towers III 6) of Narsil. 107, 215

Telemnar

Twenty-sixth King of Gondor. 368

Teleri

The third and greatest of the three hosts of the Eldar on the westward journey from Cuiviénen, led by

Elwë (Thingol) and Olwë. Their own name for themselves was *Lindar* the Singers; the name *Teleri* the Last-comers, the Hindmost, was given to them by those before them on the march. Many of the Teleri did not leave Middle-earth; the Sindar and the Nandor were Telerin Elves in origin. 36, 54-7, 60-4, 71, 79-80, 83, 96-8, 101, 107, 111,117, 159-60, 164, 306-9, 310, 315, 354

Telperion

The elder of the Two Trees of Valinor. 34, 47, 62, 82, 114-5, 247, 324, 361-2. Called *the White Tree* 62

Telumendil

Name of a constellation. 48

Thalion

'Steadfast, Strong'; see *Húrin.*

Thalos

The second of the tributaries of Gelion in Ossiriand. 147, 167

Thangorodrim

'Mountains of Tyranny', reared by Morgoth above Angband; broken down in the Great Battle at the

end of the First Age. 90, 109, 125-8, 136,139-40, 180-3, 215, 221, 232, 234, 240, 254, 312, 320, 353-4, 364

Thargelion

'The Land beyond Gelion', between Mount Rerir and the river Ascar, where Caranthir dwelt; called

also *Dor Caranthir* and *Talath Rhunen.* 148, 158, 171, 174, 184

Thingol

'Grey-cloak', 'Grey-mantle' (in Quenya *Sindacollo, Singollo),* the name by which Elwë, leader with his brother Olwë of the host of the Teleri from Cuiviénen and afterwards King of Doriath, was known in Beleriand; also called *the Hidden King.* See *Elwë.* 58, 103-10, 125, 130-1, 134, 145, 151-5, 157, 172, 176-7, 182, 190, 199-204, 208-9, 217, 222-7, 229-30, 243-7, 260, 267,269,280, 285-92, 297, 315

Thorondor

'King of Eagles'. Cf. *The Return of the King* VI 4: 'Old Thorondor, who built his eyries in the

inaccessible peaks of the Encircling Mountains when Middle-earth was young'. See *Crissaegrim.* 129, 149, 186, 191, 221, 281, 297, 301, 312

Thousand Caves See *Menegroth.*

Thranduil

Sindarin Elf, King of the Silvan Elves in the north of Greenwood the Great (Mirkwood); father of

Legolas, who was of the Fellowship of the Ring. 371

ThurIngwëthil

'Woman of Secret Shadow', the messenger of Sauron from Tol-in-Gaurhoth who took the form of a

great bat, and in whose shape Lúthien entered Angband. 216

Tilion

A Maia, steersman of the Moon. 114-7

Tintallë

'The Kindler', a name of Varda as maker of the Stars. She is called thus in Galadriel's lament in

Lórien, *The Fellowship of the Ring* II 8. Cf. *Elbereth, Elentári.* 48

Tinúviel

The name that Beren gave to Lúthien: a poetic word for the nightingale, 'Daughter of Twilight'. See

Lúthien.

Tirion

'Great Watch-tower', the city of the Elves on the hill of Túna in Aman. 62, 65-7, 74-5, 77-8, 83, 91,

94-6, 117, 134-5, 149-52, 205, 297, 307, 361

Tol Eressëa

'The Lonely Isle' (also simply *Eressëa*), on which the Vanyar and the Noldor and afterwards the Teleri were drawn across the ocean by Ulmo, and which was at last rooted in the Bay of Eldamar near to the coasts of Aman. On Eressëa the Teleri long remained before they went to Alqualondë; and there dwelt many of the Noldor and the Sindar after the ending of the First Age. 50, 60-2, 64, 118, 306, 310, 315, 321, 324, 331, 345, 349, 355, 362

Tol Galen

'The Green Isle' in the river Adurant in Ossiriand, where Beren and Lúthien dwelt after their return.

147, 229, 290

Tol-in-Gaurhoth 'Isle of Werewolves', name of Tol Sirion after its capture by Sauron. 188, 208, 210

Tol Morwen

Island in the sea after the drowning of Beleriand on which stood the memorial stone of Túrin, Nienor,

and Morwen. 284

Tol Sirion

Island in the river in the Pass of Sirion on which Finrod built the tower of Minas Tirith; after its

capture by Sauron named Tol-in-Gaurhoth. 133, 142, 188

Tulkas

A Vala, the 'greatest in strength and deeds of prowess', who came last to Arda; also called *Astaldo*.

18, 22, 29-31, 47, 51, 52, 70-1, 77-80, 85-7

Tumhalad

Valley in the land between the rivers Ginglith and Narog, where the host of Nargothrond was

defeated. 261

Tumladen

'The Wide Valley', the hidden vale in the Encircling Mountains in the midst of which stood the city of

Gondolin. (*Tumladen* was afterwards the name of a valley in Gondor: *The Return of the King* V 1). 135, 149, 160, 191, 221, 296, 301

Tumunzahar

See *Nogrod.* 104

Túna

The green hill in the Calacirya on which Tirion, the city of the Elves, was built. 62, 65-7, 75, 79, 91, 96, 100,117, 135, 149, 307, 324, 344

Tuor

Son of Huor and Rían, fostered by the Grey-elves of Mithrim; entered Gondolin bearing the message

of Ulmo; wedded Idril Turgon's daughter, and with her and their son Eärendil escaped from the destruction of the City; in his ship Eärrámë set sail into the West. 177, 242, 294-304, 308

Turambar

'Master of Doom', the last name taken by Túrin, during his days in the Forest of Brethil. 266,

270-80,

284

Turgon

Called the Wise; the second son of Fingolfin; dwelt at Vinyamar in Nevrast before he departed in

secret to Gondolin, which he ruled until his death in the sack of the city; father of Idril the mother of Eärendil 64, 93, 100-2, 133, 135, 140-1, 149-51,155-7, 160, 163-5, 186, 191-3, 221, 231-2, 234-7, 240, 247, 281-2, 294-300, 302, 308, 315

Tûr Haretha

The burial-mound of the Lady Haleth in the Forest of Brethil (see *Haudh-en-Arwen).* 176

Túrin

Son of Húrin and Morwen; chief subject of the lay named *Narn i Hîn Húrin* from which Chapter XXI was derived. For his other names see *Neithan, Gorthol, Agarwaen, Mormegil, Wildman of the Woods, Turambar.*

177, 178, 205, 242-66, 271, 274-80, 284

Twilight Meres See

Aelin-uial.

Two Kindreds

Elves and Men. 307-8, 319, 366

Two Trees of Valinor

33-4, 45-6, 53-4, 58, 61-2, 65, 71-2, 78, 83-4, 86, 109, 111-6, 119, 151, 288, 296, 302, 336-7

Uinen

A Maia, the Lady of the Seas, spouse of Ossë. 24, 36, 60, 98

Úlairi

See

Ring-wraiths.

Uldor

Called the Accursed; son of Ulfang the Black; slain by Maglor in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 189, 232,

235-7, 311

Ulfang

Called the Black; a chieftain of the Easterlings, who with his three sons followed Caranthir, and

proved faithless in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 189, 231, 235

Ulfast

Son of Ulfang the Black, slain by the sons of Bor in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 189, 235

Ulmo

A Vala, one of the Aratar, called *Lord of Waters and King of the Sea,* The name was interpreted by the Eldar to mean 'The Pourer' or 'The Rainer'. See especially 19-20, 36. 8-10, 18-24, 36, 44, 51, 52, 59-61, 64, 70, 97, 116, 120, 133-5, 141, 146, 149-52, 187, 190, 240, 256, 260, 294-8, 301-2, 305-6, 308

Ulumúri The great horns of Ulmo made by the Maia

Salmar. 19, 36, 59

Ulwarth

Son of Ulfang the Black, slain by the sons of Bor in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 189, 235

Úmanyar

Name given to those Elves who went on the westward Journey from Cuiviénen but did not reach

Aman: 'Those not of Aman', beside *Amanyar* 'Those of Aman'. 54, 58

Úmarth

'Ill-fate', a fictitious name for his father given out by Túrin in Nargothrond. 257

Umbar

Great natural haven and fortress of the Númenóreans south of the Bay of Belfalas. 334

Undying Lands Aman and Eressëa; also called *the Deathless Lands.* 308, 320, 324, 345, 348

Ungoliant

The great spider, destroyer with Melkor of the Trees of Valinor. Shelob in *The Lord of the Rings* was

'the last child of Ungoliant to trouble the unhappy world' *(The Two Towers* IV 9). 79-80, 84, 85, 88-90, 100, 109, 116, 144, 157,198,307

Union of Maedhros

The league formed by Maedhros to defeat Morgoth that ended in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad

Urthel

One of the twelve companions of Barahir on Dorthonion. 187

Urulóki

Quenya word meaning 'fire-serpent', dragon. 137, 294-304, 308

Utumno

The first great stronghold of Melkor, in the north of Middle-earth, destroyed by the Valar. 31, 37, 46,

51-2, 81, 91, 114, 139

Vairë

'The Weaver', one of the Valier, the spouse of Námo Mandos. 18, 21

Valacirca

'The Sickle of the Valar', name of the constellation of the Great Bear. 48, 211

Valandil Youngest son of Isildur; third King of Arnor. 367

Valaquenta

'Account of the Valar', a short work treated as a separate entity from *The Silmarillion* proper.

Valar

'Those with Power', 'The Powers' (singular *Vala);* name given to those great Ainur who entered into

Eä at the beginning of Time, and assumed the function of guarding and governing Arda. Called also *the Great Ones, the Rulers of Arda, the Lords of the West, the Lords of Valinor. Passim;* see especially 10-12, 37, 81-2, and see also *Ainur, Aratar.*

Valaraukar

'Demons of Might' (singular *Valarauko),* Quenya form corresponding to Sindarin *Balrog.* 26

Valaróma

The horn of the Vala Oromë. 22, 37, 85, 108-9

Valier

'The Queens of the Valar' (singular *Valie);* a term used only in the *Valaquenta.* 18, 20, 23

Valimar

See *Valmar.*

Valinor

The land of the Valar in Aman, beyond the mountains of the Pelóri; also called *the Guarded Realm.*

Passim; see especially 32-3, 117

Valmar

The city of the Valar in Valinor; the name also occurs in the form *Valimar.* In Galadriel's lament in Lórien (*The Fellowship of the Ring* II 8) Valimar is made equivalent to Valinor. 21-3, 33, 51, 57, 64, 70, 76-9, 82-4, 94, 117, 227-8, 307-8

Vána

One of the Valier, the sister of Yavanna and spouse of Oromë; called *the Ever-young.* 18, 23, 114

Vanyar

The first host of the Eldar on the westward journey from Cuiviénen, led by Ingwë. The name

(singular *Vanya*) means 'the Fair', referring to the golden hair of the Vanyar; see *Finarfin.* 35, 55, 59, 62-5, 69, 71, 83-4, 91, 112-4, 117, 155, 163, 310,315

Varda

'The Exalted', 'The Lofty'; also called *the Lady of the Stars.* Greatest of the Valier, the spouse of Manwë, dwelling with him on Taniquetil. Other names of Varda, as maker of the Stars, were *Elbereth, Elentári, Tintallë.* See especially 18-9, 18-9, 23-4, 29, 32, 34-6, 47-8, 54, 62, 73, 83-4, 86, 93, 113-6, 211, 313-6

Vása

'The Consumer', a name of the Sun among the Noldor. 114

Vilya

One of the Three Rings of the Elves, the Ring of Air, borne by Gil-galad and afterwards by Elrond;

also called *The Ring of Sapphire.* 357, 370

Vingilot

(In full Quenya form *Vingilótë*) . 'Foam-flower', the name of Eärendil's ship; see *Rothinzil.* 305, 310, 312, 319

Vinyamar

The house of Turgon in Nevrast under Mount Taras. The meaning is probably 'New Dwelling'. 135,

141, 150, 155, 295-7

Voronwë 'The Steadfast', Elf of Gondolin, the only mariner to survive from the seven ships sent into the West after the Nirnaeth Arnoediad; met with Tuor at Vinyamar and guided him to Gondolin. 240, 295

Westernesse See

Anadûnë, Númenor.

White Council

The Council of the Wise in the Third Age formed to oppose Sauron. 373-5

White Mountain See

Taniquetil.

White Tree See

Telperion, Galathilion, Nimhth (1). The White Trees of Minas Ithil and Minas Anor: 337, 342,

361, 364-8, 378

Wildman of the Woods

Name adopted by Túrin when he first came among the Men of Brethil. 265

Wilwarin

Name of a constellation. The word meant 'butterfly' in Quenya, and the constellation was perhaps

Cassiopeia. 48

Wizards

See *Istari.* 372

Woodland Elves See

Silvan Elves.

Yavanna 'Giver of fruits'; one of the Valier, numbered among the Aratar; the spouse of Aulë; called also *Kementári* See especially 20-1. 18, 20-3, 29-30, 33-5, 43-7, 57, 62, 82, 86-8, 90, 103, 113-4, 120, 321, 324, 362

Year of Lamentation

The year of the Nirnaeth Arnoediad. 151, 243

A P P E N D I X

Elements in Quenya and Sindarin Names

These notes have been compiled for those who take an interest in the Eldarin languages, and *The Lord of the Rings* is extensively drawn upon for illustration. They are necessarily very compressed, giving an air of certainty and finality that is not altogether justified; and they are very selective, this depending both on considerations of length and the limitations of the editor's knowledge. The headings are not arranged systematically by roots or in Quenya or Sindarin forms, but somewhat arbitrarily, the aim being to make the component elements of names as readily identifiable as possible.

adan

(plural

Edain) in *Adanedhel, Aradan, Dúnedain.* For its meaning and history see *Atani* in the Index.

aelin

'lake, pool' in *Aelin-uial;* cf. *lin (2).*

aglar

'glory, brilliance' in *Dagor Aglareb, Aglarond.* The form m Quenya, *alkar,* has transposition of the consonants: to Sindarin *aglareb* corresponds *Alkarinquë.* The root is *kal-* 'shine', q.v.

aina

'holy'

in

Ainur, Ainulindalë.

alda

'tree' (Quenya) in *Aldaron, Aldudénië, Malinalda*, corresponding to Sindarin *galadh* (seen in *Caras Galadon* and the *Galadrim* of Lothlórien).

alqua

'swan'

(Sindarin

alph) in *Alqualondë;* from a root *alak-* 'rushing' occurring also in *Ancalagon.*

amarth

'doom' in *Amon Amarth, Cabed Naeramarth, Úmarth,* and in the Sindarin form of Túrin's name

'Master of Doom', *Turamarth.* The Quenya form of the word appears in *Turambar.*

amon

'hill', a Sindarin word occurring as the first element of many names; plural *emyn* in *Emyn Beraid.* 445

anca

'jaws'

in

Ancalagon (for the second element in this name see *alqua*).

an(d)

'long'

in

Andram, Anduin; also in *Anfalas* ('Lang-strand') in Gondor, *Cair Andros* ('ship of long-foam') an island in Anduin, and *Angerthas* 'long rune-rows'.

andúnë

'sunset, west' in *Andúnië,* to which corresponds in Sindarin *annun,* cf. *Annúminas,* and *Henneth Annun* 'window of the sunset' in Ithilien. The ancient root of these words, *ndu,* meaning 'down, from on high', appears also in Quenya *numen* 'the way of the sunset, west' and in Sindarin *dun* 'west', cf. *Dúnedain,* Adûnaic *adun* in *Adunakhôr, Anadûnë* was a loan from Eldarin speech.

anga

'iron',

Sindarin

ang, in *Angainor, Angband, Anghabar, Anglachel, Angrist, Angrod, Anguirel,*

Gurthang; angren 'of iron' in *Angrenost,* plural *engrin* in *Ered Engrin.*

anna

'gift'

in

Annatar, Melian, Yavanna; the same stem m *Andor* 'Land of Gift'.

annon

'great door or gate', plural *ennyn,* in *Annon-in-Gelydh;* cf. *Morannon* the 'Black Gate' of Mordor and *Sirannon* the 'Gate-stream' of Moria.

ar-

'beside, outside' (whence Quenya *ar* 'and', Sindarin *a*), probably in *Araman* 'outside Aman'; cf. also (*Nirnaeth*) *Arnoediad* '(Tears) without reckoning'.

ar(a)-

'high, noble, royal' appears in a great many names, as *Aradan, Aredhel, Argonath, Arnor,* etc.;

extended stem *arat-* appearing in *Aratar,* and in *arato* 'champion, eminent man', e.g. *Angrod* from *Angaráto* and *Finrod* from *Findaráto;* also *aran* 'king' in *Aranrúth. Ereinion* 'scion of kings' (name of Gil-galad) has the plural of *aran;* cf. *Fornost Erain* 'Norbury of the Kings' in Arnor. The prefix *Ar-* of the Adûnaic names of the Kings of Númenor was derived from this.

arien

(the Maia of the Sun) is derived from a root *as-* seen also in Quenya *árë* 'sunlight'.

atar

'father'

in

Atanatári (see *Atani* in Index), *Ilúvatar.*

band

'prison, duress' m *Angband;* from original *mbando,* of which the Quenya form appears in *Mandos* (Sindarin *Angband* = Quenya *Angamando).*

bar

'dwelling' in *Bar-en-Danwedh.* The ancient word *mbar* (Quenya *mar,* Sindarin *bar)* meant the 'home' both of persons and of peoples, and thus appears in many place-names, as *Brithombar, Dimbar* (the first element of which means 'sad, gloomy'), *Eldamar, Val(i)mar, Vinyamar, Mar-nu-Falmar. Mardil,* name of the first of the Ruling Stewards of Gondor, means 'devoted to the house' (i.e. of the Kings).

barad

'tower'

in

Barad-dûr, Barad Either Barad Nimras; the plural in *Emyn Beraid.*

beleg

'mighty'

in

Beleg, Belegaer, Belegost, Laer Cú Beleg.

brago

'sudden'

in

Dagor Bragollach.

brethil

probably means 'silver birch'; cf. *Nimbrethil* the birchwoods in Arvernien, and *Fimbrethil,* one of the Entwives.

brith

'gravel'

m

Brithiach, Brithombar, Brithon.

(For many names beginning with C see entries under K)

calen (galen)

the usual Sindarin word for 'green', in *Ard-galen, Tol Galen, Calenardhon;* also in *Parth Galen* ('Green Sward') beside Anduin and *Pinnath Gelin* ('Green Ridges') in Gondor. See *kal-*.

cam

(from

kamba) 'hand', but specifically of the hand held cupped in the attitude of receiving or holding, in *Camlost, Erchamion.*

carak-

This root is seen in Quenya *carca* 'fang', of which the Sindarin form *carch* occurs in *Carcharoth,* and

also in *Carchost* ('Fang Fort', one of the Towers of the Teeth at the entrance to Mordor). Cf. *Caragdûr, Carach Angren* ('Iron Jaws', the rampart and dike guarding the entrance to Udun in Mordor), and *Helcaraxë.*

caran

'red',

Quenya

carnë, in *Caranthir, Carnil, Orocarni;* also in *Caradhras,* from *caran-rass,* the 'Redhorn' in the Misty Mountains, and *Carnimirie* 'red-jewelled', the rowan-tree m Treebeard's song. The translation of *Carcharoth* in the text as 'Red Maw' must depend on association with this word; see *carak-*.

celeb

'silver'

(Quenya

telep, telpë, as in *Telperion)* in *Celeborn, Celebrant, Celebros. Celebrimbor* means

'silver-fist', from the adjective *celebrin* 'silver' (meaning not 'made of silver' but 'like silver, in hue or worth') and *paur* (Quenya *quare)* 'fist' often used to mean 'hand'; the Quenya form of the name was *Telperinquar. Celebrindal* has *celebrin* and *tal, dal* 'foot'.

coron

'mound'

in

Corollairë (also called *Coron Oiolairë,* which latter word appears to mean 'Ever-summer', cf. *Oiolossë);*

cf. *Cerin Amroth,* the great mound in Lothlórien.

cú

'bow' in *Cúthalion, Dor Cúarthol, Laer Cú Beleg.*

cuivië

'awakening'

in

Cuiviénen (Sindarin *Nen Echui*) . Other derivatives of the same root are *Dor*

Firn-i-Guinar; coire, the first beginning of Spring, Sindarin *echuir. The Lord of the Rings* Appendix D; and *coimas*

'life-bread', Quenya name of *lembas.*

cul-

'golden-red'

in

Culúrien.

curu

'skill'

in

Curuftn(we), Curunír.

dae

'shadow'

in

Dor Daedeloth, and perhaps m *Daeron.*

dagor

'battle'; the root is *ndak-,* cf. *Haudh-en-Ndengin.* Another derivative is *Dagnir* (*Dagnir Glaurunga*

'Glaurung's Bane').

del

'horror* in *Deldúwath; deloth* 'abhorrence' in *Dor Daedeloth.*

dîn

'silent' in *Dor Dínen;* cf. *Rath Dínen,* the Silent Street in Minas Tirith, and *Amon Dîn,* one of the beacon-hills of Gondor.

dol

'head' in *Lórindol;* often applied to hills and mountains, as in *Dol Guldur, Dolmed, Mindolluin* (also *Nardol,* one of the beacon-hills of Gondor, and *Fanuidhol,* one of the Mountains of Moria).

dôr

'land' (i.e. dry land as opposed to sea) was derived from *ndor;* it occurs in many Sindarin names, as *Doriath, Dorthonion, Eriador, Gondor, Mordor,* etc. In Quenya the stem was blended and confused with a quite distinct word *nórë* meaning 'people'; in origin *Valinórë* was strictly 'the people of the Valar', but *Valandor* 'the land of the Valar', and similarly *Númen(n)órë* 'people of the West', but *Númendor* 'land of the West'. Quenya *Endor* 'Middle-earth' was from *ened* 'middle' and *ndor;* this in Sindarin became *Ennor* (cf. *ennorath* 'middle lands' in the chant *A Elbereth Gilthoniel*) .

draug

'wolf'

in

Draugluin.

dú

'night, dimness' in *Deldúwath, Ephel Dúath.* Derived from earlier *dömë,* whence Quenya *lómë;* thus Sindarin *dúlin* 'nightingale' corresponds to *lómelindë.*

duin

'(long) river' in *Anduin, Baranduin, Esgalduin, Malduin, Taur-im-Duinath.*

dûr

'dark' in *Barad-dûr, Caragdûr, Dol Guldur;* also in *Durthang* (a castle in Mordor).

ëar

'sea' (Quenya) in *Eärendil, Eärrámë,* and many other names. The Sindarin word *gaer* (in *Belegaer*) is apparently derived from the same original stem.

echor

in

Echoriath 'Encircling Mountains' and *Orfalch Echor;* cf. *Rammas Echor* 'the great wall of the outer circle' about the Pelennor Fields at Minas Tirith.

edhel

'elf (Sindarin) in *Adanedhel, Aredhel, Glóredhel, Ost-in-Edhil;* also in *Peredhil* 'Half-elven'.

eithel

'well'

m

Eithel Ivrin, Eithel Sirion, Barad Eithel; also in *Mitheithel,* the river Hoarwell in Eriador (named from its source). See *kel-*.

êl, elen

'star'. According to Elvish legend, *ele* was a primitive exclamation 'behold!' made by the Elves when they first saw the stars. From this origin derived the ancient words *êl* and *elen,* meaning 'star', and the adjectives *elda* and *elena,* meaning 'of the stars'. These elements appear in a great many names. For the later use of the name *Eldar* see the Index. The Sindarin equivalent of *Elda* was *Edhel* (plural *Edhil*) , q.v.; 'but the strictly corresponding form was *Eledh,* which occurs in *Eledhwen.*

er

'one, alone', in *Amon Ereb* (cf, *Erebor,* the Lonely Mountain), *Erchamion, Eressëa, Eru.*

ereg

'thorn, holly' in *Eregion, Region.*

esgal

'screen, hiding' in *Esgalduin.*

falas

'shore, line of surf' (Quenya *falassë*) in *Falas, Belfalas;* also *Anfalas* in Gondor. Cf. *Falathar, Falathrim.* Another derivative from the root was Quenya *falma* '(crested) wave', whence *Falmari, Mar-nu-Falmar.*

faroth

is derived from a root meaning 'hunt, pursue'; in the Lay of Leithian the *Taur-en-Faroth* above

Nargothrond are called 'the Hills of the Hunters'.

faug-

'gape'

in

Anfauglir, Anfauglith, Dor-nu-Fauglith.

fea

'spirit' in *Fëanor, Fëanturi.*

fin-

'hair' in *Finduilas, Fingon, Finrod, Glorftndel.*

formen

'north' (Quenya) in *Formenos;* Sindarin *forn* (also *for, forod*) in *Fornost.*

fuin

'gloom, darkness' (Quenya *huine)* in *Fuinur, Taur-nu-Fuin.*

gaer

'sea'

in

Belegaer (and in *Gaerys,* Sindarin name of Ossë). Said to derive from the stem *gaya* 'awe, dread', and to have been the name made for the vast and terrifying Great Sea when the Eldar first came to its shores.

gaur

'werewolf (from a root *ngwaw-* 'howl') m *Tol-in-Gaurhoth.*

gil

'star' in *Dagor-nuin-Giliath, Osgiliath* (*giliath* 'host of stars'); *Gil-Estel, Gil-galad.*

girith

'shuddering'

in

Nen Girith; cf. also *Girithron,* name of the last month of the year in Sindarin (*The Lord of the Rings* Appendix D).

glin

'gleam' (particularly applied to the eyes) in *Maeglin.*

golodh

is the Sindarin form of Quenya *Noldo;* see *gul* Plural *Golodhrim,* and *Gelydh* (in *Annon-in-Gelydh*).

gond

'stone'

in

Gondolin, Gondor, Gonnhirrim, Argonath, seregon. The name of the hidden city of King

Turgon was devised by him in Quenya as *Ondolindë* (Quenya *ondo* = Sindarin *gond,* and *lindë* 'singing, song'); but it was known always in legend in the Sindarin form *Gondolin,* which was probably interpreted as *gond-dolen*

'Hidden Rock'.

gor

'horror, dread' in *Gorthaur, Gorthol; goroth* of the same meaning, with reduplicated *gor,* in *Gorgoroth, Ered Gorgoroth.*

groth (grod)

'delving, underground dwelling' m *Menegroth, Nogrod* (probably also in *Nimrodel,* 'lady of the white cave'). *Nogrod* was originally *Novrod* 'hollow delving' (hence the translation *Hollowbold*) *,* but was altered under the influence of *naug* 'dwarf'.

gul

'sorcery' in *Dol Guldur, Minas Morgul.* This word was derived from the same ancient stem *ngol-* that appears in *Noldor;* cf. Quenya *nólë* 'long study, lore, knowledge'. But the Sindarin word was darkened in sense by its frequent use in the compound *morgul* 'black arts'.

gurth

'death'

in

Gurthang (see also *Melkor* in the Index).

gwaith

'people'

in

Gwaith-i-Mírdain; cf. *Enedwaith* 'Middle-folk', name of the land between the Greyflood

and the Isen.

gwalh, wath 'shadow'

in

Deldúwath, Ephel Dúath; also in *Gwathlo,* the river Greyflood in Eriador. Related forms in *Ered Wethrin, ThurIngwëthil.* (This Sindarin word referred to dim light, not to the shadows of objects cast by light: these were called *morchaint* 'dark shapes'.)

hadhod

in *Hadhodrond* (translation of *Khazad-dûm)* was a rendering of *Khazâd* into Sindarin sounds.

haudh

'mound'

in

Haudh-en-Arwen, Haudh-en-Elleth, etc.

heru

'lord'

in

Herumor, Herunúmen; Sindarin *hir in Gonnhirrim, Rohirrim, Barahir; híril* 'lady' in *Hírilorn.*

him

'cool'

in

Himlad (and *Himring?*) .

hîn

'children' in *Eruhini* 'Children of Eru'; *Narn i Hîn Húrin.*

hith

'mist'

in

Hithaeglir, Hithlum (also in *Nen Hithoel,* a lake in Anduin). *Hithlum* is Sindarin in form, adapted from the Quenya name *Hísilómë* given by the Noldorin exiles (Quenya *hísië* 'mist', cf. *Hísimë,* the name of the eleventh month of the year. *The Lord of the Rings* Appendix D).

hoth

'host, horde' (nearly always in a bad sense) in *Tol-in-Gaurhoth;* also in *Loss(h)oth,* the Snowmen of Forochel (*The Lord of the Rings* Appendix A [I, iii]) and *Glamhoth* 'din-horde', a name for Orcs.

hyarmen 'south' (Quenya) in *Hyarmentir;* Sindarin *har-, harn, harad.*

ia

'void, abyss' m *Moria.*

iant

'bridge'

in

Iant Iaur.

iâth

'fence'

in

Doriath.

iaur

'old'

in

Iant Iaur; cf. the Elvish name of Bombadil, *Iarwain.*

ilm-

This stem appears in *Ilmen, Ilmarë,* and also in *Ilmarin* ('mansion of the high airs', the dwelling of Manwë and Varda upon Oiolossë).

ilúvë

'the whole, the all' in *Ilúvatar.*

kal' (gal-)

This root, meaning 'shine', appears in *Calacirya, Calaquendi, Tar-Calion; galvorn, Gil-galad,*

Galadriel. The last two names have no connexion with Sindarin *galadh* tree', although in the case of Galadriel such a connexion was often made, and the name altered to *Galadhriel.* In the High-elven speech her name was

Al(a)táriel, derived from *alata* 'radiance' (Sindarin *galad*) and *riel* 'garlanded *maiden'* (from a root *rig-* 'twine, wreathe'): the whole meaning 'maiden crowned with a radiant garland', referring to her hair. *calen (galen)* 'green' is etymologically 'bright', and derives from this root; see also *aglar.*

káno

'commander': this Quenya word is the origin of the second element m *Fingon* and *Turgon.*

kel-

'go away', of water 'flow away, flow down', in *Celon;* from *et-kele* 'issue of water, spring' was derived, with transposition of the consonants, Quenya *ehtele,* Sindarin *eithel.*

kemen

'earth'

in

Kementári; a Quenya word referring to the earth as a flat floor beneath *menel,* the heavens.

kheliek-

'ice' in *Helcar, Helcaraxë* (Quenya *helka* 'icy, ice-cold'). But in *Helevorn* the first element is Sindarin *heledh* 'glass', taken from Khuzdul *kheled* (cf. *Kheled-zaram* 'Mirrormere'); *Helevorn* means 'black glass' (cf.

galvorn) .

khil-

'follow'

in

Hildor, Hildórien, Eluchíl.

kir-

'cut, cleave' in *Calacirya, Cirth, Angerthas, Cirith* (*Ninniach, Thoronath*) . From the sense 'pass swiftly through' was derived Quenya *círya* 'sharp-prowed ship' (cf. English *cutter),* and this meaning appears also in *Círdan, Tar-Ciryatan,* and no doubt in the name of Isildur's son *Círyon.*

lad

'plain, valley' in *Dagorlad, Himlad; imlad* a narrow valley with steep sides, in *Imladris* (cf. also *Imlad Morgul* in the Ephel Dúath).

laure

'gold' (but of light and colour, not of the metal) in *Laurelin;* the Sindarin forms in *Glóredhel, Glorfindel, Loeg Ningloron, Lórindol, Rathlóriel.*

lhach

'leaping flame' m *Dagor Bragollach,* and probably in *Anglachel* (the sword made by Eöl of meteoric iron).

lin (1)

'pool, mere' in *Linaewen* (which contains *aew* [Quenya *aiwe*] 'small bird'), *Teiglin;* cf. *aelin.*

lin- (2)

This root, meaning 'sing, make a musical sound', occurs in *Ainulindalë, Laurelin, Lindar, Lindon,*

Ered Lindon, lómelindi.

lith

'ash' in *Anfauglith, Dor-nu-Fauglith;* also in *Ered Lithui,* the Ashen Mountains, forming the northern border of Mordor, and *Lithlad* 'Plain of Ashes* at the feet of Ered Lithui.

lok-

'bend, loop' in *Urulóki* (Quenya [*h*] *lókë* 'snake, serpent', Sindarin *Ihûg*) .

lóm

'echo'

in

Dor-lómin, Ered Lómin; related are *Lammoth, Lanthir Lamath.*

lómë

'dusk'

m

Lómion, lómelindi; see *dú.*

londë

'land-locked haven' in *Alqualondë;* the Sindarin form *lond* (*lonn*) in *Mithlond.*

los

'snow' in *Oiolossë* (Quenya *oio* 'ever' and *losse* 'snow, snow-white'); Sindarin *loss* in *Amon Uilos* and *Aeglos.*

loth

'flower'

in

Lothlórien, Nimloth; Quenya *lótë* in *Ninquelótë, Vingilótë.*

luin

'blue'

in

Ered Luin, Helluin, Luinil, Mindolluin.

maeg

'sharp, piercing' (Quenya *maika)* in *Maeglin.*

mal-

'gold'

in

Malduin, Malinalda; also m *mallorn,* and in the Field of *Cormallen,* which means 'golden circle' and was named from the *culumalda* trees that grew there (see *cul-*).

man-

'good, blessed, unmarred' in *Aman, Manwë;* derivatives of *Aman* in *Amandil, Araman, Úmanyar.*

mel-

'love'

in

Melian (from *Melyanna* 'dear gift'); this stem is seen also in the Sindarin word *mellon* 'friend'

m the inscription on the West-gate of Moria.

men

'way'

in

Númen, Hyarmen, Rómen, Formen.

menel

'the heavens' m *Meneldil, Menelmacar, Meneltarma.*

mereth

'feast'

in

Mereth Aderthad; also in *Merethrond,* the Hall of Feasts in Minas Tirith.

minas

'tower'

in

Annúminas, Minas Anor, Minas Tirith, etc. The same stem. occurs in other words referring

to isolated, prominent, things, e.g. *Mindolluin, Mindon;* probably related is Quenya *minya* 'first' (cf. *Tar-Minyatur,* the name of Elros as first King of Númenor).

mîr

'jewel' (Quenya *mîrë)* m *Elemmírë, Gwaith-i-Mírdain, Míriel, Nauglamír, Tar-Atanamir.*

mith

'grey'

in

Mithlond, Mithrandir, Mithrim; also hi *Mitheithel,* the river Hoarwell in Eriador.

mor

'dark'

in

Mordor, Morgoth, Moria, Moriquendi, Mormegil, Morwen, etc.

moth

'dusk'

in

Nan Elmoth.

nan(d)

'valley'

m

Nan Dungortheb, Nan Elmoth, Nan Tathren.

nár

'fire' in *Narsil, Narya;* present also in the original forms of *Aegnor (Aikanáro* 'Sharp Flame' or 'Fell Fire') and *Fëanor (Feanaro* 'Spirit of Fire'). The Sindarin form was *naur,* as in *Sammath Naur,* the Chambers of Fire in Orodruin. Derived from the same ancient root *(a)nar* was the name of the Sun, Quenya *Anar* (also in *Anárion),* Sindarin *Anor* (cf. *Minas Anor, Anorien*) .

naug

'dwarf'

in

Naugrim; see also *Nogrod* in entry *groth.* Related is another Sindarin word for 'dwarf', *nogoth,* plural *noegyth* (*Noegyth Nibin* 'Petty-dwarves') and *nogothrim.*

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-(n)dil

is a very frequent ending of personal names, *Amandil, Eärendil* (shortened *Eärnil*) *, Elendil, Mardil,* etc.; it implies 'devotion', 'disinterested love' (see *Mardil* in entry *bar*) .

-{n)dur

in names such as *Eärendur* (shortened *Eärnur*) is similar in meaning to - *(n)dil.*

neldor

'beech'

in

Neldoreth; but it seems that this was properly the name of Hírilorn, the great beech-tree

with three trunks (*nelde* 'three' and *orn*) .

nen

'water', used of lakes, pools, and lesser rivers, in *Nen Girith, Nenning, Nenuial, Nenya; Cuiviénen, Uinen;* also in many names in *The Lord of the Rings,* as *Nen Hithoel, Bruinen, Emyn Arnen, Núrnen. Nîn* 'wet' in *Loeg Ningloron;* also in *Nindalf.*

nim

'white' (from earlier *nimf, nimp*) in *Nimbrethil, Nimloth, Nimphelos, niphredil* (*niphred* 'pallor'), *Barad Nimras, Ered Nimrais.* The Quenya form was *ninque;* thus *Ninquelótë = Nimloth.* Cf. also *Taniquetil.*

orn

'tree' in *Celeborn, Hírilorn;* cf. *Fangorn* 'Treebeard' and *mallorn,* plural *mellyrn,* the trees of Lothlórien.

orod

'mountain'

in

Orodruin, Thangorodrim; Orocarni, Oromët. Plural *ered* in *Ered Engrin, Ered Linden,*

etc.

os(t)

'fortress'

in

Angrenost, Belegost, Formenos, Fornost, Mandos, Nargothrond (from *Narog-ost-rond*) ,

Os(t)giliaih, Ost-in-Edhil.

palan

(Quenya) 'far and wide' in *Palantíri, Tar-Palantir.*

pel-

'go round, encircle' in *Pelargir, Pelóri,* and in the *Pelennor,* the 'fenced land' of Minas Tirith; also in

Ephel Brandir, Ephel Dúath (ephel from *et-pel* 'outer fence').

quen- (quet-)

'say, speak' in *Quendi* (*Calaquendi, Laiquendi, Moriquendi*) *, Quenya, Valaquenta, Quenta Silmarillion.* The Sindarin forms have *p* (or *b*) for *qu;* e.g. *pedo* 'speak' in the inscription on the West-gate of Moria, corresponding to the Quenya stem *quet;* and Gandalf's words before the gate, *lasto beth lammen* 'listen to the words of my tongue', where *beth* 'word' corresponds to Quenya *quetta.*

ram

'wall'

(Quenya

ramba) in Andram, Ramdal; also in *Rammas Echor,* the wall about the Pelennor Fields

at Minas Tirith.

ran-

'wander, stray' in *Rána,* the Moon, and in *Mithrandir, Aerandir;* also in the river *Gilraen* in Gondor.

rant

'course' in the river-names *Adurant* (with *adu* 'double') and *Celebrant* ('Silverlode').

ras

'horn' in *Barad Nimras,* also in *Caradhras* ('Redhorn') and *Methedras* ('Last Peak') in the Misty Mountains; plural *rais* in *Ered Nimrais.*

rauko

'demon'

in

Valaraukar; Sindarin *raug, rog* in *Balrog.*

ril

'brilliance' in *Idril, Silmaril;* also in *Anduril* (the sword of Aragorn) and in *mithril* (Moria-silver).

Idril's name in Quenya form was *Itarillë* (or *Itarildë*) *,* from a stem *ita-* 'sparkle'.

rim

'great number, host' (Quenya *rimbe)* was commonly used to form collective plurals, as *Golodhrim, Mithrim* (see the Index), *Naugrim, Thangorodrim,* etc.

ring

'cold, chill' in *Ringil, Ringwil, Himring;* also in the river *Ringló* in Gondor, and in *Ringarë,* Quenya name of the last month of the year (*The Lord of the Rings* Appendix D).

ris

'cleave' appears to have blended with the stem *kris-* of similar meaning (a derivative of the root *kir-*

'cleave, cut', q.v.); hence *Angrist* (also *Orcrist* 'Orc-cleaver', the sword of Thorin Oakenshield), *Crissaegrim, Imladris.*

roch

'horse'

(Quenya

rokko) in *Rochallor, Rohan* (from *Rochand* 'land of horses'), *Rohirrim;* also in *Roheryn* 'horse of the lady' (cf. *heru*) , Aragorn's horse, which was so called because given to him by Arwen (*The Return of the King* V 2).

rom-

A stem used of the sound of trumpets and horns which appears in *Oromë* and *Valaróma;* cf. *Bema,* the name of this Vala in the language of Rohan as translated into Anglo-Saxon in *The Lord of the Rings* Appendix A (II): Anglo-Saxon *bëme* 'trumpet'.

romen

'uprising, sunrise, east' (Quenya) in *Romenna.* The Sindarin words for 'east', *rhûn* (in *Talath Rhunen*) and *amrûn,* were of the same origin.

rond

meant a vaulted or arched roof, or a large hall or chamber so roofed; so *Nargothrond* (see *ost*) , *Hadhodrond, Aglarond.* It could be applied to the heavens, hence the name *Elrond* 'star-dome'.

ros

'foam, spindrift, spray' in *Celebros, Elros, Rauros;* also in *Cair Andros,* an island in the river Anduin.

ruin

'red flame' (Quenya *runya*) in *Orodruin.*

ruth

'anger'

in

Aranrúth.

sarn

'(small) stone' in *Sarn Athrad* (*Sarn Ford* on the Brandywine is a half-translation of this); also in *Sarn Gebir* ('stone-spikes': *ceber,* plural *cebir* 'stakes'), rapids in the river Anduin. A derivative is *Serni,* a river m Gondor.

sereg

'blood'

(Quenya

serke) in *seregon.*

sil-

(and variant *thil-*) 'shine (with white or silver light)' in *Belthil, Galathilion, Silpion,* and in Quenya *Isil,* Sindarin *Ithil,* the Moon (whence *Isildur, Narsil; Minas Ithil, Ithilien*) . The Quenya word *Silmarilli* is said to derive from the name *silima* that Fëanor gave to the substance from which they were made.

sîr

'river', from root *sir-* 'flow', in *Ossiriand* (the first element is from the stem of the numeral 'seven', Quenya *otso,* Sindarin *odo*) *, Sirion;* also in *Sirannon* (the 'Gate-stream' of Moria) and *Sirith* ('a flowing', as *tirith*

'watching' from *tir*) , a river in Gondor. With change of *s* to *h* in the middle of words it is present in *Minhiriath*

'between the rivers', the region between the Brandywine and the Greyflood; in *Nanduhirion* 'vale of dim streams', the Dimrill Dale (see *nan*[*d*] and *dú*), and in *Ethir Anduin,* the outflow or delta of Anduin (from *et-sir*) .

sûl

'wind' in *Amon Sûl, Súlimo;* cf. *súlimë,* Quenya name of the third month of the year (*The Lord of the Rings* Appendix D).

tal (dal)

'foot' in *Celebrindal,* and with the meaning 'end' in *Ramdal.*

talath

'flat lands, plain' in *Talath Dirnen, Talath Rhunen.*

tar-

'high'

(Quenya

tara 'lofty'), prefix of the Quenya names of the Númenórean Kings; also in *Annatar.*

Feminine *tari* 'she that is high, Queen' in *Elentári, Kementári.* Cf. *tarma* 'pillar' in *Meneltarma.*

tathar

'willow';

adjective

tathren m *Nan-tathren;* Quenya *tasare* in *Tasarinan, Nan-tasarion* (see *Nantathren* in the Index).

taur

'wood, forest' (Quenya *taure*) in *Tauron, Taur-im-Duinath, Taur-nu-Fuin.*

tel-

'finish, end, be last' in *Teleri.*

thalion

'strong, dauntless' m *Cúthalion, Thalion.*

thong

'oppression'

in

Thangorodrim, also in *Durthang* (a castle in Mordor). Quenya *sanga* meant 'press, throng', whence *Sangahyando* 'Throng-cleaver', name of a man in Gondor (*The Lord of the Rings* Appendix A [I, iv]).

thar-

'athwart, across' in *Sarn Athrad, Thargelion;* also in *Tharbad* (from *thara-pata* 'crossway*) where the ancient road from Arnor and Gondor crossed the Grey-flood.

thaur

'abominable, abhorrent' in *Sauron* (from *Thauron)*, *Gorthaur.*

thin(d)

'grey'

in

Thingol; Quenya *sinda* in *Sindar, Singollo* (*Sindacollo: collo* 'cloak').

thôl

'helm'

in

Dor Cúarthol, Gorthol.

thon

'pine-tree'

in

Dorthonion.

thoron

'eagle'

in

Thorondor (Quenya *Sorontar*) *, Cirith Thoronath.* The Quenya form is perhaps present in the constellation-name *Soronúmë.*

til

'point, horn' in *Taniquetil, Tilion* ('the Horned'); also in *Celebdil* 'Silvertine', one of the Mountains of Moria.

tin-

'sparkle' (Quenya *tinta* 'cause to sparkle', *tinwe* 'spark') in *Tintallë;* also in *tindómë* 'starry twilight' (

The Lord of the Rings Appendix D), whence *tindómerel* 'daughter of the twilight', a poetic name for the nightingale (Sindarin *Tinúviel*) . It appears also in Sindarin *ithildin* 'starmoon', the substance of which the devices on the West-gate of Moria were made.

tir

'watch, watch over' in *Minas Tirith, palantíri, Tar-Palantir, Tirion.*

tol

'isle' (rising with sheer sides from the sea or from a river) in *Tol Eressëa, Tol Galen,* etc.

turn

'valley'

in

Tumhalad, Tumladen; Quenya *tumbo* (cf. Treebeard's *tumbalemorna* 'lack deep valley'. *The Two Towers* III 4). Cf. *Utumno,* Sindarin *Udûn* (Gandalf in Mordor named the Balrog 'Flame of Udûn'), a name afterwards used of the deep dale in Moria between the Morannon and the Isenmouths.

tur

'power, mastery' in *Turambar, Turgon, Túrin, Fëanturi, Tar-'Minyatur.*

uial

'twilight'

in

Aelin-uial, Nenuial.

ur-

'heat, be hot' in *Urulóki;* cf. *Urimë* and *Urui,* Quenya and Sindarin names of the eighth month of the year (*The Lord of the Rings* Appendix D). Related is the Quenya word *aure* 'sunlight, day' (cf. Fingon's cry 'before the Nirnaeth Arnoediad), Sindarin *aur*, which in the form *Or-* is prefixed to the names of the days of the week.

val-

'power'

in

Valar, Valacirca, Valaquenta, Valaraukar, Val(i)mar, Valinor. The original stem was *bal-,*

preserved in Sindarin *Balan,* plural *Belain,* the Valar, and in *Balrog.*

wen

'maiden' is a frequent ending, as in *Eärwen, Morwen.*

wing

'foam, spray' in *Elwing, Vingilot* (and only in these two names).

yave

'fruit' (Quenya) in *Yavanna;* cf. *Yavannie,* Quenya name of the ninth month of the year, and *yavie*

'autumn' (*The Lord of the Rings* Appendix D).

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